Sept. 25, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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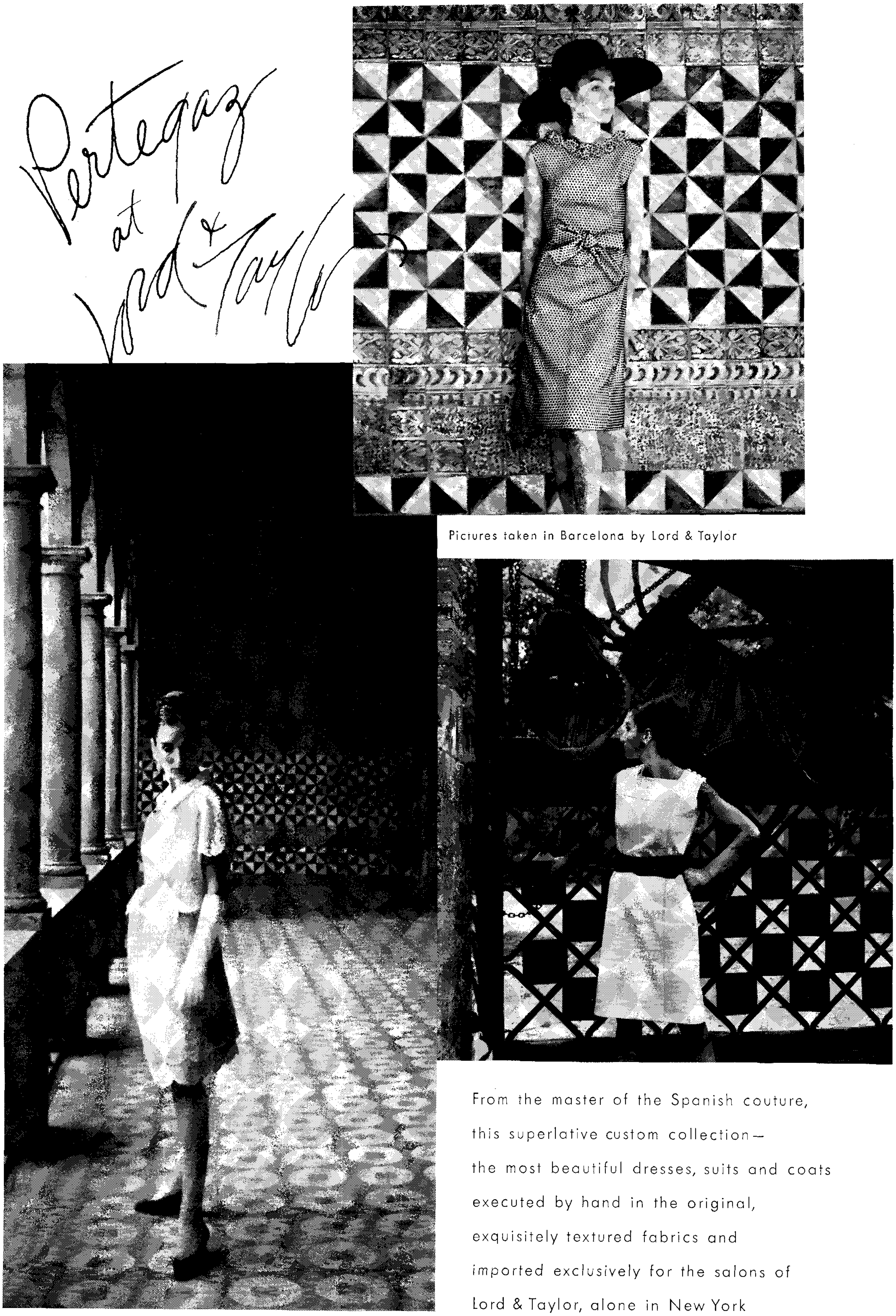

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSO

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—Farley Granger, Hal Holbrook, Carol Rossen, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 16.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Gabriel Dell, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **the owl and the pussycat:** A pedantic would-be author (Alan Alda) meets up with a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mrs. Dally—Arlene Francis and Ralph Meeker in a play in two parts ("Mrs. Dally Has a Lover" and "Today Is Independence Day") by William Hanley. Directed by Joseph Anthony. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock and Inga Swenson a girl who loves him. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this occasion, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 25.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 26.)

Oliver!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 25.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Luther Adler in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **funny girl:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **golden boy:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Varden. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Very Rich Woman—A comedy by Ruth Gordon, taken from a French original by Philippe Hériat. The cast, under the direction of Garson Kanin, includes Miss Gordon, Ernest Truex, Madge Kennedy, and Ethel Griffies. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 30. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Sept. 25: **aïda**.... ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 1: **madame butterfly.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23-24, at 8:40: **h.m.s. pinafore.**... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 4 and 8:40: **the yeomen of the guard.** ... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 4 and 8:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 28-29, at 8:40: **ruddigore.**... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8:40: **the mikado.**... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 4 and 8:40: **iolanthe.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Happy Days—Final performances in French, with Madeleine Renaud. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 23-25, at 8:40, and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 3 and 8:40.... ¶ Opening performances in English, with Ruth White and John C. Becher. Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a daffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tidy housing project. The play is lively at times and tedious at times, and the same can

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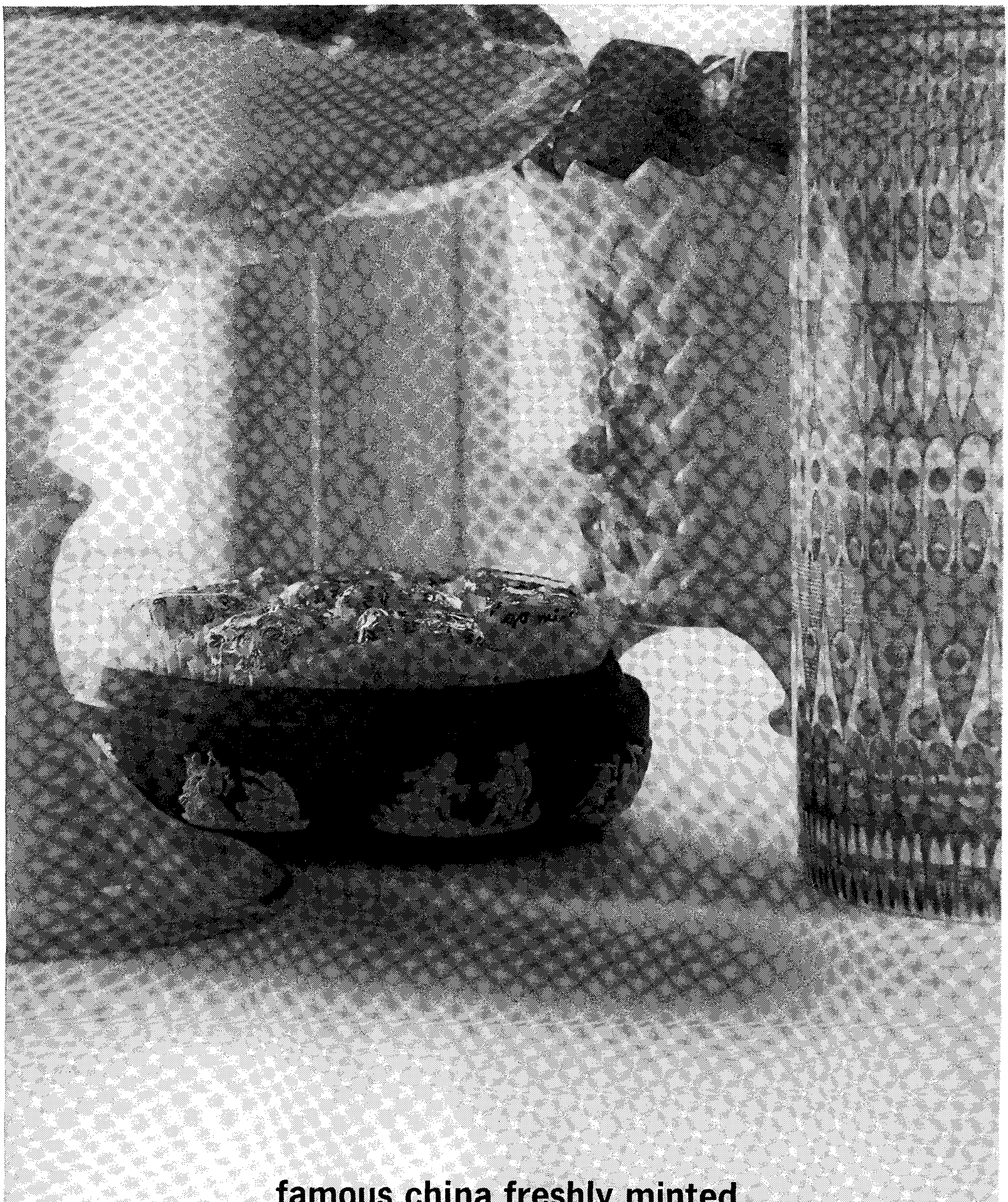
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 32, September 25, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trojan Women—A three-week return engagement of Euripides' tragedy, translated by Edith Hamilton and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday, at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—A five-and-a-half-week season that starts Thursday, Sept. 23, and will end on Sunday, Oct. 31. **DON QUIXOTE** will be performed through Sunday, Oct. 3. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 2:15, and Sundays at 1:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 1:30 and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Dinner and supper in the Royal Box are the times to hear the best of Rosemary Clooney (the only kind of R. C. there is), who is devoted to the sort of song that improves with every repetition. Also present: Dave Astor, who does very little for the cause of spoken and visual humor. The dance music comes mostly from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which always knows what it is doing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Marquis of Queensberry rules govern the dancing that takes place between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the sedate restaurant. George Anaya's troupe provides the requisite sound. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It is still regarded by a lot of us as a social obligation that custom seems never to stale. A couple of bands do the honors in the great hall; in the Champagne Room, the trio is solely for listeners, if such there are in this establishment. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The one remaining steam packet that calls this town home port. If the décor is not amusement enough (and it is), there is footwork music by Tito Puente's band, an awesome example of Latin architecture. On Monday, Sept. 27, Woody Herman's newest thundering Herd will succeed the Puentes. The sound runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—There's a touch of Baked Alaska and Devonshire cream in the costumings and chansons of Jane Morgan, who works out a good, clear voice at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are there almost all the time. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Tall enough to play Gulliver to the millions of Lilliputians—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose vanished dream-world landscaping will remain forever in the memories of the elder inmates of midtown, is offering a new *mise en scène* this fall and two tried-and-true midtown bands—Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Every day is Arbor Day in this little out-of-doors, which affords not only prancing (from seven-thirty until after the theatre every night but Monday) but the opportunity to get back to town in two minutes. The music comes from a good Latin band and a hello-folks set of Northerners. Whenever another leak is discovered in the Park, everyone just moves indoors until the rain stops.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about non-stop until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors (especially an ambient soul named Franco Pagani) and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays.... **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but it is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar (José Luis Franco) dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, a decorators' delight, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Isle of Jamaica is pleasantly represented by this little consulate, which has a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, from seven until eleven Sunday.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts at rest and at play. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays.... **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small empire of Mabel Mercer, whose voice may have grown old in the service of the lovelorn but whose spirit still moves. Her *chansons d'amour* never occur before half-past ten. Sam Hamilton is her permanent pianist. Closed Sundays.... **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th

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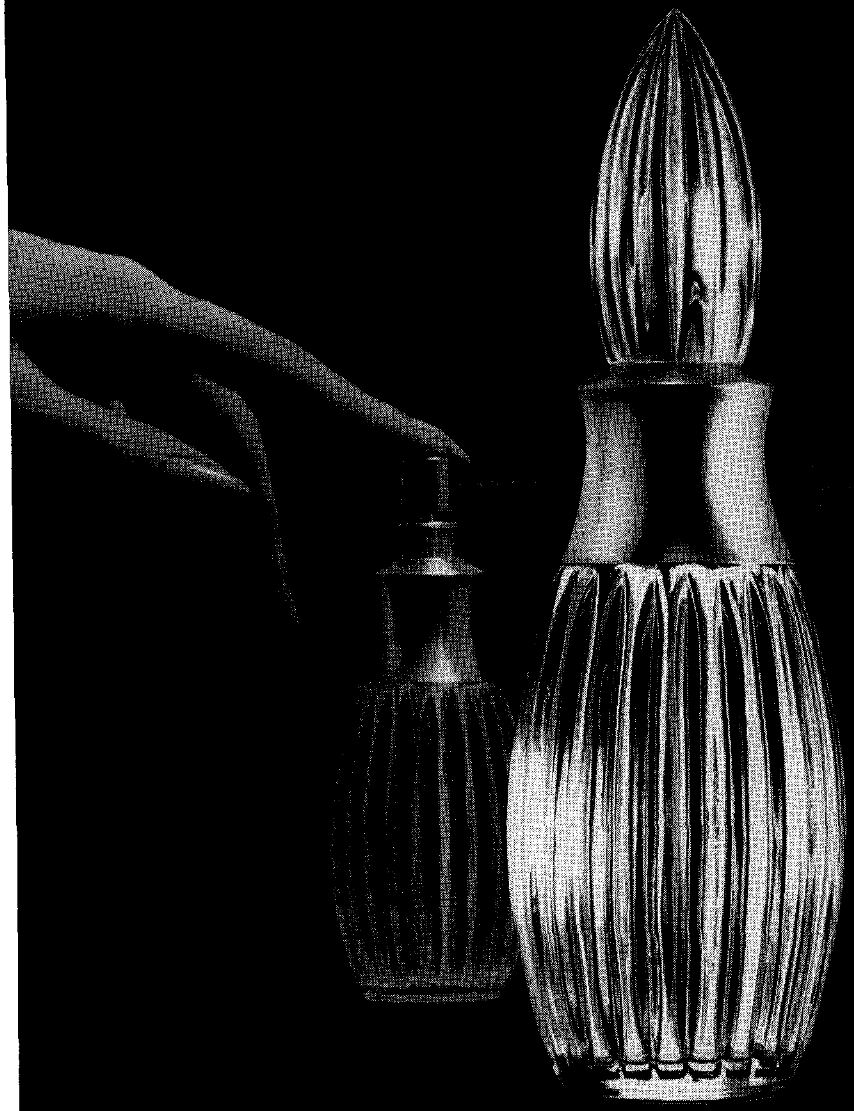

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A trio starts in on dance music at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, world traveller, is settling down again at the piano, which gives off a mixture of pomp, circumstance, and pastoral bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mittel-europa! Among the mourners are tenors, sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Weepers still brave enough to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Where everyone but the cashier auditions as he works, on the assumption that Rudolf Bing is in the house. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the circumnavigating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Nancy Steele, a playgirl of the Western World, is reminding a lot of us—in song and action—of how it was when Volstead was in the White House. Murray Grand's romantic piano is part of the deal, and so is the Ronnie Ball duo of musicians; so, for that matter, is Johnny Johnston, guitar in hand. Eight-thirty is starting time, but after-the-theatre is when all hands really get going. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Moorish palace, American cuisine, New York drawing-room piano. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by its quantity than by its quality, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): It's dreamy, mystic little old Egypt, all right, but scarcely the one invented by Thos. Cook & Son. From seven to ten during the week, music to shivaree to is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until three or four. Sundays, when curfew arrives at one, the music is entirely needlepoint. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **THE GARRISON,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): This part of El Morocco, in which the sole musician is a machine with a staggering memory for up tunes, lets freedom ring from eight to four. Silence on Sundays. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): An erstwhile private enclosure that is now in the public domain. The décor is clubhouse-den, the music (all of it direct from a pipeline) is mercifully less assertive than it is in most such establishments. The sound begins at nine and lasts until four; nothing doing Sundays and Mondays. Supper is entirely possible; dinner is not.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A purely imaginary world, dedicated largely to bountiful young ladies leaping through purely imaginary hoops and flaunting purely imaginary costumes. Among the denizens of our own world who are allowed in are Will Jordan, a wit of some distinction, and Teresa Brewer, who used to sing about ricochet love. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, who still manages to stay erect without visible means of support, is outlining a biography that would have led to the complete downfall of anyone else. With him comes a singer named Joi Lansing, and that's all there is to be said about her. On Thursday, Sept. 30, a change of bill: Eydie Gorme, who at least adds a lot of gaiety to what she sings, and Charlie Manna, a humorist quite knowledgeable about his trade. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where the rumpus begins at ten and does not cease until four, the major event is the Clara Ward Gospel Singers, who spell out the Truth in letters of fire.

CABARETS

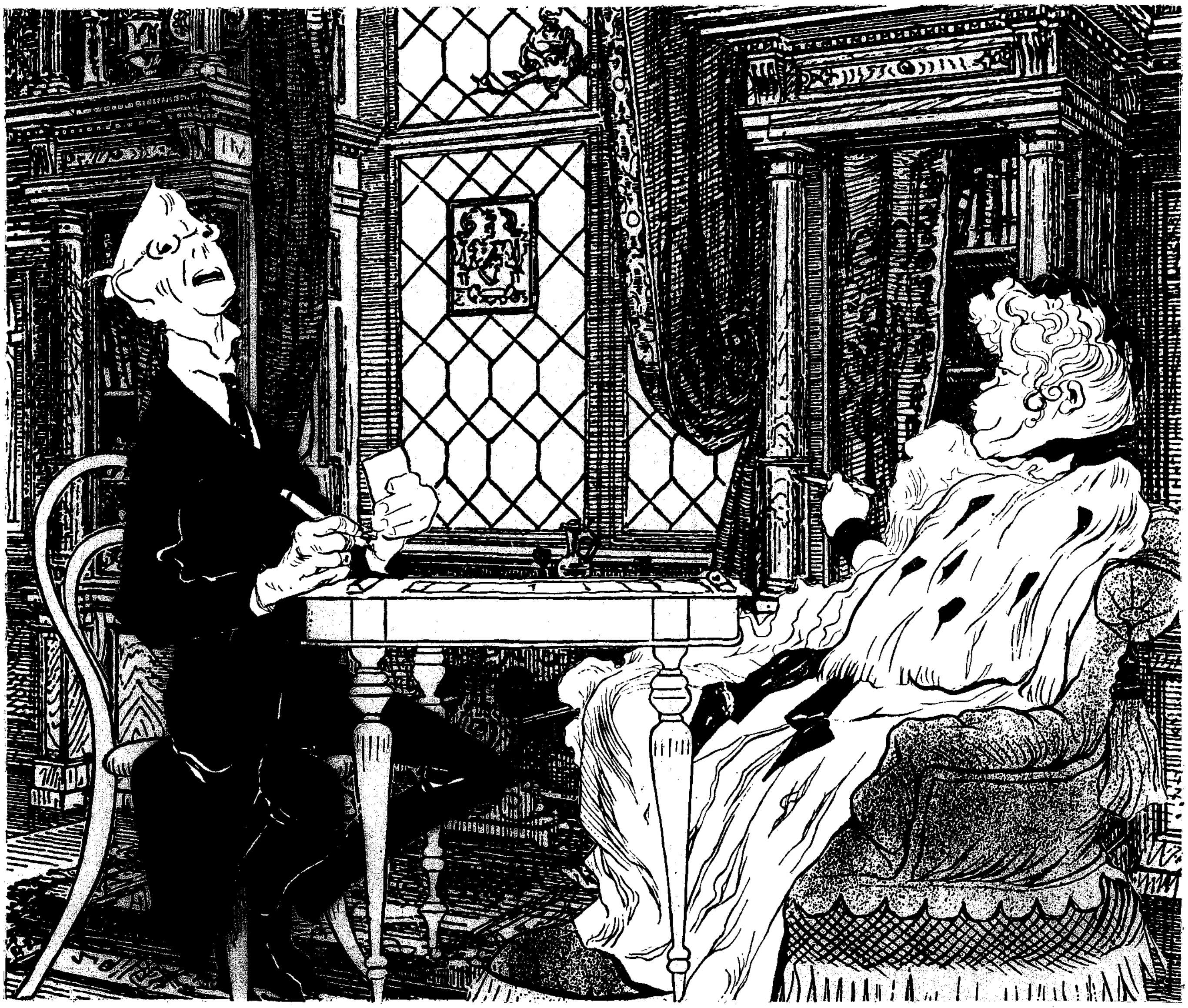
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast of six is captained by Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, who are Monk postgraduates; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston and Fred Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest standing (and marching) army, has a few new faces, new voices this year; the vigor of its chanting and the fire power of its brass band do not diminish. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These players give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is the Rise and Shine of Kaye Ballard, Queen of the May, who makes the most of the lifework of the great littérateur. (The producers make rather less of it.) She is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown has just gone in as quarterback for "The Game Is Up," the incumbent miniature revue, and this gives the whole team, which includes Ruth Buzzi, quite a lift. They go on at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): On hand are the trios of Mose Allison, whose piano offers a lick and plenty of promise, and of Anthony Williams, late of the Miles Davis entourage. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, they will be replaced by Brasil '65, a six-strong set of bossa-nova singers and players. Every Monday, open house for visiting musicians; every Sunday, a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Reigning supreme is what Miriam Makeba does as she sings the songs (of triumph and of tribulation) of her native



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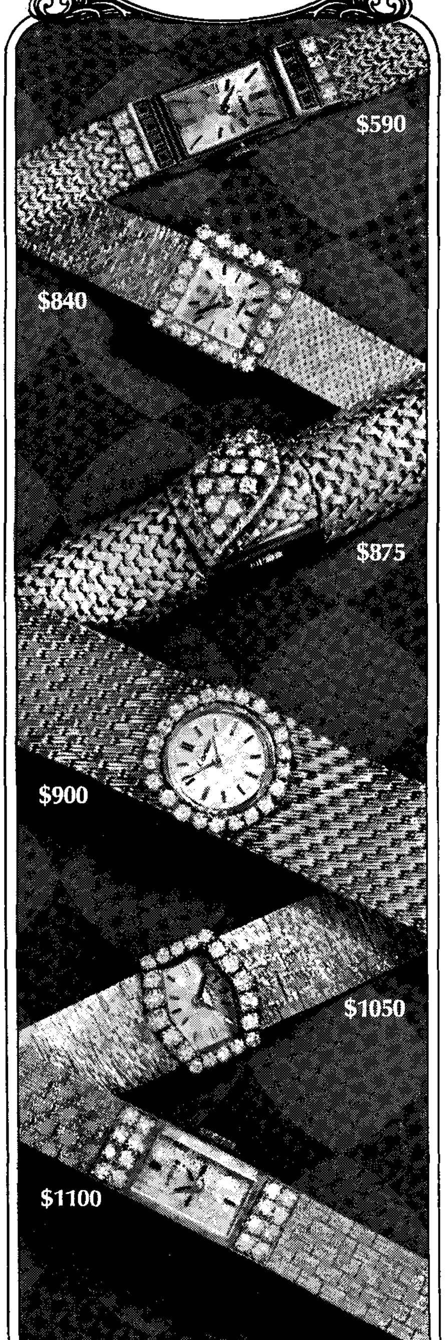

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

South African tribe. The quartet of Hugh Masekela, who plies a jubilee trumpet, conducts a further and rewarding investigation of the same sort. Mondays are given over to a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who seems to think he invented jazz. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the below-stairs showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to two every night but Monday.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its efforts to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in excellent health and spirits. At the moment, Mike Settle is making the grass of his native Oklahoma seem greener. Tuesdays are, as is the custom, allotted to visitors.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Closed Sundays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery's quartet, with which Wynton Kelly is involved, moves out on Sunday, Sept. 26. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, Tony Scott's quintet moves in. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Max Roach's quintet is taking issue with several standard convictions. Jorge Morel, an Iberian guitarist, broods now and then. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and tone poems, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, gets in many a warm note. Mondays, they all stay home.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Jimmy Archey, and Henry Goodwin dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself.... **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is one part rock and one part roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WOLFGANG BEHL—Figurative wood sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

LÉON DE LEEUW—Landscapes; through Oct. 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

DONG KINGMAN—Watercolor paintings, including scenes of Hong Kong, Spain, and Mexico; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures (in plaster, for bronze); through Oct. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Oils of the thirties and the sixties; through Oct. 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

OMAR RAYO—Relief prints by a Colombian artist; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

MOHAN SAMANT—Abstract canvases by an Indian painter; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Statues and masks in ivory and wood from European collections; through Oct. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in various mediums by (to mention a few) Oliver Andrews, Jack Levine, and Marcia Marcus; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Closed Mondays.) ... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The Annual Founders Show, made up of oils and watercolors by over a hundred artist-members, among them Clark Hulings, Chen Chi, and Molly Guion; through Oct. 21. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: "Art Across America," a showing of fifty paintings and wall-hung constructions by artists from fourteen states, including Hans Hofmann, Robert Rauschenberg, and Kenneth Callahan; through Friday, Oct. 1. (Closed Saturdays.)... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, prints, and watercolors by Gaston Lachaise, Arthur B. Davies, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 25.... **ZABRISKIE,** 36 E. 61st St.: Drawings of the early twentieth century by, among others, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Marsden Hartley, and Raphael Soyer; through Oct. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings in a variety of styles by Magritte, Dubuffet, and Albers (to name several); through Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Andrew Wyeth, Jacob Epstein, and Frank Kupka are three of the artists represented in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Closed Saturdays.)

FRENCH GROUP SHOW—A travelling exhibition of thirty-five hand-woven Aubusson tapestries designed by, among others, Picasso, Cocteau, and Max Ernst; through Oct. 20. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Edward Hopper), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. ...¶ Prints from the Museum's collection by Holbein, Goya, Mary Cassatt, and others; through Oct. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10.... ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Dec. 31. ...¶ About thirty paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," an exhibition of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Energy sculptures," which turn out to be painted objects transfigured by music and colored light, created by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle; through Nov. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and graphics done by the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) in his later years; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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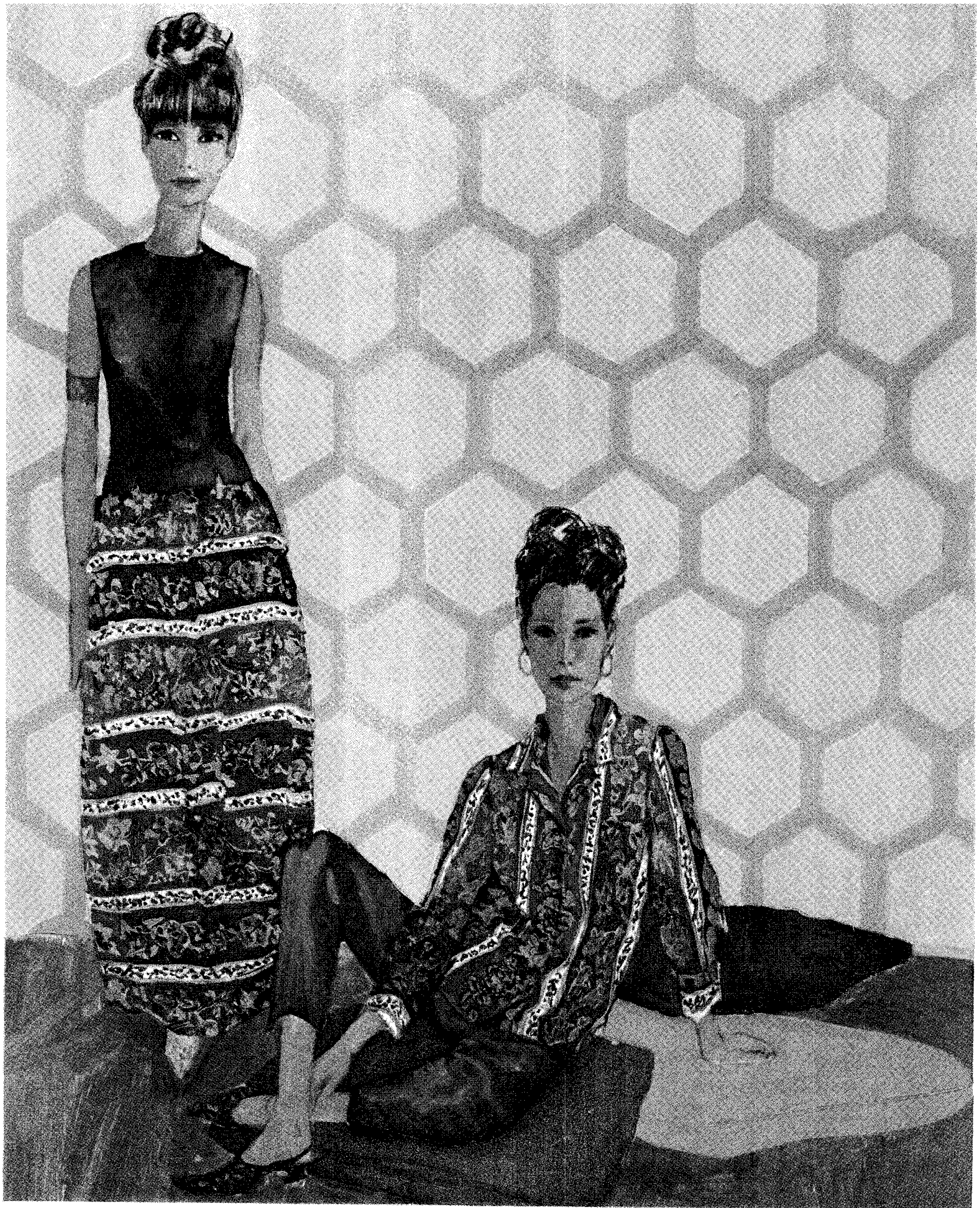
thousand and one nights



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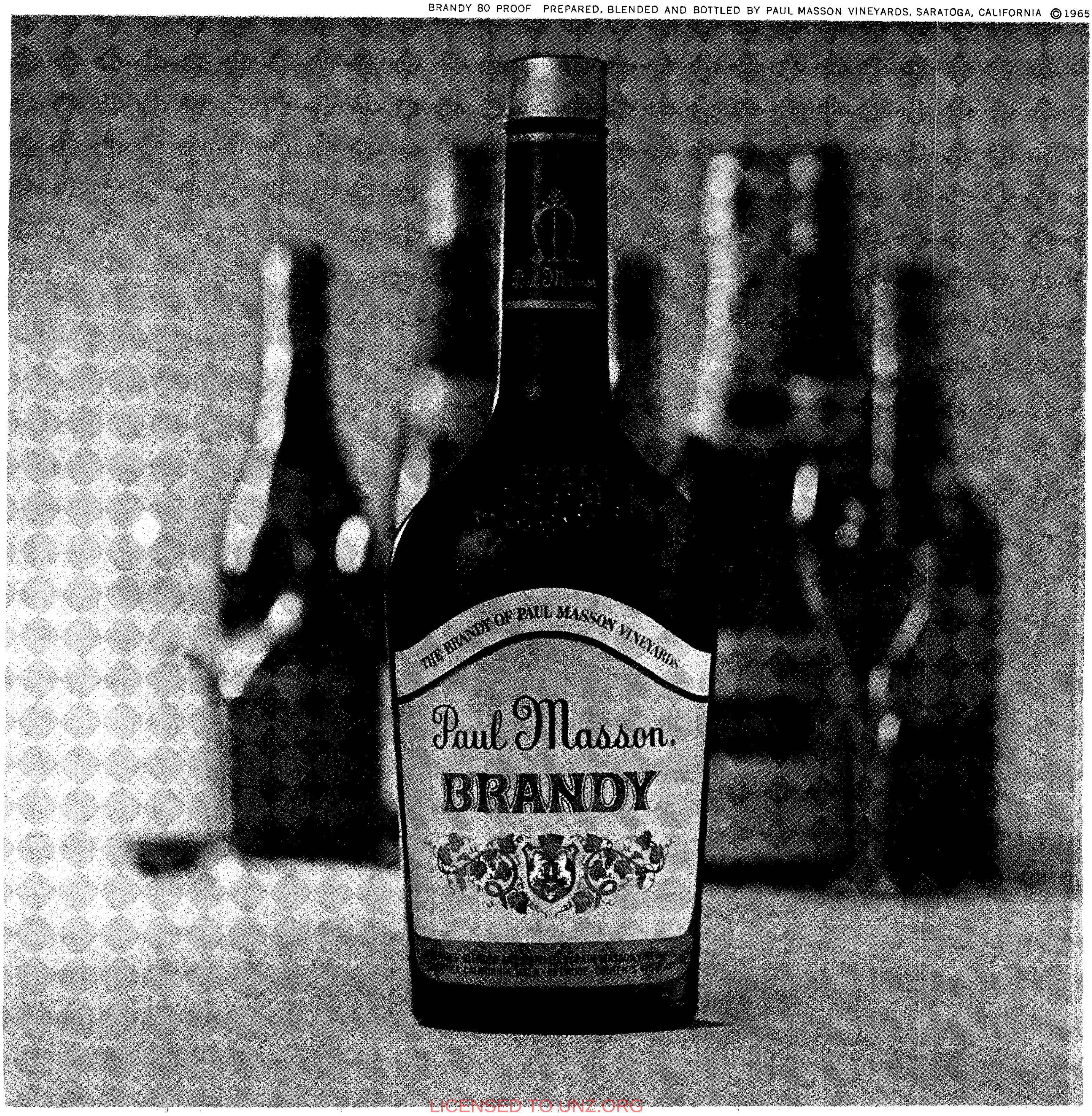
THE BRANDY OF PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS
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Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ A survey (1917-64) of paintings, drawings, and gouaches by the abstractionist Jean Xceron; through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective (1950-65) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Larry Rivers; through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 4. Closed Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 27-28.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial retrospective of the abstract paintings of Stuart Davis (1894-1964); through Oct. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 16—Monday, Sept. 27: A new production of Gounod's "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Gladys Kriese, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Robert Merrill, and Russell Christopher. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 28: A new production of Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Regina Resnik, Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 29: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Heidi Krall, Gianni Raimondi, Calvin Marsh, John Macurdy, Lorenzo Alvary, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, Ion Piso, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, Walter Cassel, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Gladys Kriese, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Robert Merrill, and Russell Christopher. (Evenings at 8.)

New York City Opera Company—Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:30: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2:30: "Faust." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 8:15: "The *Flaming* Angel" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "The Saint of Bleecker Street." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:30: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 21—Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Ivan Davis, piano). . . . ¶ A Sibelius-Nielsen program on Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; and Mon-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Oct. 4, at 7:30 (all with Phyllis Curtin, soprano).

First International University Choral Festival—At Philharmonic Hall—The last four in a series of concerts involving more than eight hundred students from twenty universities in sixteen countries. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8: Choruses from Canada, Germany, Portugal, and Venezuela. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8: Choruses from Colombia and Spain, plus the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and the Howard University Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 3: Choruses from Brazil and France, plus the University of Michigan and Smith College Glee Clubs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 8: A gala concert in which each chorus will perform separately and then join forces for a group of works.

RECITALS

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Liszt programs. (Town Hall. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8.)

Mitchell Andrews and Nancy Cirillo—Piano and violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Bob Dylan—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

John Wummer, David Sackson, and Joseph Wolman—Flute, violin, and piano, in a program of music of the Bach family. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 5:15.)

MISCELLANY

Royal Marines Tattoo—The pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys and Scots Guards, two marching bands of the Royal Marines, the Highland Lassies (dancers) from British Columbia, the Commando Motorcycle Display Squad, and the Fiji Military Band. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, Sept. 30, through Sunday, Oct. 10. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Sept. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 1. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8, and Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:15.

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 25: Army vs. Virginia Military Institute, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 2: Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Cornell, at Bethlehem, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L.I. Through Friday, Sept. 24.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 25; the Beldame, Monday, Sept. 27; and the Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Tuesday, Sept. 28, through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic

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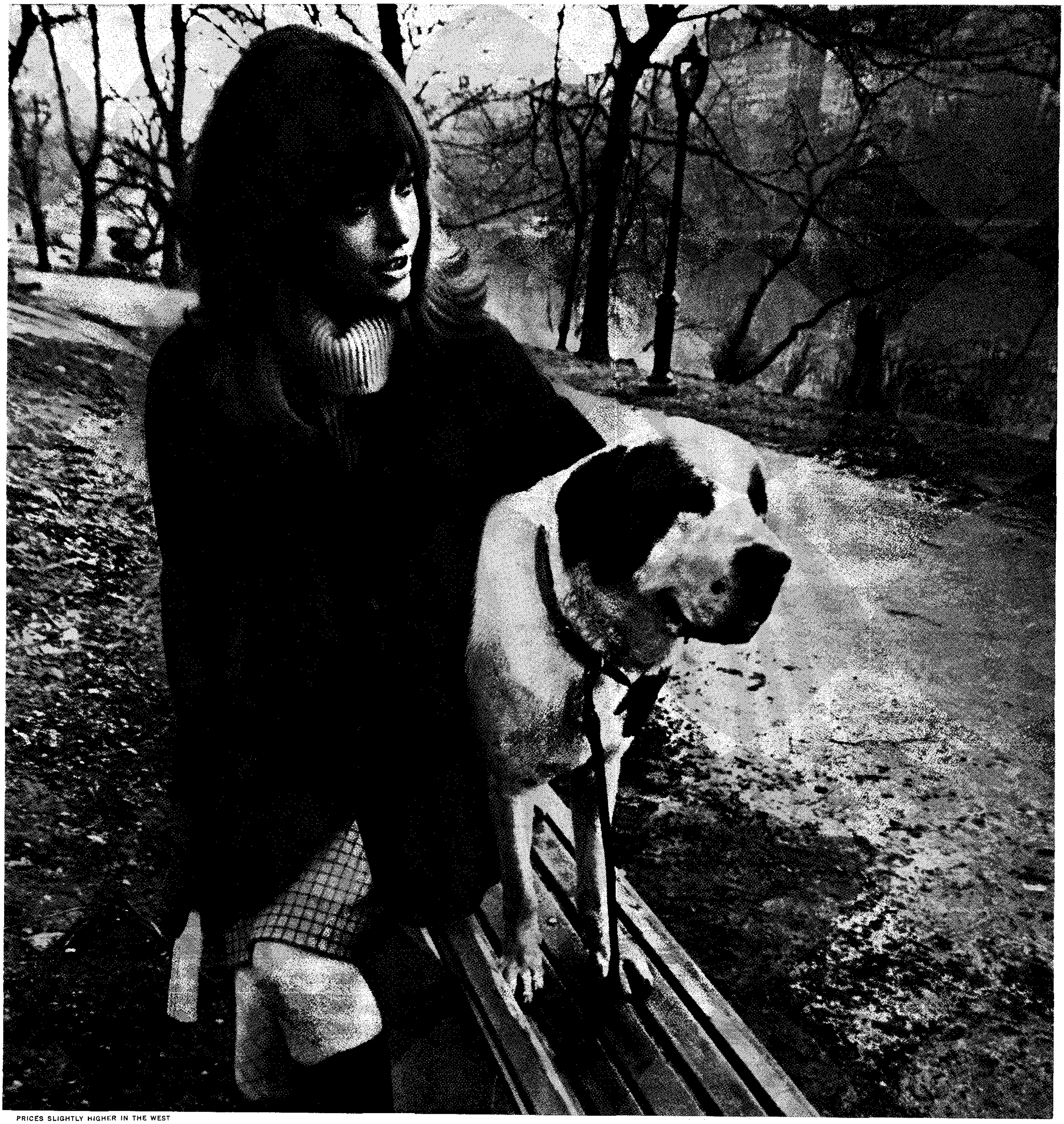

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 1:45: English and other furniture, silver, porcelains, rugs, and tapestries; the property of Mme. Draper Boncompagni and others.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 1:45: American and European autographs, belonging to Maximilian Safron III and others.

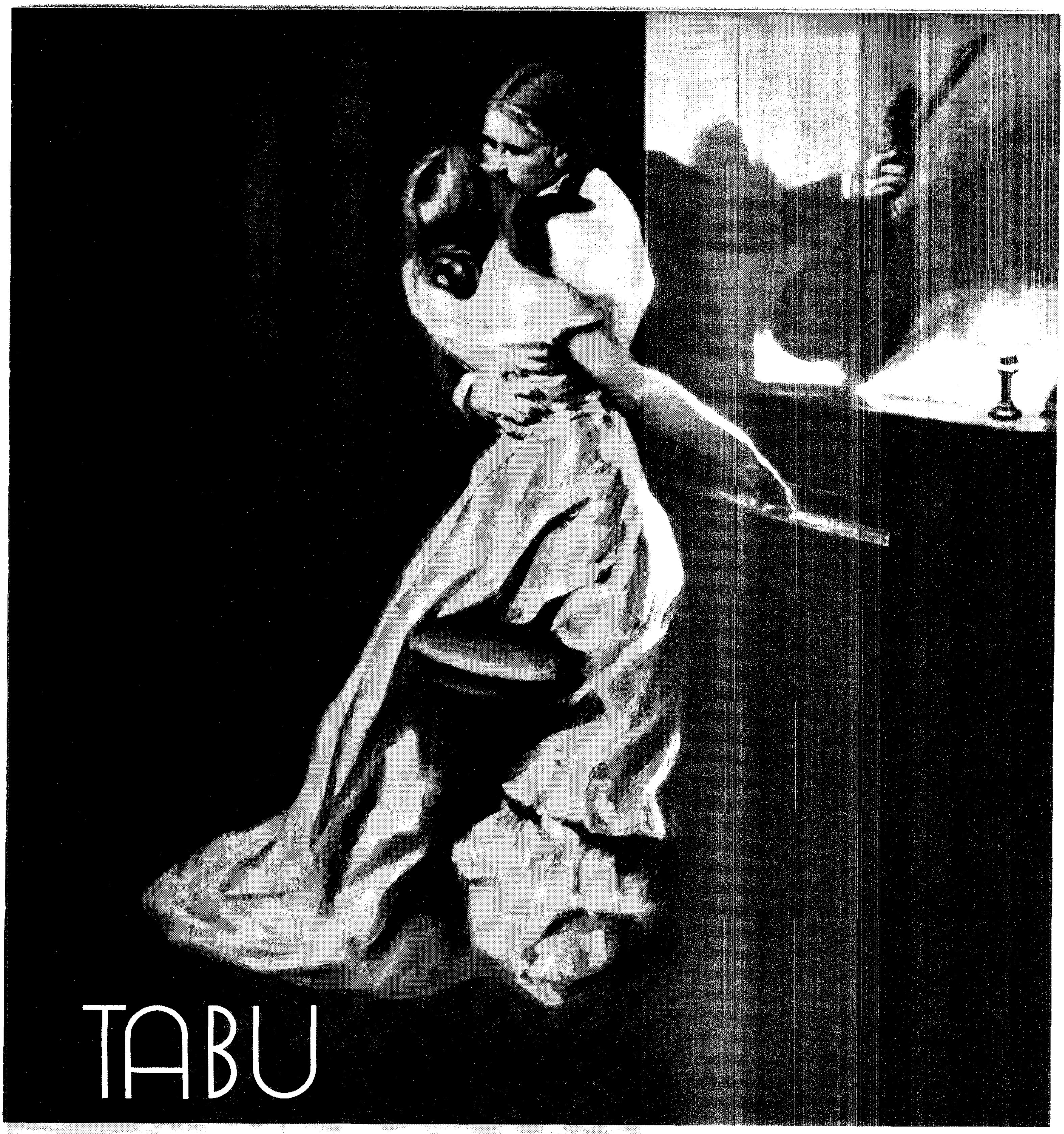
ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 2 elections will be Fridays, Sept. 24 and Oct. 1, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; Saturdays, Sept. 25 and Oct. 2, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Thursday, Sept. 30, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

HOURS—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Many visitors leave the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it. The Fair closes on Sunday, Oct. 17.

PAVILIONS—The best show, the best bar, and one of the better restaurants at the Fair are to be found at the African Pavilion. Admission to the show is $1.50 for adults, fifty cents for children, and there is no waiting.... ¶ Other good restaurants, all expensive, are those in the Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions.... ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar."... ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. ... ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary. Free. ... ¶ Outside the Hall of Education, which appears to have been renamed "Demonstration Center," there is a playground of the future. The more cerebral displays inside include a history of shoes through the nineteenth century ("Animal skins and leaves were the first foot coverings"), and voting booths set up by the *Daily News*, where one can express opinions on teen-age vandalism and the candidates for President of the City Council.... ¶ The kiosk outside the Pavilion of Paris sells French magazines, books, records, and cigarettes, and literary shopping bags.... ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

LAKE AREA—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free.... ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A humorous French thriller, worth seeing because Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe evidently had such a good time making it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 25-27.)

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk in a preposterous automobile race around the world. Funny and then not so funny. Blake Edwards directed. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Help!—The Beatles are shown, travelling roughly as fast as sound, on skis, in tropical waters, in a London wine cellar, and, at irregular intervals, on stages and in studios, belting out songs. A joyous mess, directed by Richard Lester. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Sept. 29.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, recounted with pure cinematic elegance by the brilliant writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard. Macha Meril is the wife, Philippe Leroy the husband, and Bernard Noel the lover. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Moment of Truth—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—Juvenile delinquency in a split-level Canadian suburb. Thanks to the director, Don Owen, and the star, Peter Kastner, the movie surpasses its subject matter and becomes a delightful work of art. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Nothing but a Man—A young Negro's struggle to find a place for himself in the American South, perhaps at the cost of his life. The picture, which stars Ivan Dixon, was made by Michael Roemer and Robert Young. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 28.)

Operation Crossbow—Daring top-secret ploys and counterploys, by which the Nazis are just barely kept from winning the Second World War. Starring George Peppard, Tom Courtenay, Trevor Howard, Sophia Loren, Lilli Palmer, and lots of other heroes and villains. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 29.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Sept. 26.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

What's New Pussycat?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Sept. 29.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

Cartouche (1964)—A French takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Sept. 28.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 28.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Sept. 28.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 28.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 23.)

How to Murder Your Wife (1965)—George Axelrod's examination of holy wedlock. With Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, and Terry-Thomas. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Sept. 28.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Four Nazi judges on trial before an American military court. Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, and Maximilian Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 28.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 24.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 29.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 24.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 24.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 28.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Sept. 29.)

The Suitor (1963)—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf. Pierre Etaix is the French star. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through Sept. 28.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Sept. 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8; Sept. 24 at 2 and 5:30; and Sept. 25 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The General" (1927), with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Sept. 26-27 at 2 and 5:30, and Sept. 28-29 at 2: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), a Russian film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Sept. 25: "Saps at Sea" (1940), with Laurel and Hardy, plus three short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 28-29: "Pick a Star" (1937), with Laurel and Hardy, plus two short films. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Through Sept. 28: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**, revival; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Sept. 29: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through the afternoon of Sept. 23: "The Reward," Max von Sydow, Yvette Mimieux.
From Sept. 24: "Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE GREAT RACE.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 28: "La Tia Tula" (in Spanish).
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT; and **NOBODY WAVED GOOD-BYE.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 28: **HELP!**
From Sept. 29: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 28: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.
From Sept. 29 (tentative): "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
OPERATION CROSSBOW; and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 28: **HELP!**
From Sept. 29: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Sept. 23: "Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.
From Sept. 24: "Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARRIED WOMAN (in French).

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 24: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.
Sept. 25-27: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
Sept. 28: **HENRY V**, revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival.
From Sept. 29: **RICHARD III**, revival; and **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 28: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 28: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 29: **HELP!**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 28: "The Skull," Christopher Lee; and "The Mad Executioner," Hansjorg Felmy.
From Sept. 29: "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "The Music Man," revival, Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 23: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Sept. 24: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 28: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film.
From Sept. 29: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "All These Women" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 28: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Sept. 29: "Life Upside Down" (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 28: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar; and "The Best of Enemies," revival, David Niven, Alberto Sordi.
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 28: **HELP!**; and "Conquered City," David Niven, Ben Gazzara.
From Sept. 29: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 28: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 26: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Sept. 27: "Mickey One," Warren Beatty.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Sept. 28: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 29, at 7:30: "Sallah" (in Hebrew). Opening night will be a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call CO 5-5440.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

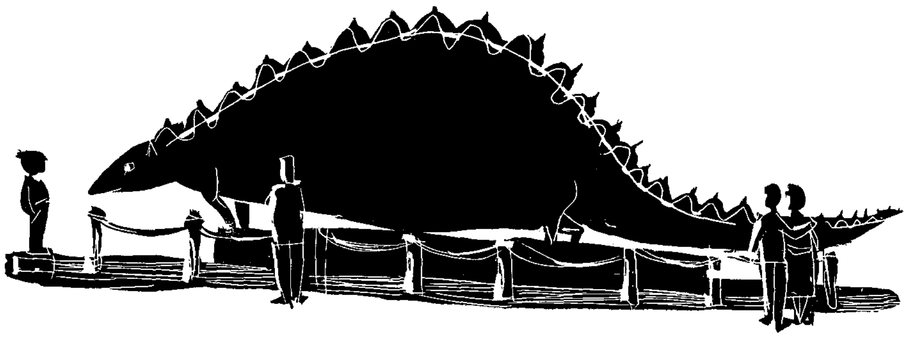
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 23: "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors," Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee; and "The Masque of the Red Death," revival, Vincent Price.
Sept. 24: "The Beast with Five Fingers," revival, Peter Lorre, Robert Alda; and "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus," revival, Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli.
Sept. 25: "The Purple Death From Outer Space," revival, Buster Crabbe; and "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff.
Sept. 26: "The Peril from Planet Mongo," revival, Buster Crabbe; and "Robinson Crusoe on Mars," revival, Paul Mantee.
Sept. 27: "The Deadly Ray from Mars," revival, Buster Crabbe; and "King Kong," revival, Fay Wray.
Sept. 28: "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders; and "I Walked with a Zombie," revival, Frances Dee.
Sept. 29: " 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," revival, Ray Milland; and "The Incredible Shrinking Man," revival, Grant Williams.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 28: **HELP!**; and "Conquered City," David Niven, Ben Gazzara.
From Sept. 29: "A Very Special Favor," Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron; and "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 23: "Kanal" (in Polish), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
Sept. 24: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival.
Sept. 25: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SUITOR** (in French), revival.
Sept. 26: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 27: "The Would-Be Gentleman" and "The Marriage of Figaro" (both French revivals, performed by the Comédie-Française).
Sept. 28: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG**, revival.
Sept. 29: "The Gypsy Baron" (in German), revival, Anton Walbrook; plus nine films on music and dance.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 28: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar; and "The Little Ones," Carl Gonzales.
From Sept. 29: **OPERATION CROSSBOW**; and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.



Countess Mara designs for one man in a million

*So much comment has surrounded the Countess Mara ties that sell for $100, people may get the mistaken notion that **all** Countess Mara ties are this costly. So we hasten to say that the overwhelming majority of the Countess' designs are in ties ranging in price from $7.50 to $25, such as those illustrated. It **is** true, however, that all of these famous ties have the same embroidered monogram. Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York*

Countess Mara

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a man's
way to
look great,
stay neat!

HICKEY-FREEMAN
puts the best of everything in this expertly tailored suit of 55% Dacron* polyester, 45% worsted wool. Trend-setting new square-shoulder lines. Superb hand craftsmanship. And a luxurious twill with the built-in neatness of "Dacron". After seeing you confidently through an important day, it's still in impeccable shape for evening. The finest stores have this magnificent suit in a choice color range. Ask for a Hickey-Freeman suit with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Better Things for Better Living
. . . *through Chemistry*

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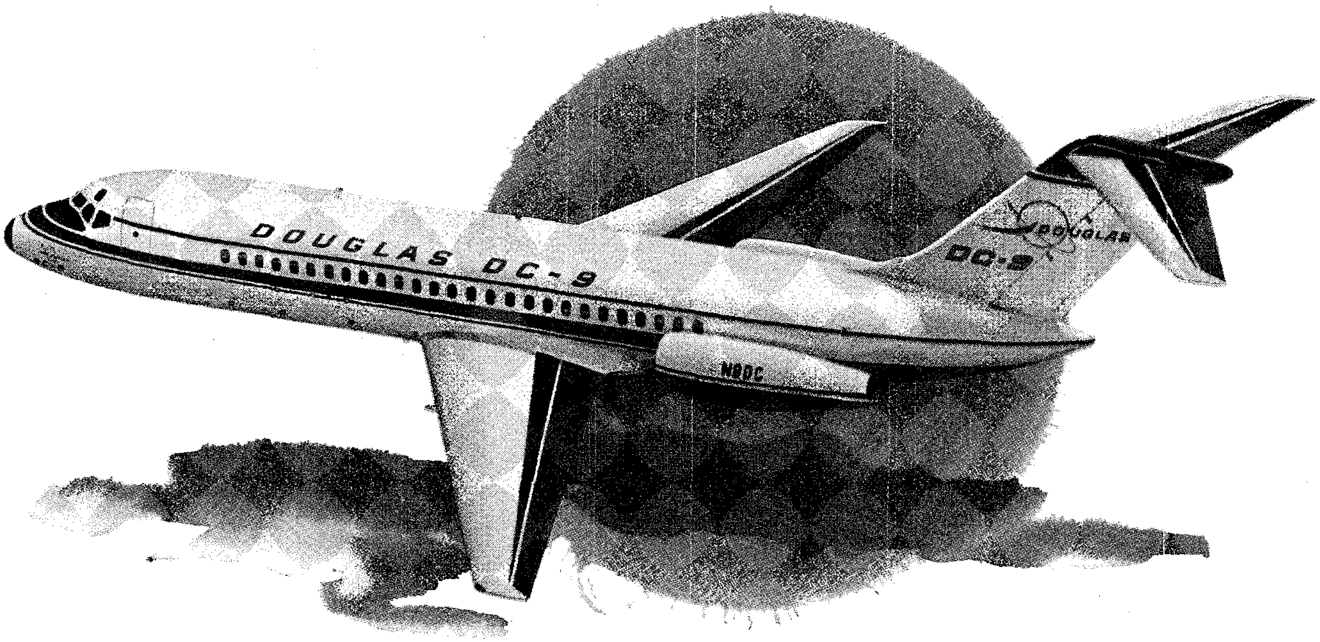
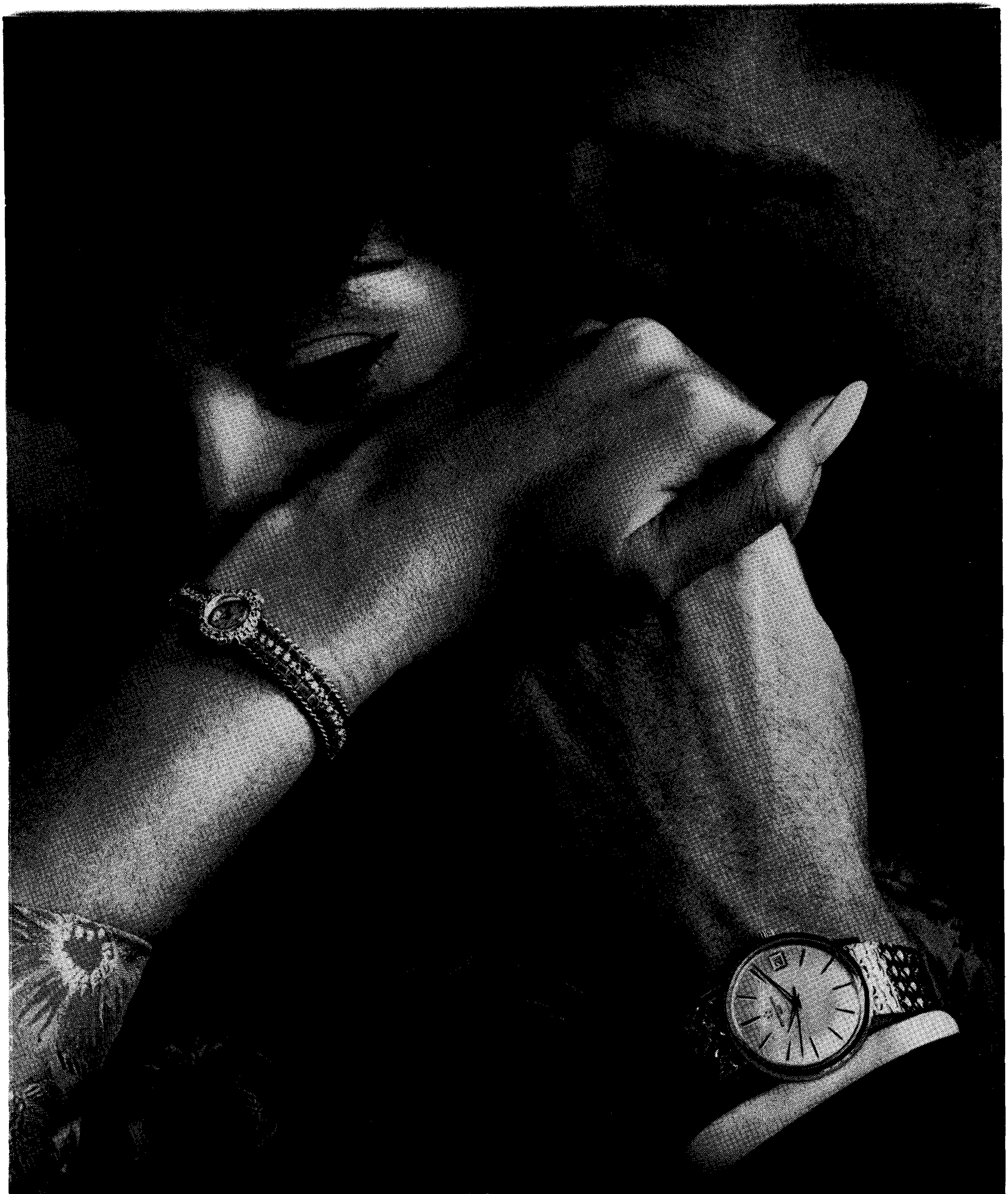


DOUGLAS

DC-9

Quick, quiet, and brand new. Soon you can get pure jet comfort and famous Douglas Aircraft dependability on your shorter trips, too. Watch for the coming of the exciting new Douglas DC-9 jetliner. Soon to be on Air Canada, Allegheny, Ansett-ANA, Bonanza, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Hawaiian, Iberia, KLM, North Central, Ozark, Saudi Arabian, Swissair, Trans-Australia, TWA and West Coast.



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Women's watches get prettier and prettier but inside they're just about the same as the one your grandmother wore. They're just more expensive. We can't see this. At Eterna-Matic we design women's watches that are the equal of a man's watch for accuracy and dependability. Women have fought too hard for equality to be let down by a wristwatch.

ETERNA·MATIC

Woman's watch: The Eterna Regency, 17 jewels, all 14K, 18 diamonds in case, 86 diamonds in bracelet, $1,200. Man's watch: The Eterna-Matic Dato 3090, 18K case and bracelet. World's slimmest self-wind with calendar and sweep-second hand. $875. Other ladies Eterna watches and men's Eterna-Matic watches from $79.50. For name of nearest dealer, write to The Eterna Watch Co. of America Inc. Harmon-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Chant d'Arômes, Shalimar, Mitsouko,
L'Heure Bleue or Vol de Nuit in a new perfume spray.

When you go out, don't forget it.

It will refresh his memory.

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Guerlain

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Trimingham Brothers, Ltd.
(Dept. N-13) Hamilton, Bermuda

Please send me your free "Treasures" catalogue so I may order your lovely British imports in time for gift-giving.

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If you can't come to Bermuda right now and wander through Trimingham's, mail this coupon and we'll send you a catalogue to wander through at home. Shop in your own living room for the wonderful British sportswear we carry for men, women and children. We can't pretend that it's half the fun of shopping in Bermuda. But it's more fun than shopping anywhere else.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Others find it difficult to leave Bermuda.

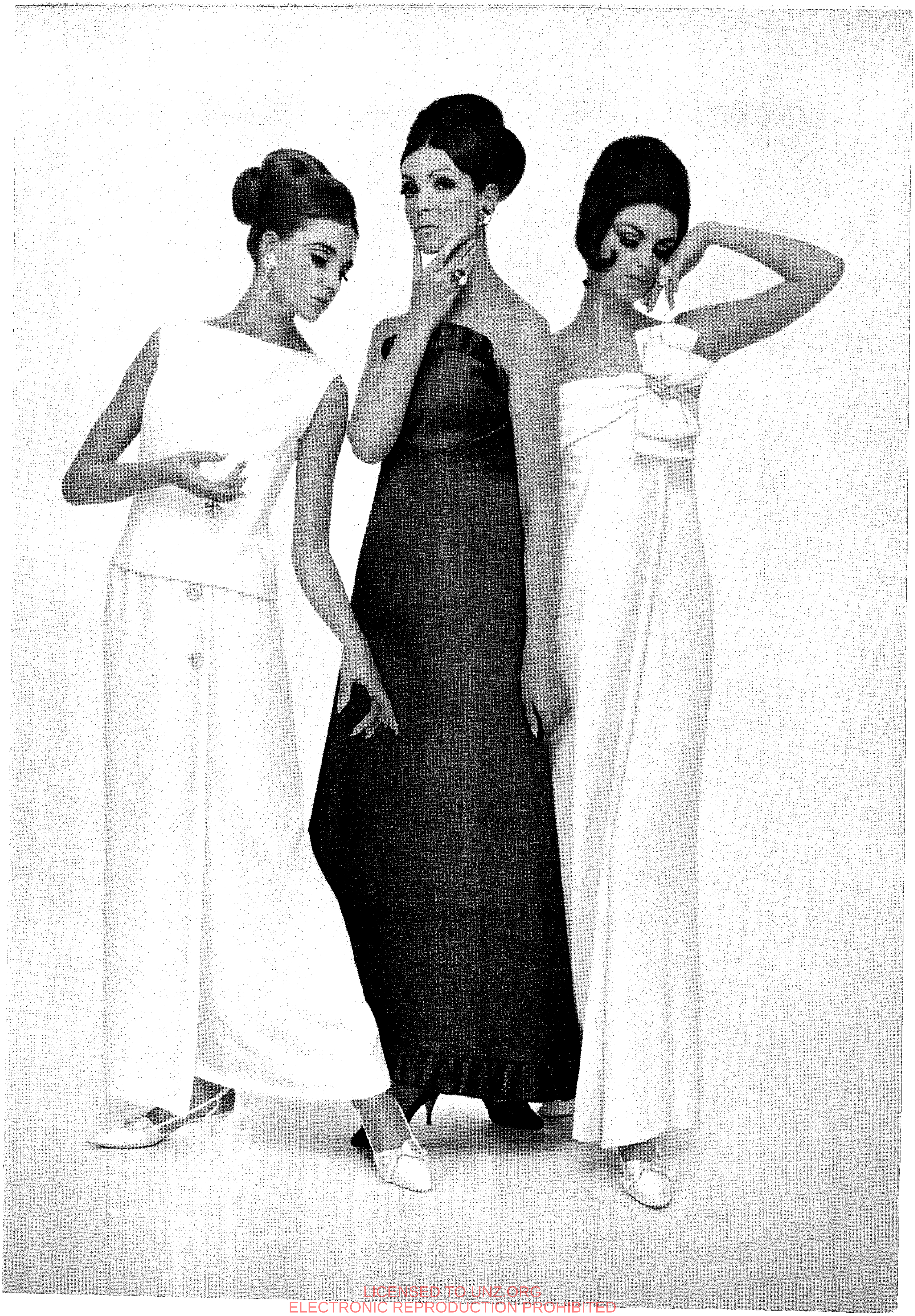
The Softly Flowing Evening:
Harvey Berin's
Elegant Look of
Celanese Acetate

From the Celanese Opulent Collections . . . floor length sweeps of satin
and crepe enriched with the beauty of Celanese Acetate.
Designed by Karen Stark for Harvey Berin.
Left: The back-wrapped overblouse and skirt of fluid
crepe in white, black, pink or blue. About $145.
Center: Bare-shouldered gown of lustrous satin, ruffled to frame a lovely
decolletage. In jade, normandy, white or red satin. About $160.
Right: The one-shoulder dress of sinuous crepe in white,
black, pink or blue. About $100.
All sizes 6 to 16. Chardon Marché's white satin back crepe of
Celanese Acetate and rayon. Jeri's jade twill satin of *Celanese Acetate, cotton, nylon.*

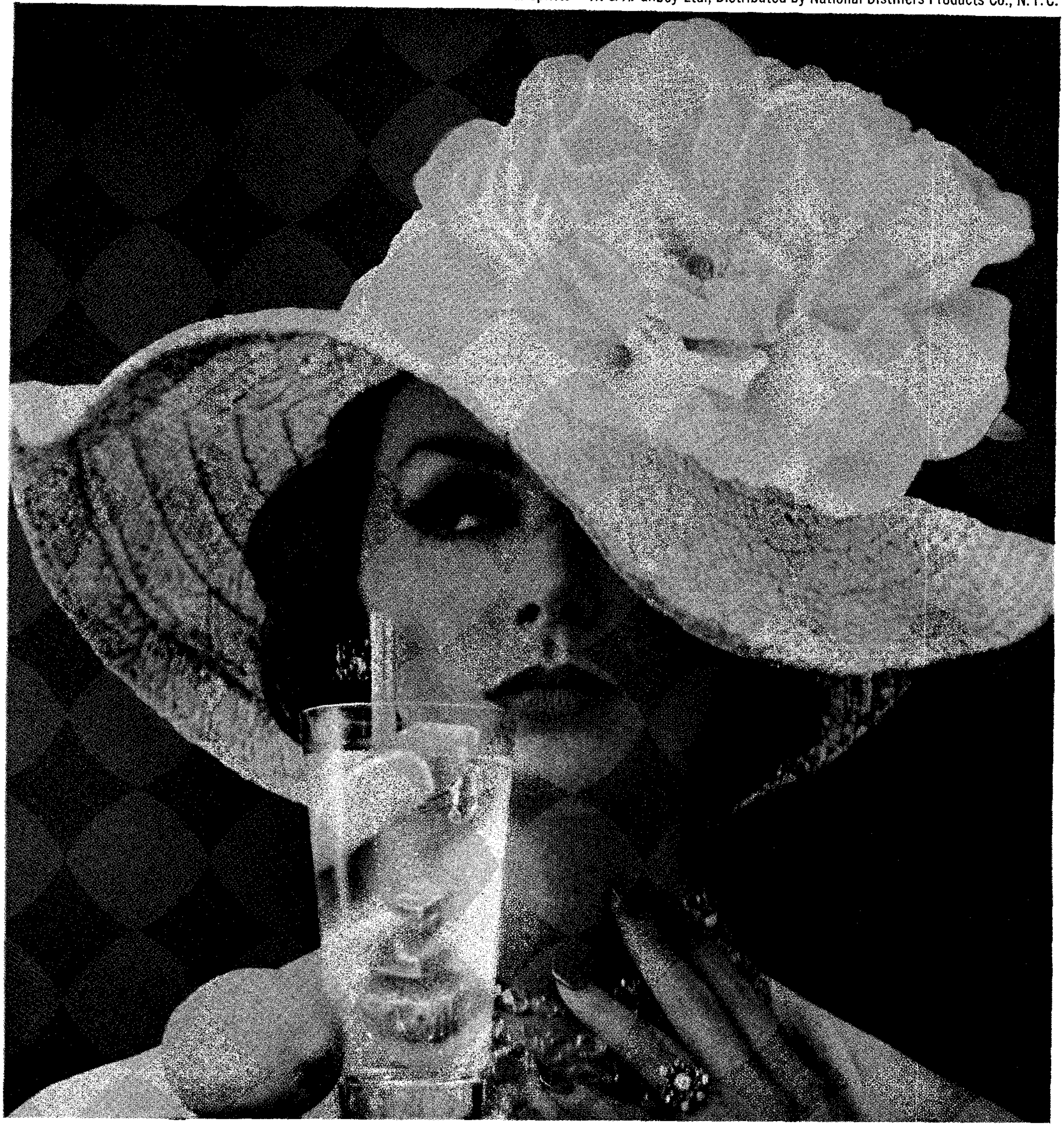
Battelstein's, Houston;
The Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Blum's Vogue, Chicago;
Himelhoch's, Detroit; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast;
Makoff, Salt Lake City; Gus Mayer—all stores;
Montaldo's—all stores, Doops, East Orange & Short Hills, N.J.;
Al Rosenthal, Oklahoma City; H. P. Selman, Louisville;
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.

Celanese® Prices slightly higher on West Coast

Acetate . . . a Celanese contemporary fiber



Vodka 80 Proof • Distilled London Dry Gin 90 Proof • Both 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • W. & A. Gilbey Ltd., Distributed by National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.C.



The people who made vodka smart have now made Gilbey's the smart vodka. They have found it imparts delightful spirit while it brings delicious smoothness to every vodka drink. This real difference is why Gilbey's Vodka is being asked for more and more. You'll find it's sensibly priced, too.

VODKA COLLINS—*fresh lemon juice, 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka, teaspoon of powdered sugar if desired sweet. Shake vigorously with cracked ice. Strain into tall, chilled glass. Fill with club soda. Garnish with lemon slice and cherry.*

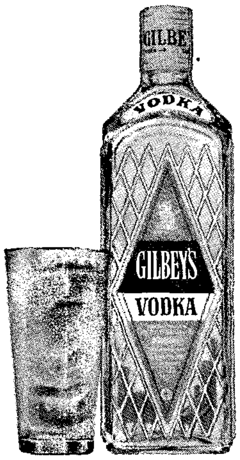
Smart,

smooth,

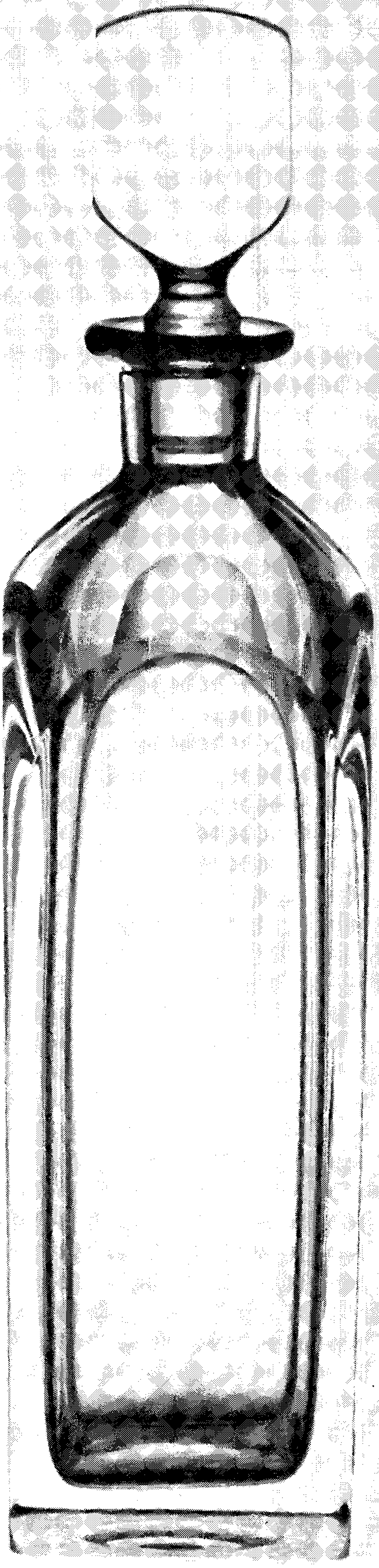
spirited...

Gilbey's Vodka

by the makers of Gilbey's Gin



ORREFORS
CRYSTAL



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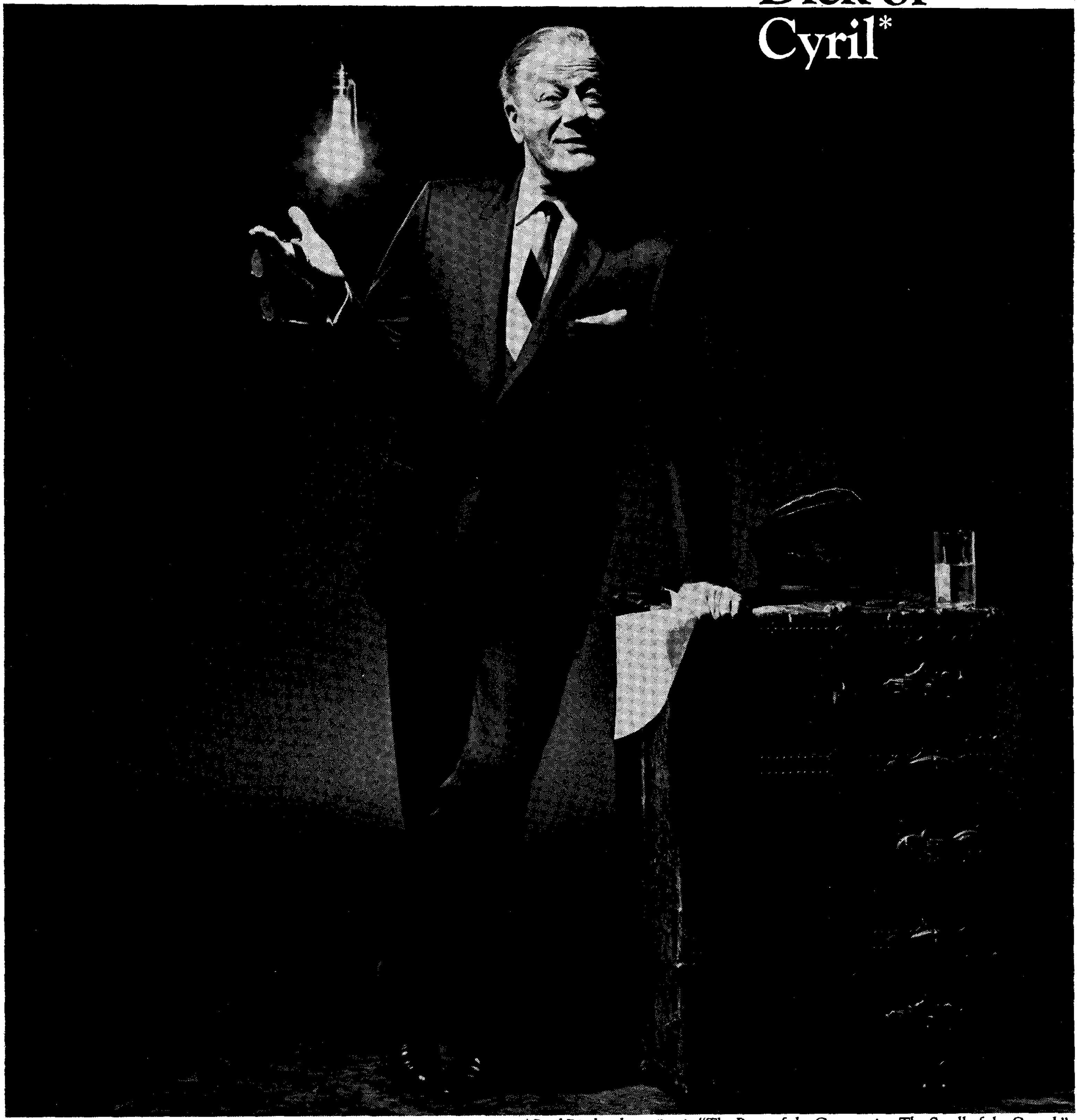

*Cyril Ritchard, starring in "The Roar of the Greasepaint, The Smell of the Crowd."

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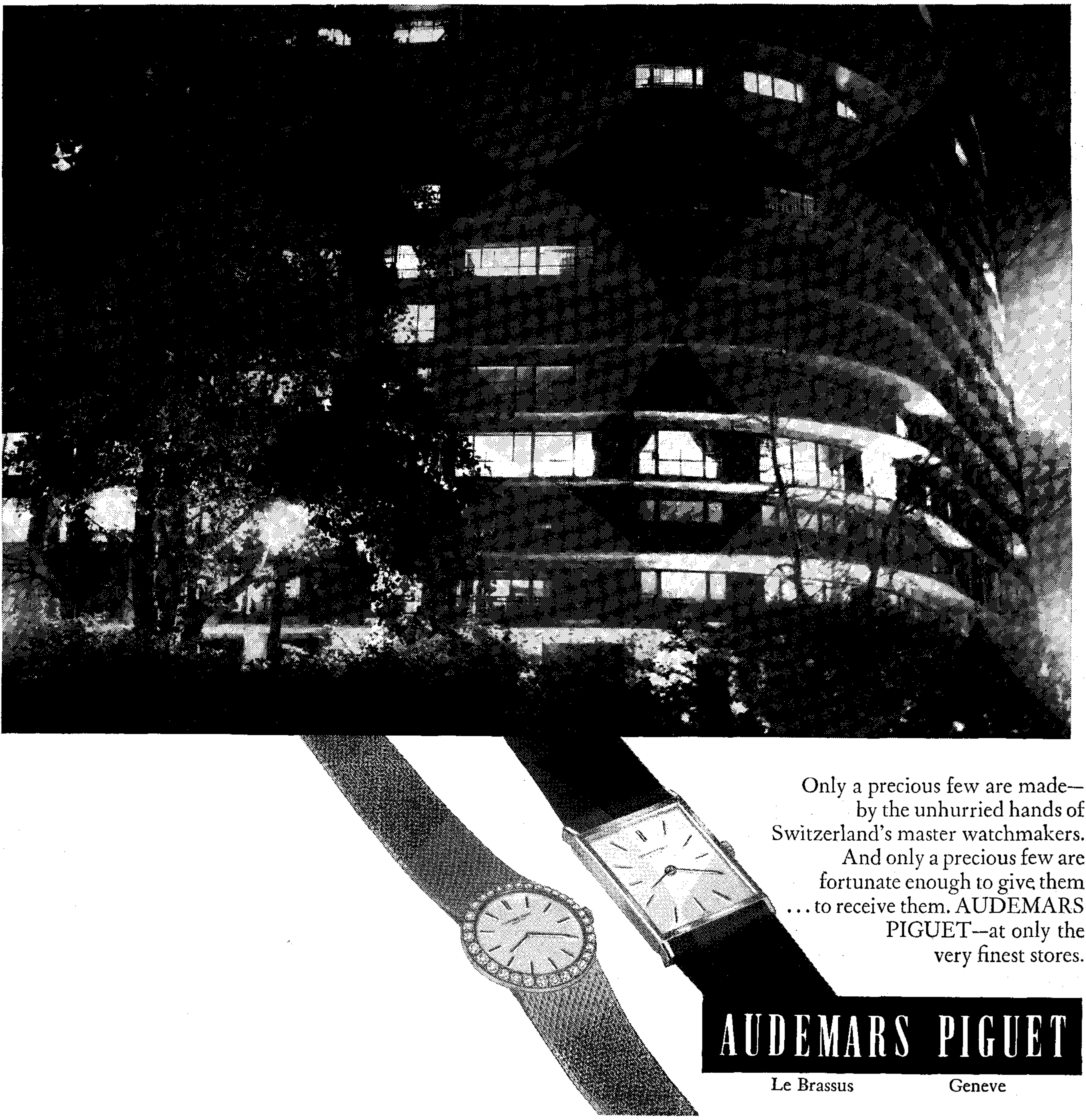
WHO HAVE THE MEANS TO MATCH THEIR DEVOTION



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by the unhurried hands of
Switzerland's master watchmakers.
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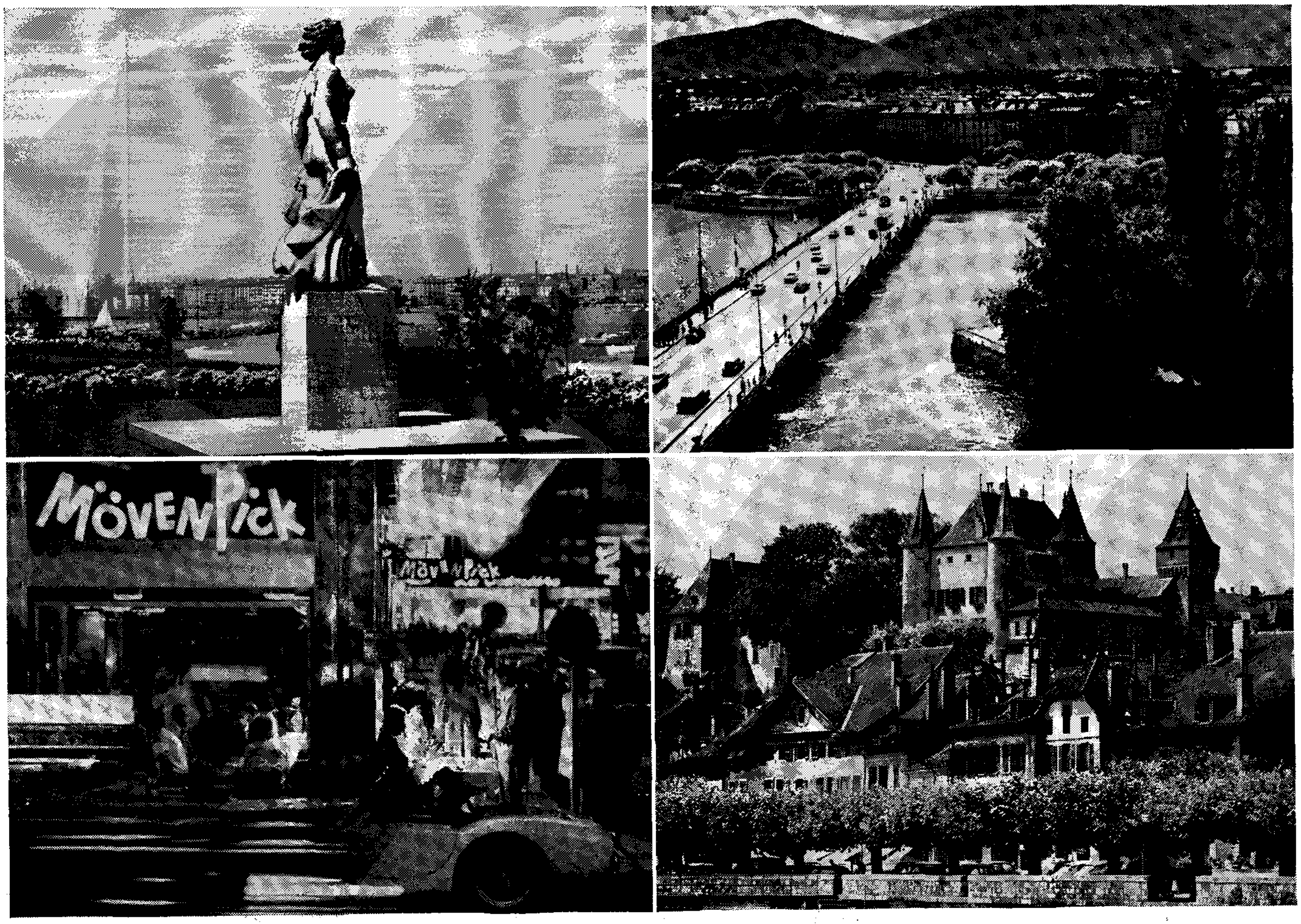

Geneva will disarm you.

The Swiss will take you over.

The nations of the world have been going to Geneva to talk things over for 100 years.

What makes it so disarming? For one, it's a beautiful place. On an enchanted lake in the middle of the Alps. Hard to lose your temper there.

Then there's the food. Geneva is at once very French and very Swiss. Makes for some interesting culinary twists. Genevans eat well. So do the diplomats. Easier to make happy decisions on a full stomach.

Or maybe it's Geneva's hotels. They're Swiss and numerous. You'll have no trouble finding the exact room you want. Overlooking the lake, the city, or underlooking the Alps.

Geneva's one of the bright ways to *start* Europe. (At the *heart* of the continent. Easy access to everywhere. Swissair virtually commutes all over Europe from Switzerland.)

And of course, Swissair service to Geneva is the best. Leave any day (non-stop on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday or Sunday) from New York. Round-trip fare as low as $379.80.* Call your travel agent or Swissair. Offices in principal cities. You won't go away mad.

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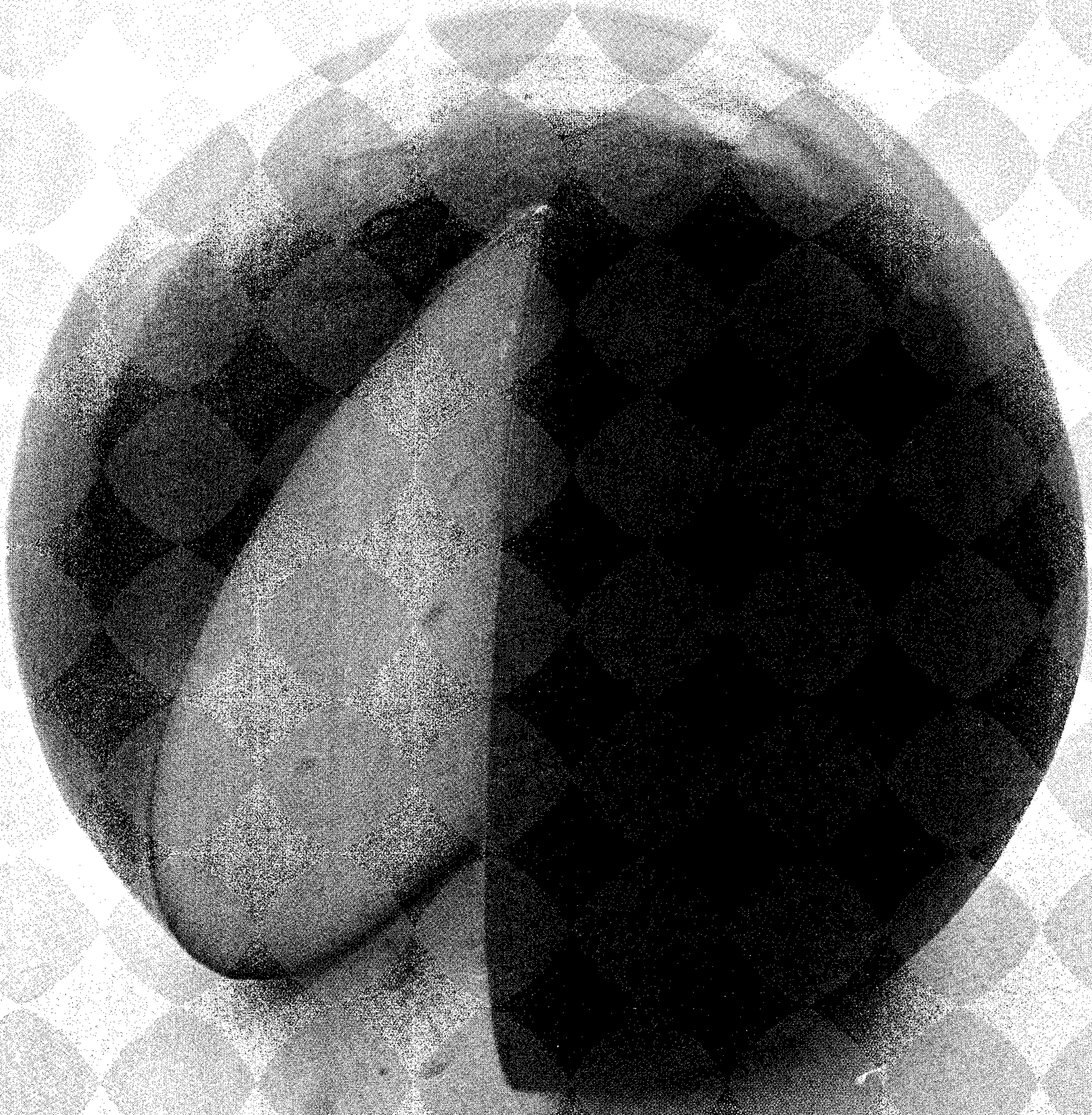
SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

*21-day round trip economy excursion fare from New York effective Monday through Thursday starting August 30.

Pâté costs more than liverwurst.
Bisque costs more than soup.
Stroganoff costs more than stew.
This cheese costs more than other Edam.

Life is short.



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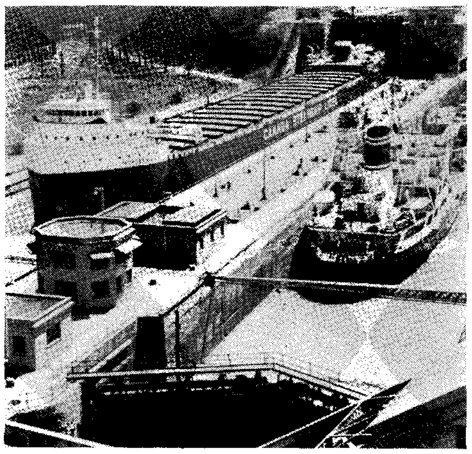
CHEESE OF HOLLAND

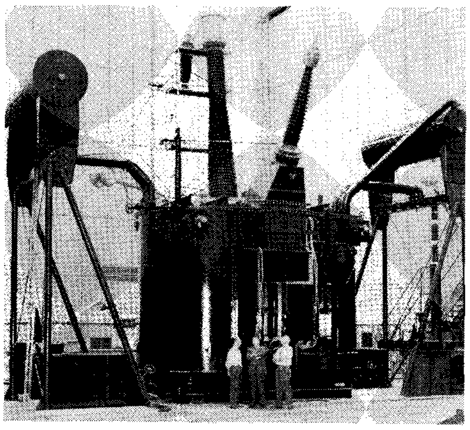
Town Hall, Ontario Style

Americans who know us are not surprised at Ontario's dynamic buildings. Architects from all over the world stop by to look at Toronto's oyster-shaped City Hall.

If you cherish the thought that Ontario, Canada, is a tableau of snow-covered cabins, perish the thought. True, we have our wooden homes much the same as Boston has—or Beswick, California. We *also* have buildings like Toronto's City Hall, shown on the left-hand page. But, if you think *that's* impressive, allow us to list a few more items which reflect Ontario's progress. By the end of 1965, spending on construction in Metropolitan Toronto alone will soar to 1.75 billion dollars—a higher construction volume than any other city in North America. We have more than 13,000 manufacturing concerns making everything from jelly beans to computers. For those who consider us The Far North, we hasten to point out that Point Pelee, Ontario, is farther south than Boston is —or Beswick, California. A few of the other reasons why Ontario can be regarded as a province of opportunity are pictured below.



The Welland Canal overcomes a difference of 327 feet between the levels of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. During the 1964 shipping season, the monthly cargo tonnage averaged more than 6 million tons—20 thousand tons a month more than traversed the Panama Canal in the same period.



This transformer, designed and constructed in Ontario, is the highest voltage transformer ever built. It is one of 15 to be used in the highest voltage commercial transmission line in the world (735,000 volts), now under construction in Quebec.

METROPOLIT
TRAFFIC

Computer control of stop lights in Toronto increases traffic flow up to 30%, equivalent to an extra lane on every four-lane road. Representatives from more than a dozen States and many European countries have come to examine its operation.

More than 55,000 fans watch a 200 mile race at Ontario's Mosport track. England's Surtees beat out 32 top drivers to win—average speed 90 miles per hour. Stirling Moss said of the track, "To my mind, having raced there, Mosport is among the top six of the shorter circuits in the world."

Government of Ontario, Department of Economics and Development, 950 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Offices in New York, Chicago, London, Düsseldorf, Milan

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the Dalmatian cherry. This precious
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those sweet moisture-swelled cherries
whose age is almost as old as Time itself.
Their seeds were sown before
the age of Caesar in rich Mediterranean soil
on magnificent rolling sun-swept hillsides.

Now, thanks to Stock's old and established
mastery, a new standard of perfection
is achieved in a liqueur . . . CHERRISTOCK

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

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Investors' Page

INFORMATION FROM MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

What you should know about stocks listed on the N.Y. Stock Exchange...the profits they earn...are they "good buys" for you?...4 pointers for investors.

Like millions of other Americans, perhaps you have asked yourself whether investing in stocks or bonds might be a sensible step toward better things for you and your family—income from dividends or interest to soften your current expenses, or growth in the value of your investment for some important use later on. If so, you have probably been puzzling the usual question: what to buy?

* * *

We believe the sure-footed investor —veteran or newcomer—should weigh the merits of companies whose common stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. They are relatively few—only some 1,200 out of about 1,300,000 corporations in this country.

* * *

Consider their importance to the economic life of the nation. These few companies employ 1 out of every 5 U.S. civilian workers. They earn nearly two-thirds of all the profits reported by all companies, and pay about 60% of all dividends.

* * *

Variety? There's a wide range. Chances are, right now, you can't move three feet in any direction without touching a product made by a listed company.

* * *

Some 12 million people own shares in the companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Some invest often, others seldom, but together they funnel thousands of orders daily into the Exchange market place. About 5.4 million shares were traded on an average day of the first seven months of this year. This volume of supply and demand means that investors can usually buy or sell quickly and easily.

* * *

When a company originally applies for listing, it is considered on its own merits, and today the Exchange generally applies guidelines such as these: 700,000 shares of publicly owned stock with a market value of at least $12,000,000, demonstrated earning power of $1,200,000 a year after taxes, and no fewer than 1,700 persons who own at least 100 shares each.

* * *

The Exchange usually considers delisting a common stock if ownership narrows (fewer than 700 round-lot shareholders), if the stock's total public market value falls below $2,500,000, if 300,000 shares or less are in public hands, or because of other special circumstances.

* * *

Would a listed stock make a "good buy" for you? Much depends upon your circumstances as well as the stock. Before you decide, consider these pointers for wise investing:

* * *

1. Remember that stock prices go both ways—up and down. A good rule is to invest only money you don't expect to need in the foreseeable future.

* * *

2. Keep your eye on your specific goal. Is a stock's dividend attractive? (Just as dividends may be cut or omitted, often they are increased as a company prospers.) Or should you aim for growth in the value of your stock in later years? Another possibility is bonds with the greater safety they might offer.

* * *

3. Familiarize yourself with the financial performance of a company that seems promising for you, and try to evaluate its potential.

* * *

4. Use the services of a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange. Ask your broker for the facts he has and for his opinion, then apply your judgment. Every registered representative has had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. This doesn't mean he's infallible, but his approach may broaden your own thinking.

* * *

Investing could make your financial future brighter. That's why it is important to know there are both right and wrong ways to go about it.

Own your share of American business

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SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 5-AG, P.O. Box 1070, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing some 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends every three months for 20 to 100 years.

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For feet's sake:
soft, supple Hemlock llama
crafted into two
of the season's
smartest shoes.
Each pair $23

Bates Shoe Company, Webster, Massachusetts

Thoroughbreds have to be coddled. Shirts of English VIYELLA® by Manhattan®, never.

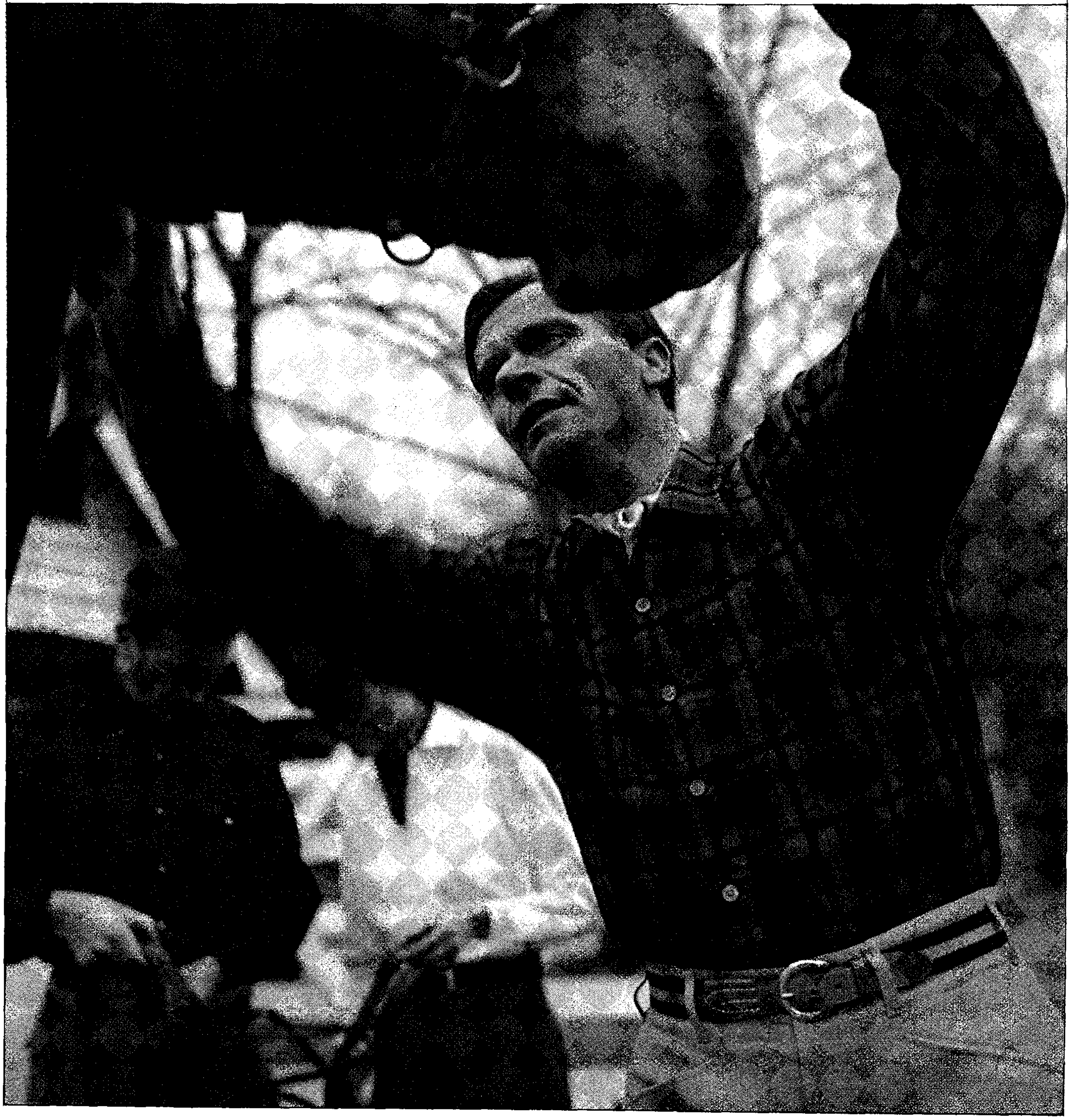
Coddle a Viyella shirt by Manhattan®? Ridiculous!

Wear it and wash it through a dozen hunting seasons. It thrives. Its touch becomes softer. Its colors mellow. No shrinking. No fading.

Viyella has the uncompromising qualities you would expect from a sybaritic blend of 55% pedigreed English lamb's wool and 45% cotton! Thank the demanding English for inventing it.

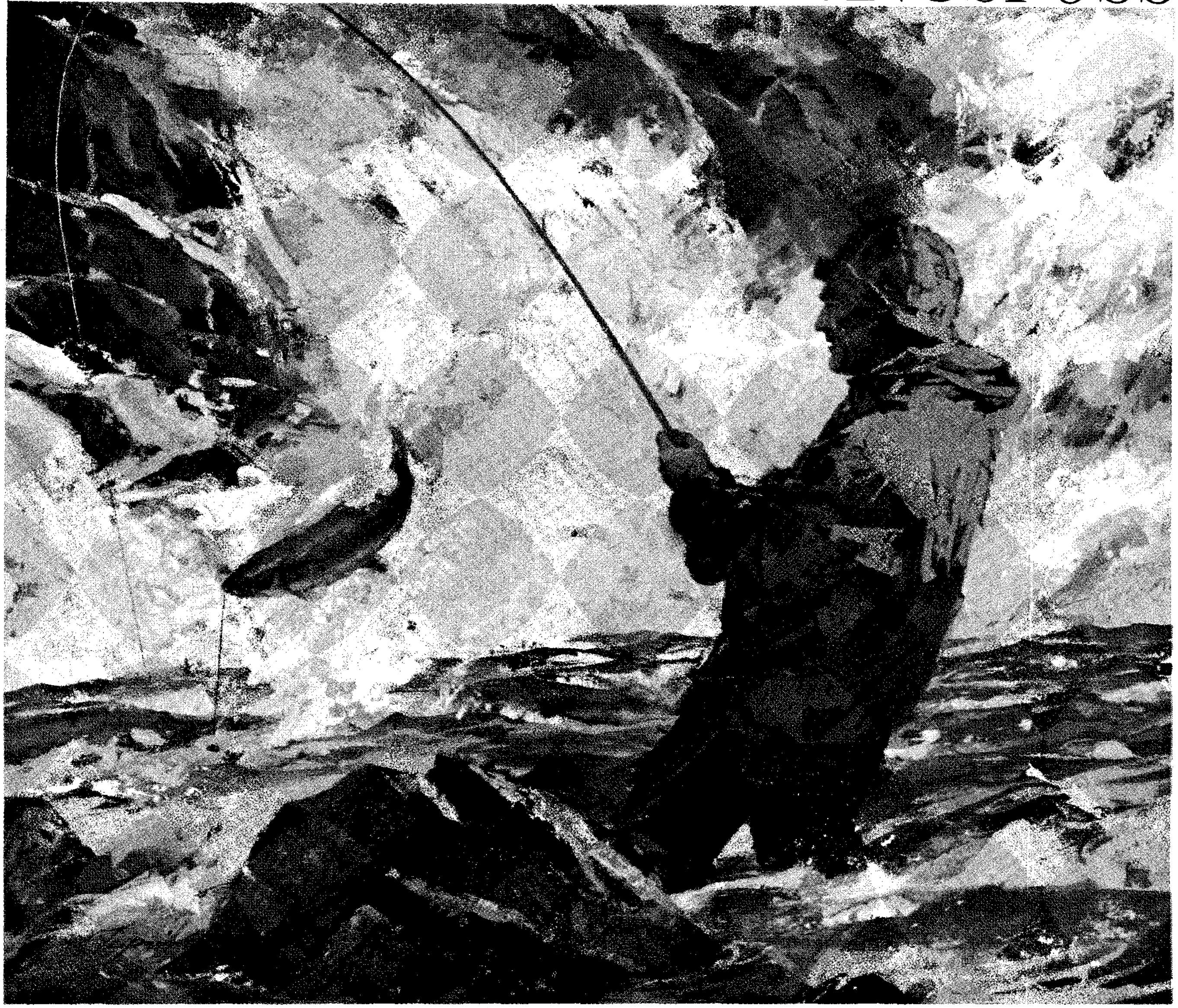
They have enjoyed its soft lightness and easy warmth for 70 years. Now they are sharing it with Manhattan®. Nobly, Manhattan® adds superb tailoring. Sporting, yes?

Traditional tartans, plaids, solids, heather tones.
Men's plaids: $18.95, solids from $14.95.
Ladies': $12.95.



Manhattan Lady Manhattan

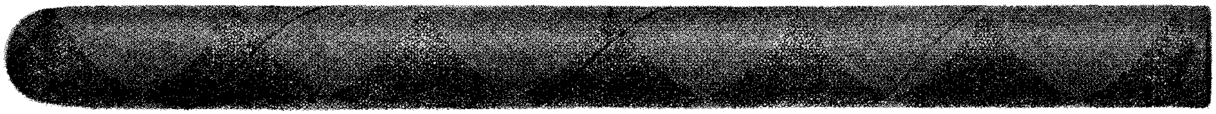
SALMON STRIKE AT MALANGSFOSS



"Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels"—POE

The scene is Norway's fabled Malangsfoss Pool. The game is 50-pound salmon, steel-hued and steel-tough as it strikes through the chill turbulent water. The fly is cast, the battle is on and the experience of a lifetime is in the making! After the victory the proud angler recaptures the thrill in the telling of it. It is at moments like this that men of action the world over seek the enjoyment and companionship of Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb aroma and masculine mildness. *Adventure with Gold Label anywhere in the world... it is worthy of the best times of your life.* **JAGUAR 70 25¢**... Alumipak of 4/$1. Gradiaz Annis, Tampa, Fla.

JAGUAR
Gold Label



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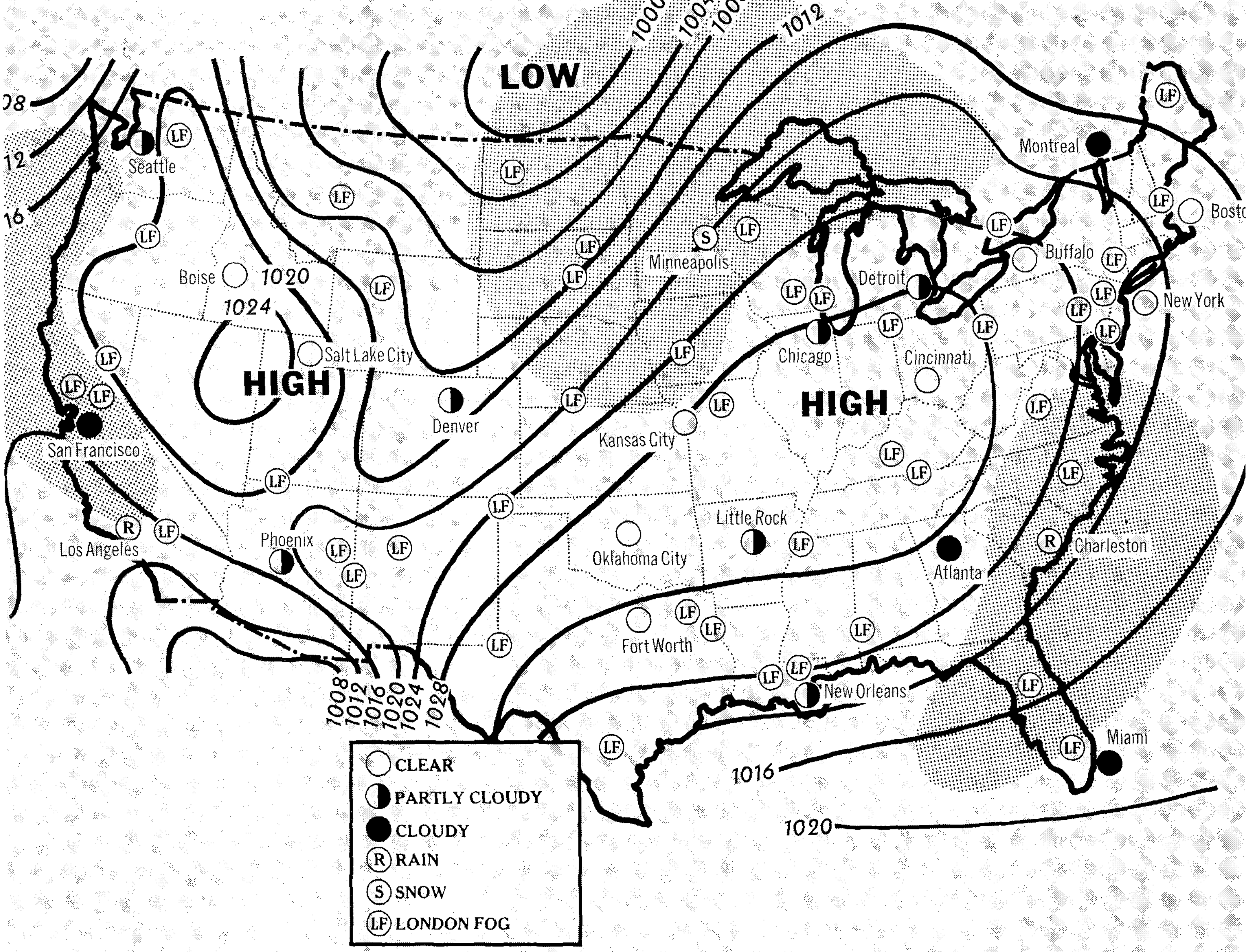
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES


LOW
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Seattle
Boise
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Phoenix
Denver
Minneapolis
Kansas City
Oklahoma City
Fort Worth
Little Rock
Chicago
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R
S
○ CLEAR
◐ PARTLY CLOUDY
● CLOUDY
Ⓡ RAIN
Ⓢ SNOW
(LF) LONDON FOG

Why is London Fog all over the map?

Because there's weather all over the map.

And our Dalton Maincoat® is made to cope with any weather. Anywhere.

We make it with a luxurious liner that zips-in for Autumns in New York, and out for Winters in Palm Springs.

And an exclusive fabric blend that lets air in, keeps water out.

The exterior finish can fend off anything from a drizzle to a deluge.

Then there are the London Fog extras.

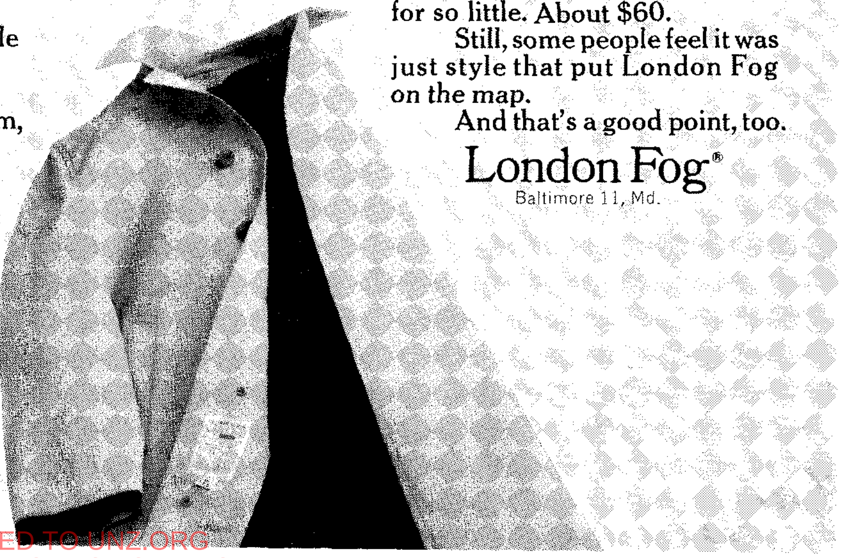
Like our Third Barrier® that protects you at the arm, shoulder and chest areas where the rain falls the hardest. Or the thread guards that keep our Bachelor Buttons permanently attached.

And then there are our thirty inspectors. They're so finicky it's tough to decide sometimes whether these ladies are with us or against us. In fact, no coat goes through so much for so little. About $60.

Still, some people feel it was just style that put London Fog on the map.

And that's a good point, too.

London Fog®
Baltimore 11, Md.



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100% ALPALAMA™ ALPACA PILE WARMER;
SPLIT SHOULDER STYLING IN NATURAL, OLIVE,
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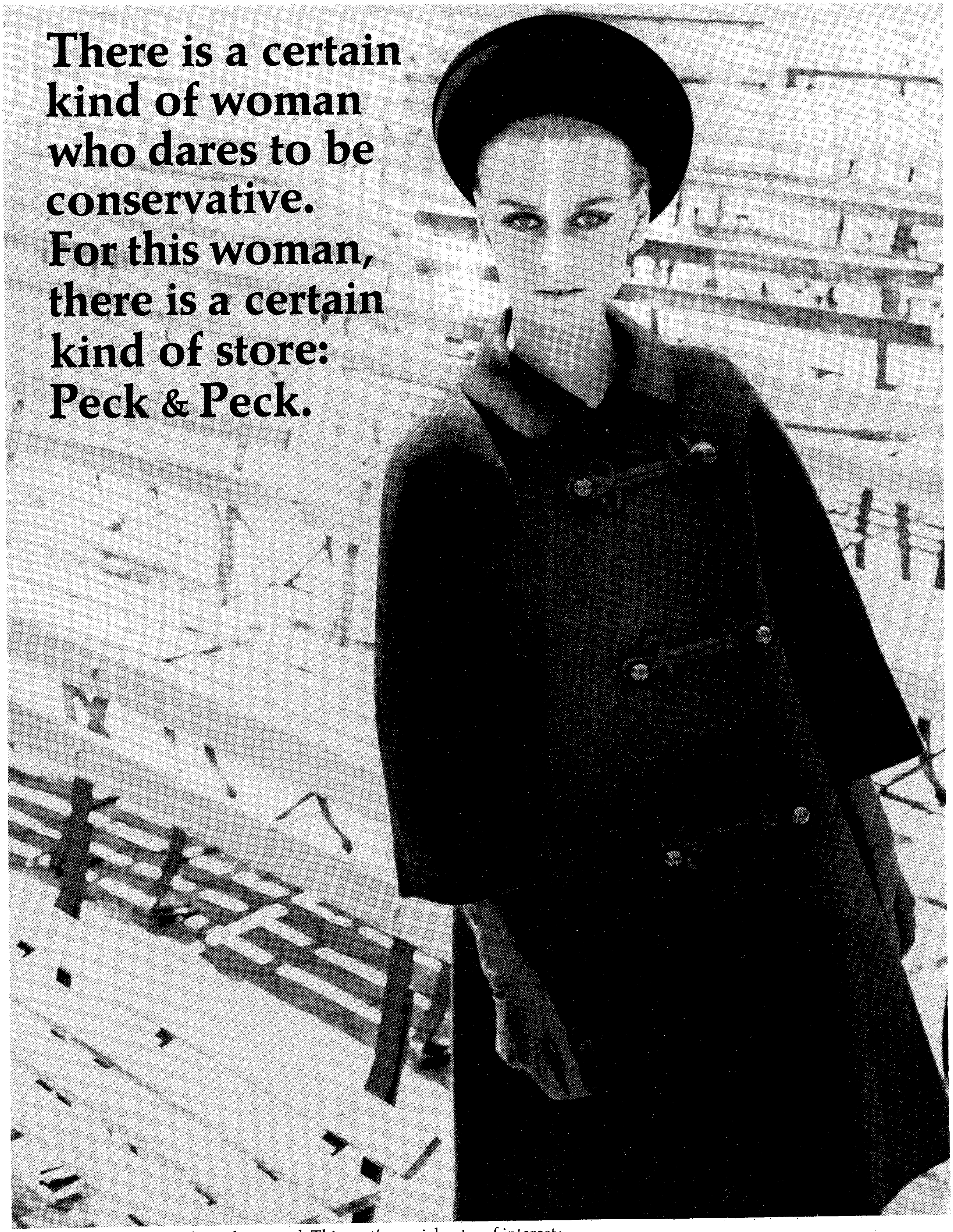
WARMER COLOR KEYED TO MATCH.



There is a certain kind of woman who dares to be conservative. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Black and strikingly sophisticated. This coat's special notes of interest: double-breasted frog closings, petite club collar, demi-length sleeves. Simple and elegant. Worsted wool in black only. 8 to 16, 90.00

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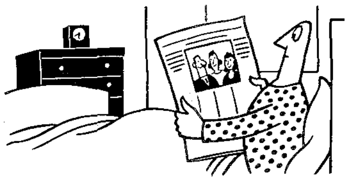
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE went to bed early last Tuesday night, very soon after the I.B.M. computers that make up the C.B.S. Voter Profile Analysis had announced, on the basis of fragmentary returns, the "indicated winners" in the Democratic primary. Among the indicated winners was a personable young man named Orin Lehman, who was running for City Comptroller on the otherwise unsuccessful Screvane-Moynihan ticket, and just before turning in we saw an interview with the young and attractive Mrs. Lehman, who said that she was very happy. But when we woke up the next morning and looked at our newspaper we learned that Lehman's rival Mario A. Procaccino, of the so-called Beame Team, had pulled ahead during the night, and there was a picture of the personable Judge Procaccino and his wife and daughter. We were somewhat upset (Mr. and Mrs. Lehman presumably were, too), and we began to wonder if the democratic process was not falling behind the times. If the computers, which are supposed to know more about the city than anyone else, disagree with the popular vote in a particular election, can we really ignore them? Can we really trust the voting machines? The people *may* have nominated Procaccino, but according to the computers they *should* have nominated Lehman. And this fact was disseminated to millions of television viewers. It seems to us that the only fair solution in such cases would be to let both men run against the Republican candidate and, if elected, serve in the disputed office, jointly, for a period of one year. We're not sure just what the Comptroller does, but we've always liked the way the title is spelled, and we're sure that enough comptrolling could be found to keep two men busy. Then, when the year was up, another election could be held. In this election, the people would vote for the computer of their choice—I.B.M., UNIVAC, National Cash Register—and the computers would then choose between the two incumbents. After all, what's the sense of having electronic brains if we're not going to pay some attention to them?



Victory

ON that Tuesday night, when the small, plucky man from Brooklyn named Abraham Beame won the bitter four-way primary for the Democratic mayoralty nomination, his headquarters, in a cramped bogus-marble ballroom of the Summit Hotel, rang, for a few wild hours, the way Ebbets Field used to on a pennant-playoff day. We turned up at the Summit seconds after the network computers had credited Mr. Beame with victory, on the basis of returns reported by twenty-five per cent of the election districts, and there we found several hundred partisans of the Beame Team shouting, shoving, screeching, and occasionally embracing, in raucous delight. The campaign officials, who were stationed on a makeshift platform at the front of the room, were chanting "Down with Wagner! Up with Beame!" for the benefit of some enormous television cameras that were presiding over the celebration from Erector-set stands in the middle of the floor. In fact, the Beame Team appeared to be every bit as moved by the dramatic presence of so many cameras, coils, and klieg lights as by the election returns it had just heard. The Beame ladies battered each other with huge handbags as they tried to walk in front of the camera lenses, and the Beame gentlemen, no less enthusiastic at the prospect of instant celebrity, fought their way to the platform with their placards and their glasses raised high.

"Back, lady! Back, lady!" muttered a fierce-looking election-district captain, jamming his elbow into the stomach of an equally fierce-looking woman who was trying to inch past him toward the platform. "It's my turn to be on television, and nobody's going to get ahead of me."

"But that's my brother-in-law up there on the platform," replied the woman, discreetly digging her heel into the captain's ankle. "And you aren't going to keep *me* from saying hello to my own brother-in-law."

We turned around and beat a path to a bar at the far end of the room, where several reporters stood grumbling about the encroachments of C.B.S., N.B.C., and A.B.C.

"You can't get an interview out of a soul at these fiascoes anymore," a man with a deadline to meet told us as he picked up a double Scotch. "You ask a guy a question, and he says, 'Sorry, I'd rather be on television.' "

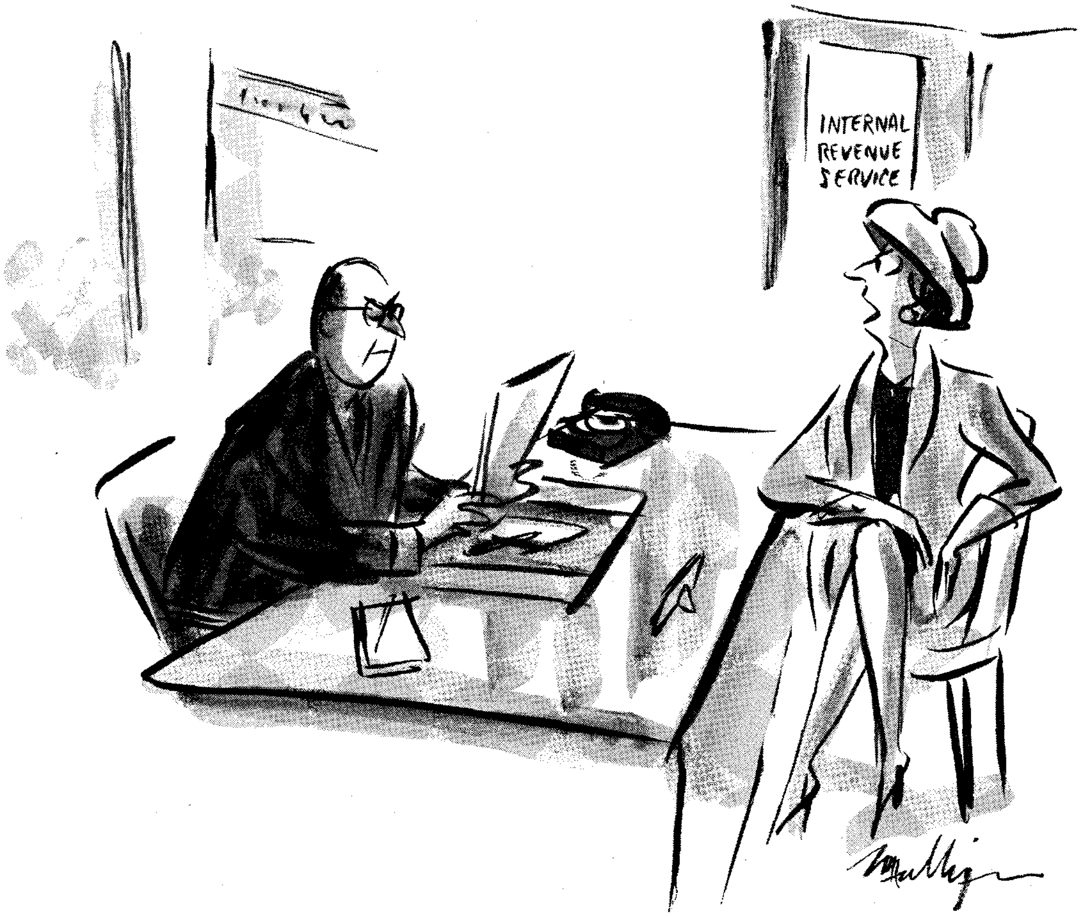
"Hey, there's a fire violation in here. Who do we call?" said one of his colleagues, who had just emerged from the mob, looking battered and bewildered.

"Call Beame," said a third reporter. "He's somewhere up on the twentieth floor. There's a party going on up there, and they say that everybody's pretty well oiled because the President called."

"Oh, the President. *That's* nothing new. He calls everybody," said the man with the double Scotch.

The reporters laughed, and we dived back into the crowd.

"My husband's name is Schneier. Make sure you spell that right!" called a young woman in a bright-green dress as we passed by, pad in hand. She turned



"He's my Uncle Sam, too, I'll have you know!"

to her husband. "Martin, say something. I think it's a reporter," she said.

"Well," began Martin, "I'm—"

"He's head of the Youth for Beame. Aren't you, Martin?" his wife said.

We dived deeper, and came upon several stalwarts of the Beame Team arguing their chances against John Lindsay in November.

"We're gonna win!" bellowed one stalwart, who was sporting a Beame button on one lapel and a donkey pin on the other. "Those Lindsay people—what do they know? They think that if Sutton Place goes for Lindsay the election's in the bag. Manhattan's not worth a damn in this election. There's millions of us Democrats in Queens and Brooklyn and the Bronx, and we're the ones who count this time around."

"Yeah," replied a hefty blonde decked out in a purple dress and a mink stole. "But those bums from Manhattan who call themselves Democrats—you know, the ones who milk the poor down on Wall Street all day and then shout about poverty at their reform clubs all night—*they're* gonna go for Lindsay. They're not with us. But we'll show them. They won't even be able to get a parking ticket fixed—let alone a job—once Beame's in."

On the heels of this beneficent prediction, the crowd burst into a chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." We looked up, and saw that Beame himself had just entered the ballroom, followed by his running mates—Frank O'Connor, the Queens District Attorney, who had just won the nomination for President of the City Council, and Judge Procaccino. Three blackboards crashed to the floor in the confusion, narrowly missing the Judge, who had already been looking melancholy. The computers had just conceded the contest for Comptroller to Lehman, and would not change their minds for several hours yet.

"Well, everybody, we've licked Wagner," said Mr. Beame, who was supported in his campaign by Mayor Wagner's archfoes Charles Buckley, the Democratic leader from the Bronx, and Adam Clayton Powell, the Harlem Congressman. The Beame Team cheered, and Mr. Beame, who was grinning broadly in the glare of the kliegs, invited all Democrats to unite against "our common enemy, the Republican Party."

An accordionist began to play "Happy Days Are Here Again," and Mr. Beame and Team stood on the platform shaking hands. We began to see the white campaign hats of Paul O'Dwyer partisans dotting the crowd. Councilman O'Dwyer had graciously conceded the election early in the evening and retired to Downey's Steak House for dinner with his staff.

"Hey, you're not our people. What are you doing here?" a Beame lieutenant demanded of the white hats.

"We've come on over to make peace. Your man won. Ours lost. So we're here," replied an O'Dwyer girl in a denim jumper.

Suddenly, there were loud shrieks from the women in the room. Senator Robert Kennedy and his wife had just arrived to offer their congratulations to the candidate. Senator Kennedy, who was wearing a prudently noncommittal expression, made a short speech, which was drowned out by cries of "Hiya, Bobby!" from the floor.

When the Kennedys left, so did most of the Beame Team, but the ballroom soon filled up again, this time with people from Screvane and Ryan headquarters. They said that they had come to have a "conciliation drink" and volunteer support.

"That's one thing about us Democrats," said a Beame man, slapping a Screvane man on the back. "We fight like hell in the primaries, but we'll always get back together when it comes to a Republican."

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SEEN inside the Swiss Pavilion at the World's Fair: Visitor taking a photograph of a panorama photograph of the Jungfrau and other Alps.

Switched On

FOUR days after seventeen-year-old Lynnell Bass, of Virginia Beach, Virginia, won the title of Miss American Teen-Ager, in competition with two hundred thousand other girls, between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, in the sixth annual nationwide contest, held at Palisades Amusement Park, she arrived at the salesroom of Young Naturals, Ltd., one of many divisions of the Puritan Fashions Corporation, at 1400 Broadway, to collect one of her prizes, a Young Naturals, Ltd., wardrobe. All the dresses, skirts, sweaters, and pants that Miss American Teen-Ager won were part of a trademarked fashion movement initiated by Puritan Fashions and called Youthquake. On hand in the salesroom to greet the new title winner were Paul Young, who is thirty-five, the senior vice-president of Puritan Fashions, and the inventor of, and in charge of, the Youthquake Program; Terence Hooper, who is thirty-one, and the fashion director of the Youthquake Program; Kari-Ann Möller, an eighteen-year-old model for Youthquake; some Puritan salesmen; and half a dozen publicity people—one of them working with a still camera—who were going about their business of making expert use of Miss American Teen-Ager and her new wardrobe for Puritan Fashions. One man handed out typewritten sheets stating that the titleholder was five feet five inches tall, weighed a hundred and five pounds, had blue eyes and blond hair, had earlier been a finalist for the title of Miss Thom McAn Teen Queen (at twelve), and had won the titles of Miss Ocean View (at thirteen), Best Dressed Teen-Ager of Virginia Beach (at fifteen), Platter Princess of a local radio station (at fifteen), and Peanut Bowl Festival Princess (at sixteen), and that her father was a civil-service employee at the Little Creek Amphibious Base, in Norfolk, Virginia. Miss American Teen-Ager wore her blond hair long; it reached to her shoulders. She arrived dressed in a non-Youthquake two-piece outfit consisting of a schoolgirl navy-blue skirt and blouse, with a matching beret and high-heeled navy pumps. Her skirt reached to just below her knees.

"Thank you, sir," Miss American Teen-Ager said to Mr. Hooper, who, like Mr. Young and Miss Möller, is from London, and who was wearing his hair very much in the style of Ringo Starr's and had twice as much of it. Mr. Hooper raised his eyebrows at the "sir." He had handed her a small red-covered brochure entitled "Youthquake Lingo (For Salespeople Only)," and he handed one to Miss Möller, too.

"I don't want it," Miss Möller said coolly, handing it back. "I don't need it." Miss Möller, who is very thin and very beautiful, had a lot of makeup around her eyes, and she was wearing *her* hair, which is dark brown, cut in the Ringo Starrish style of Vidal Sassoon. She had on white Courrèges-type boots and a boyish shirt dress of camel-colored English wool, which came to four inches above her knees. She was smoking a cigarette, and she blew the smoke out in the direction of Miss American Teen-Ager in a rather impatient manner. Mr. Hooper and Mr. Young, who were both wearing dark suits of English cut and both looked handsome, stood side by side for a moment examining the new titleholder.

"That," Mr. Young said, indicating the brochure that Miss American Teen-Ager held, "will tell you about Youthquake, the new fashion beat of London. It's the name of the daringly different young clothes by the English designer Mary Quant. Have you heard of Mary Quant?" He spoke very softly, and he gave the new titleholder a sympathetic look.

"Oh, no, sir, but it sounds very interesting," Miss American Teen-Ager said. She smiled, and held the smile for quite a while, showing perfect teeth.

"Yes," Mr. Young said, somewhat dryly, as Mr. Hooper turned away to talk to Miss Möller. "And you can learn the Youthquake Lingo from it."

"Oh, yes, sir!" Miss American Teen-Ager said eagerly, flashing the smile again. She opened the brochure and read aloud, " ' "Super" is the British way of saying O.K. All these Youthquake fashions are very much super, meaning O.K. "Smashing" is the English word for "great," meaning the most exciting. And it's a great word to use for the entire Youthquake collection. A "flakeout" is so bad it's really awful. "Miss Fox"—a sexy kind of girl.' " Then she said, "Oh, yes, sir, that sounds very interesting!"

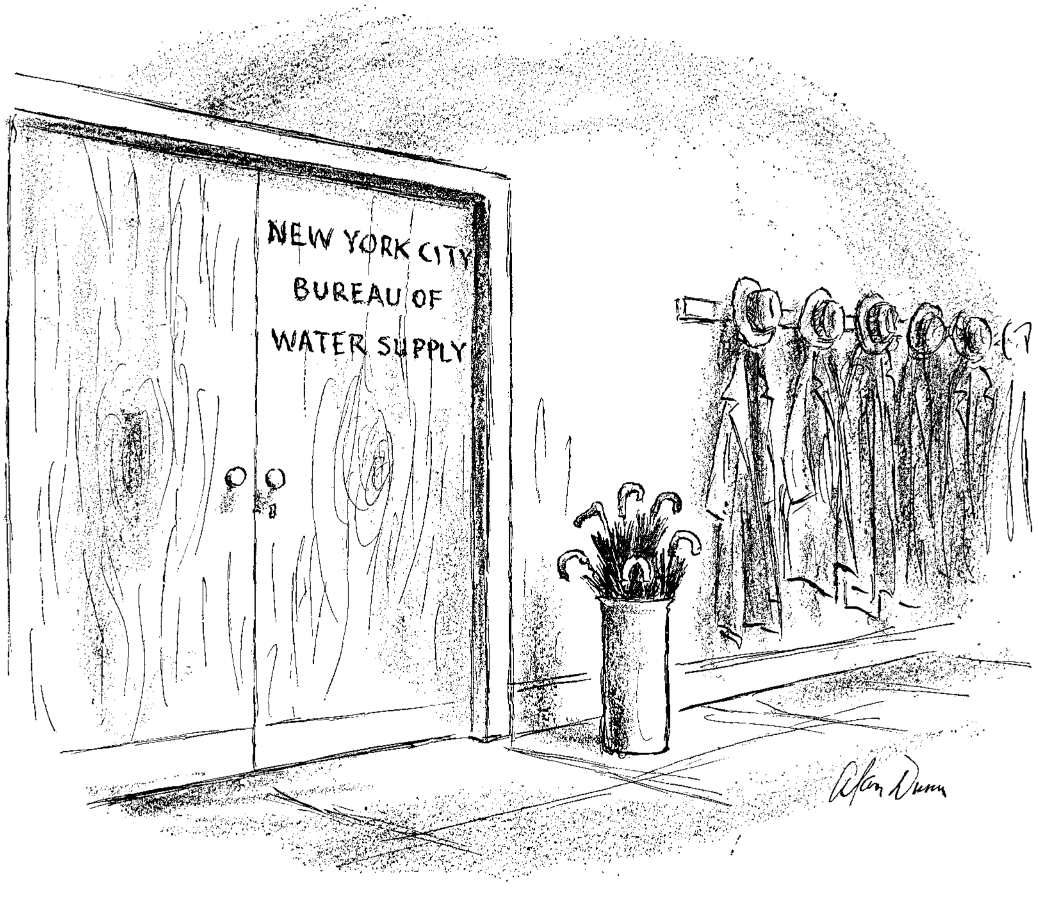
" 'Cooling it' means getting it down to great," Mr. Hooper said, turning back to her.

"Mr. Hooper was in the Beatles' first movie," Mr. Young said encouragingly. "His wife, Prue, who is another one of our models, was in the movie, too. She played the girl on the train." He gazed at Miss American Teen-Ager expectantly, but she looked blank. "Did you see 'A Hard Day's Night'?" he asked.

"Oh, I missed it, sir," Miss American Teen-Ager said. "But I *want* to see it."

"Good," Mr. Young said. "And what are you planning to do, now that you've won the contest?"

"My crown is a stepping stone to a well-planned career in dramatics," Miss American Teen-Ager said immediately, sounding much surer of her ground. "I got a lot of prizes. I got an all-new, stunning Dodge Dart con-



vertible. It's called the Go-Go Car for Go-Go People." She smiled.

Mr. Young, Mr. Hooper, and Miss Möller looked unimpressed.

One of two salesmen who were standing on the periphery of the group asked Miss Möller what kind of car *she* drove.

"I don't have a car," she said, drawing deeply on her cigarette. "I ride a bike, a Moulton."

The publicity people led Miss American Teen-Ager off to a rack of Youthquake clothes and started pulling out some of her prize wardrobe.

"And didn't you win a trip to Hollywood?" a publicity woman asked the titleholder, motioning to Mr. Young, Mr. Hooper, and Miss Möller to come closer.

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, I got a trip to Hollywood and a role in a 'Dr. Kildare' TV show with Richard Chamberlain," Miss American Teen-Ager said.

"Would *you* like to go to Hollywood?" the publicity woman asked Miss Möller.

"No," Miss Möller said, and left it at that.

Miss American Teen-Ager gave her the smile.

"No?" the publicity woman pursued.

"I like being in London," Miss Möller said.

"Kari-Ann is the star of our Youthquake movie," Mr. Young said. "It was directed by one of those people who worked on the film of 'The Knack.' It's a wonderful movie. Have you seen it yet, Kari-Ann?"

"I saw it only on a crummy little screen in London," Miss Möller said.

Miss American Teen-Ager and a couple of publicity women, carrying Youthquake dresses, adjourned to a dressing room. Mr. Young, Mr. Hooper, and Miss Möller stood around in the salesroom, waiting.

"She's a Dolly," Mr. Young said to his companions and to the two salesmen. "Too much froufrou. Too schooled. Too trained. She's not free."

"They ought to cut her hair off," Miss Möller said, tossing her head so that her hair swung freely about and then settled back neatly in place.

"She's a boosted teen-ager. She's not typical of the American teen-agers *we've* seen," Mr. Hooper said. "We've just come back from a six-week fashion-show tour of America," he went on, addressing the salesmen, who looked rather rumpled and tired alongside the Youthquakers.

"We went as far south as Atlanta, as far west as Dallas," Mr. Young said. "Everywhere we went, we found pent-up demands for the Mod look. Which was started by Mary Quant five years ago. Teen-agers here are clamoring for the Mod look. They want to be with it. It's a new type of geometry. Short hair. Short skirts. Sculptured lines as opposed to froufrou or the Dolly look. It relies on a clever use of seaming, it relies on clarity of line, to emphasize the prettiness of a girl. And very little jewelry. The enamelled target circle pin, and that's all. It shapes up a girl's prettiness."

The salesmen looked intimidated. "But the French," one of them said. "The French use of seaming . . ." His voice faded.

"The French have been switched off for four and a half years," Mr. Hooper said.

"Courrèges?" the other salesman asked.

"But what more can he do?" Mr. Hooper said. "His geometry is perfect, but what more can he do?" He raised his eyebrows at the salesmen, who said nothing. "Young Naturals is the most switched-on division of Puritan, and the most switched-on in the country today," Mr. Hooper continued. "The crowds at our fashion shows! The teen-agers turned up by the thousands. Because we showed the clothes the way the kids want to wear them! Without any tacky fashion-show commentaries. We showed the models doing things. And with their own music forms. Dancing to our Youthquake song, sung by The Skunks. The whole bit. You should have seen the kids go for the clothes in Akron. Akron! Akron!" He seemed to be singing.

One of the salesmen asked Miss Möller if she had done any modelling before she joined Youthquake.

"I worked for Mattli's for a month, but I couldn't stand it," she said. "All those tacky fashion-show commentaries! Then I just smooched around for a bit. I went to the Ad Lib one night. Dancing," she said, observing the salesman's unspoken question. "It's a discothèque. In Soho. And that's how I met Mary Quant."

"We have the two top names—Mary Quant and Tuffin & Foale—designing for Puritan," Mr. Young said, "and now other manufacturers are watching us and trying to get on the gravy train. Imitators think that *anybody* can do it."

The salesmen looked alert.

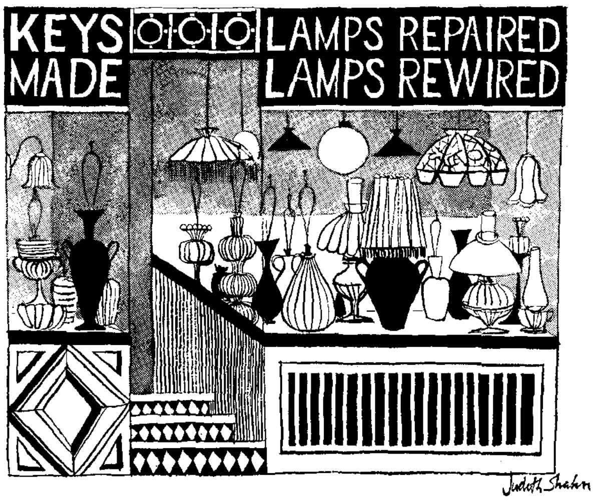
"Youthquake had been on my mind for three years," Mr. Young went on. "Three years ago, I knew that 1966 would be the key year in America, because I'd done some research, and I'd learned that by 1966 half the American population would be under twenty-five. Everything in England had started cracking right after the Second World War. There had been a tremendous surge in England. There was a tremendous pent-up consumer demand, coupled with a gigantic need for consumer goods, and the postwar generation were looking for identity. They wanted to be important. They had suffered a traumatic shock. To exist, they cocooned together. They are really scared, but they have group freedom. I call it a Queen Bee society. And in England they've been able to find expression early. They leave school early, because the colleges are too full, and, because of the loss of the Empire, they feel they want to be important. Do you know what I mean?"

The salesmen looked at each other as though they were trying to think. Mr. Hooper and Miss Möller exchanged looks of their own.

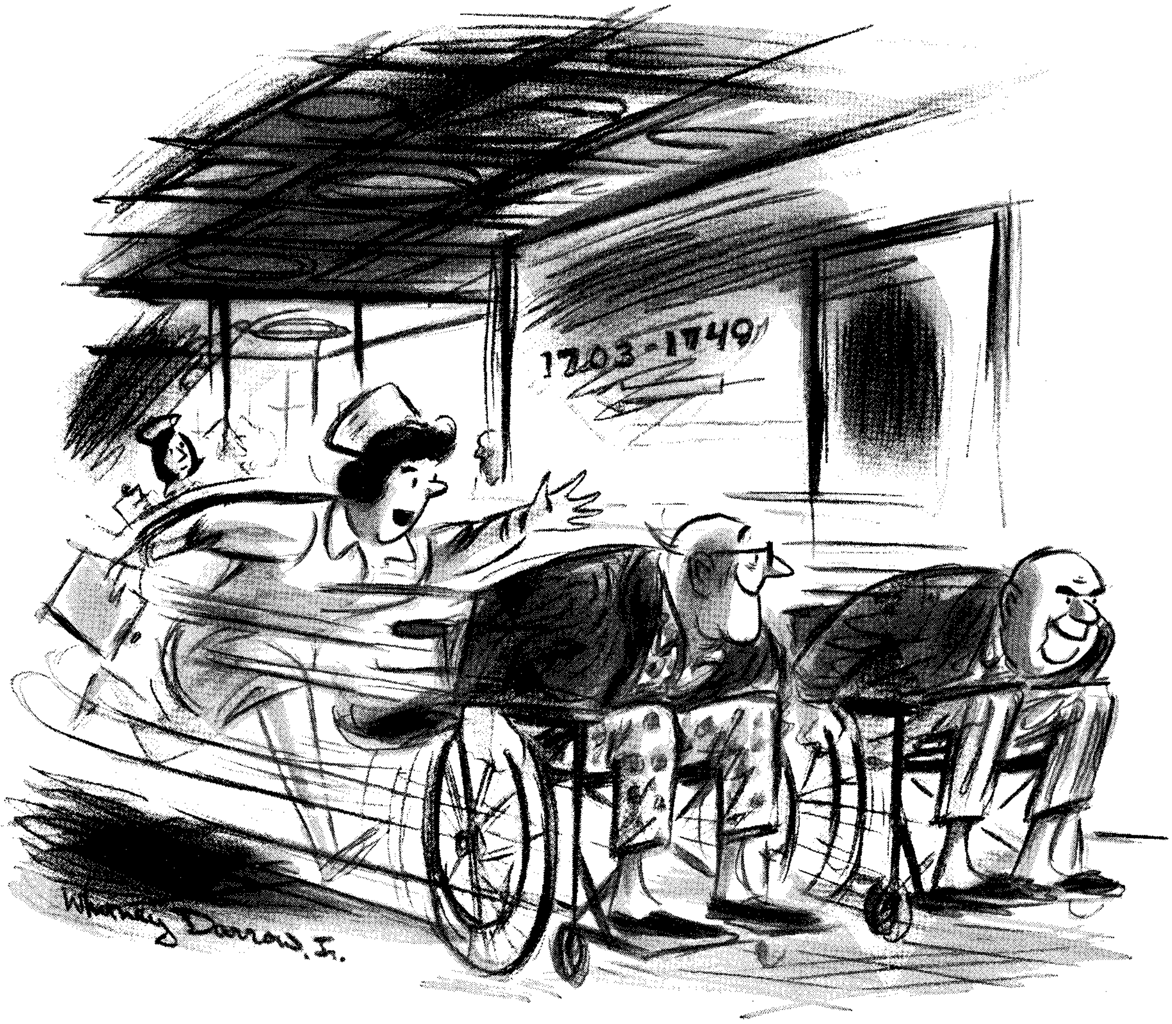
"They had been raised matriarchally," Mr. Young continued, speaking as softly as ever. "Their fathers had been killed in the war or had committed suicide—you know, in the depression. The mothers indulged their children. Permissiveness," he said slowly. "Did you ever hear of John Dewey?"

The salesmen looked for help at the racks of Young Naturals, and, not finding it, continued to listen.

"In London, suddenly, it all went *clonk*," Mr. Young said. "But why wasn't it happening in New York? The American teen-ager was still in school. The teen-agers still had



to account to their parents for the way they spent their money; they had to explain their purchases. Five years ago, when I started doing research, I found that the American teen-ager had no identity symbols. Then President Kennedy came along, and there was great interest in Jacqueline. The teen-agers had an identity symbol in her. And now it's cracking here. We're in the midst of a social revolution. We're going to see a change in socio-buying patterns."



"Now, you both know very well that that's *not* *what the doctor ordered."*

The salesmen looked deeply relieved as Miss American Teen-Ager came into the room wearing a Youthquake dress, designed by Mary Quant, that was short-sleeved and simple in its lines, reached to a couple of inches above her knees, and had one hip pocket.

"This one is called the Hipster," Mr. Young said as the publicity people told each other the dress was pretty cute and one of them said to Miss American Teen-Ager, "Atta girl! 'At's it! Very lovely! Very lovely!" Then the still photographer started photographing.

Mr. Young turned his attention to Miss American Teen-Ager. "Have you ever thought," he began in a kindly way, "why some people say that short dresses are disgusting?"

"Oh, yes, sir! That's *true!*" Miss American Teen-Ager cried out. "People wear bathing suits, don't they, and *that's* not disgusting." She looked at Mr. Young for approval.

"It's something new," Mr. Young said. "*Some* manufacturers resist anything new or radical. Do *you* think it's difficult to accept something new?"

"Oh, no, sir, I don't think so," Miss American Teen-Ager said, and put a hand, tentatively, over her hip pocket. The salesmen looked as though they were cooling it.

Miss American Teen-Ager retired, to put on another sample of the Youthquake.

"I personally *like* young people," Mr. Young said to the salesmen. "If teen-agers are enthusiastic about something, they give everything to it. Don't you agree?"

Again the salesmen looked at each other, and this time they said they agreed.

"I've just started a new division at Puritan, which I've named Daphne," Mr. Young said. "Daphne will be the division for junior dresses. I saw her as whimsical, as a person, and I've just written a description of her, advising everybody, 'You'd better be ready for Daphne; she has a different wave length.' "

The salesmen nodded overenthusiastically.

"Daphne is a new dimension," Mr. Young said.

Mr. Hooper stepped up to Mr. Young and told him that Miss American Teen-Ager had put on another Youthquake dress. "But they're photographing her wearing pearls!" he said. "Pearls!"

"No! No! No!" Mr. Young said, going over to the photographer and the titleholder but not raising his voice. He didn't have to raise it, for everybody else was silent. "*You'd* never wear it with pearls, would you?" Mr. Young said softly to Miss American Teen-Ager. "That little strand of pearls looks so incongruous, doesn't it?"

Miss American Teen-Ager gave a smile, first to the photographer and the publicity people and then to Mr. Young, and waited, saying nothing.

"Of course not," Mr. Young said, and removed the pearls. Then he stood back and regarded Miss American Teen-Ager, and said, "*Smashing!*"

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DIALOGUE overheard on a West Side I.R.T. train, between an elderly lady and a youth attempting to concentrate on a textbook:

Lady: "How do you spell 'drought,' young man?"

Youth: "Pardon?"

Lady: "I asked you how do you spell 'drought'?"

Youth (after a short, embarrassed pause): "Um—"

Lady: "D-r-o-u-g-h-t. Keep that in mind, young man. D-r-o-u-g-h-t."

EDWARD AND PIA

EDWARD looked at his red beard in the tableknife. Then Edward and Pia went to Sweden, to the farm. In the mailbox Pia found a check for Willie from the government of Sweden. It was for twenty-three hundred crowns and had a rained-on look. Pia put the check in the pocket of her brown coat. Pia was pregnant. In London she had been sick every day. In London Pia and Edward had seen the Marat/Sade at the Aldwych Theatre. Edward bought a bottle of white stuff for Pia in London. It was supposed to make her stop vomiting. Edward walked out to the wood barn and broke up wood for the fire. Snow in patches lay on the ground still. Pia wrapped cabbage leaves around chopped meat. She was still wearing her brown coat. Willie's check was still in the pocket. It was still Sunday.

"What are you thinking about?" Edward asked Pia and she said she was thinking about Willie's hand. Willie had hurt his hand in a machine in a factory in Markaryd. The check was for compensation.

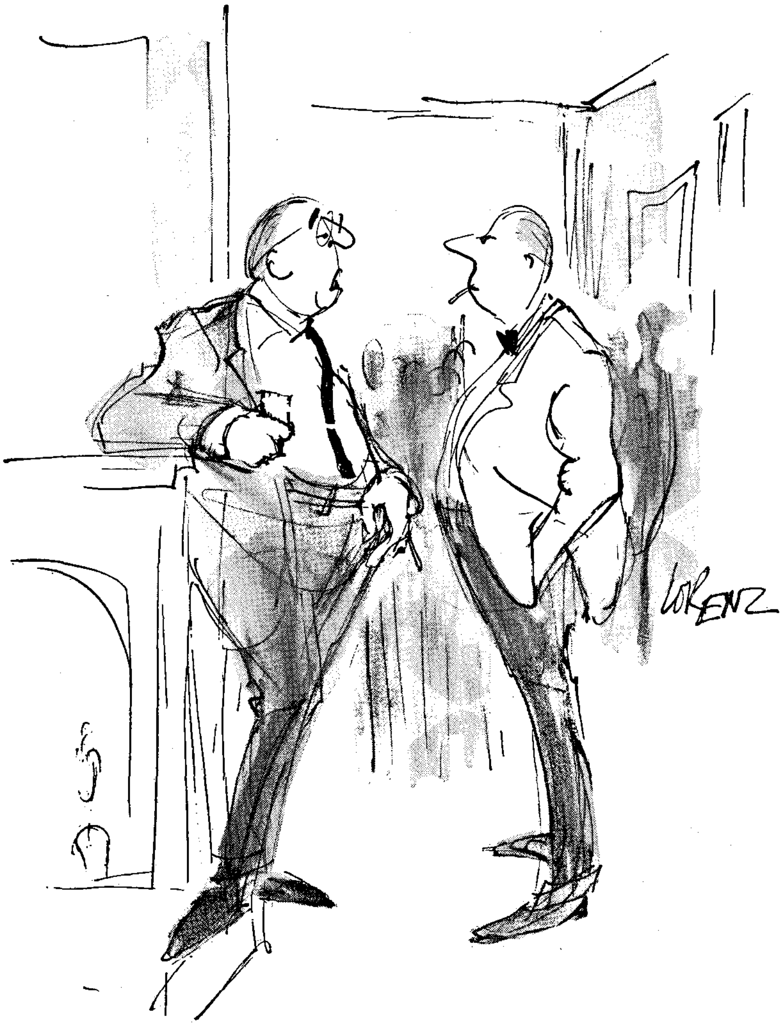
Edward turned away from the window. Edward received a cable from his wife in Maine. "Many happy birthdays," the cable said. He was thirty-four. His father was in the hospital. His mother was in the hospital. Pia wore white plastic boots with her brown coat. When Edward inhaled sharply—a sharp intake of breath—they could hear a peculiar noise in his chest. Edward *inhaled* sharply. Pia heard the noise. She looked up. "When will you go to the doctor?" "I have to get something to read," Edward said. "Something in English." They walked to Markaryd. Pia wore a white plastic hat. At the train station they bought a *Life* magazine with a gold-painted girl on the cover. "Shall we eat something?" Edward asked. Pia said no. They bought a crowbar for the farm. Pia was sick on the way back. She vomited into a ditch.

Pia and Edward walked the streets of Amsterdam. They were hungry. Edward wanted to go to bed with Pia but she didn't feel like it. "There's something wrong," he said. "The wood isn't catching." "It's too wet," she said, "perhaps." "I *know* it's too wet," Edward said. He went out to the wood barn and broke up more wood. He wore a leather glove on his right hand. Pia told Edward that she had been raped once, when she was twenty-two, in the Botanical Gardens. "The man that raptured me has a shop by the Round Tower. Still." Edward walked out of the room. Pia looked after him placidly. Edward reëntered the room. "How would you like to have some Southern fried chicken?" he asked. "It's the most marvellous-tasting thing in the world. Tomorrow I'll make some. Don't say 'rapture.' In English it's 'rape.' What did you do about it?" "Nothing," Pia said. Pia wore green rings, dresses with green sleeves, a green velvet skirt.

Edward put flour in a paper bag and then the pieces of chicken, which had been dipped in milk. Then he shook the paper bag violently. He stood behind Pia and tickled her. Then he hugged her tightly. But she didn't want to go to bed. Edward decided that he would never go to bed with Pia again. The telephone rang. It was for Fru Schmidt. Edward explained that Fru Schmidt was in Rome, that she would return in three months, that he, Edward, was renting the flat from Fru Schmidt, that he would be happy to make a note of the caller's name, and that he would be delighted to call this note to the attention of Fru Schmidt when she returned, from Rome, in three months. Pia vomited. Pia lay on the bed sleeping. Pia wore a red dress, green rings on her fingers.

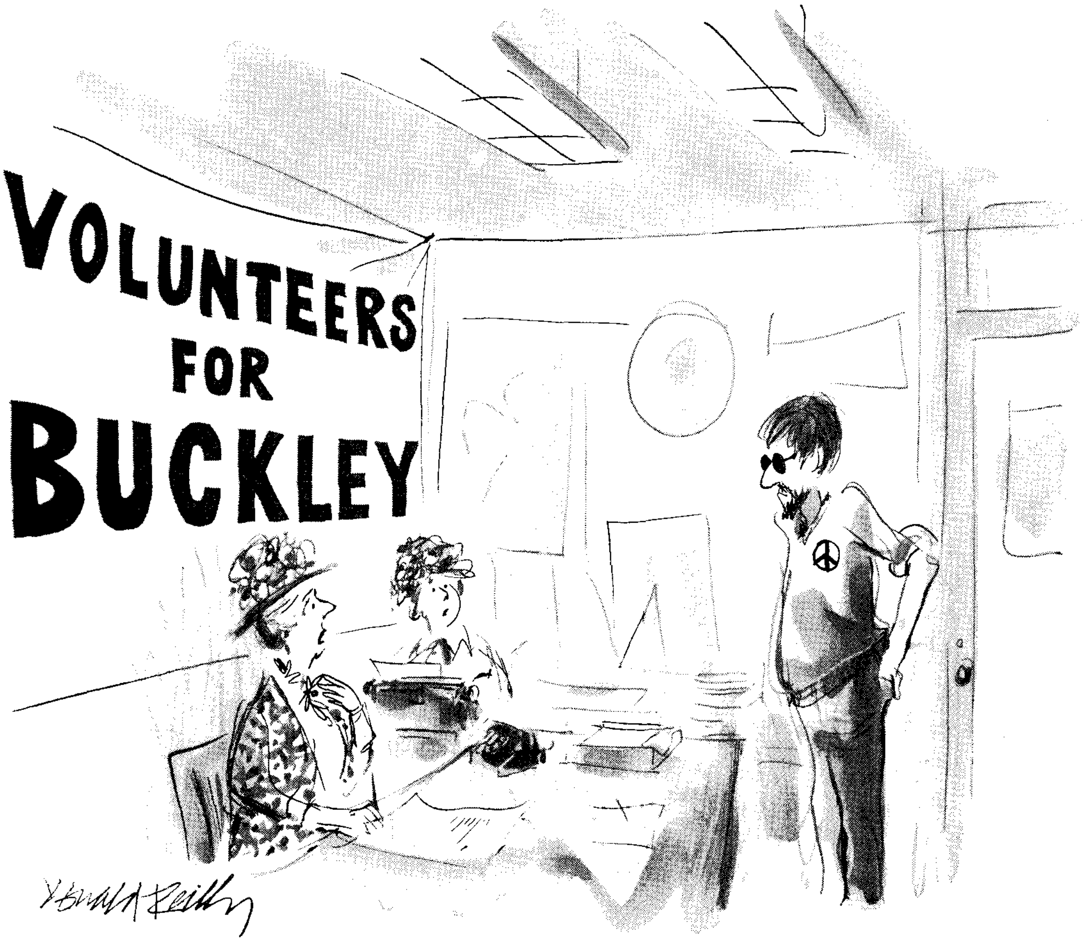
Then Edward and Pia went to the cinema to see an Eddie Constantine picture. The film was very funny. Eddie Constantine broke up a great deal of furniture chasing international bad guys. Edward read two books he had already read. He didn't remember that he had read them until he reached the last page of each. Then he read four paperback mysteries by Ross Macdonald. They were excellent. He felt slightly sick. Pia walked about with her hands clasped together in front of her chest, her shoulders bent. "Are you cold?" Edward asked. "What are you *thinking* about?" he asked her, and she said she was thinking about Amboise, where she had contrived to get locked in a chateau after visiting hours. She was *also* thinking, she said, about the green-and-gold wooden horses they had seen in Amsterdam. "I would like enormously to have one for this flat," she said. "Even though the flat is not ours." Edward asked Pia if she felt like making love now. Pia said no.

It was Sunday. Edward went to the bakery and bought bread. Then he bought milk. Then he bought cheese and the Sun-



"I guess if I were as insecure as you are, I'd have lots of friends, too."

day newspaper, which he couldn't read. Pia was asleep. Edward made coffee for himself and looked at the pictures in the newspaper. Pia woke up and groped her way to the bathroom. She vomited. Edward bought Pia a white dress. Pia made herself a necklace of white glass and red wood beads. Edward worried about his drinking. Would there be enough gin? Enough ice? He went out to the kitchen and looked at the bottle of Gordon's gin. Two inches of gin.



"Are you quite sure?"

EDWARD and Pia went to Berlin on the train. Pia's father thrust flowers through the train window. The flowers were wrapped in green paper. Edward and Pia climbed into the Mercedes-Benz taxi. "Take us to the Opera if you will, please," Edward said to the German taxi-driver in English. "*Ich verstehe nicht*," the driver said. Edward looked at Pia's belly. It was getting larger, all right. Edward paid the driver. Pia wondered if the Germans were as loud in Germany as they were abroad. Edward and Pia listened for loudness.

Edward received a letter from London, from Bedford Square Office Equipment, Ltd. "We have now completed fitting new parts and adjusting the Olivetti portable that was unfortunately dropped by you. The sum total of parts and labour comes to £7.10.0 and I am adding £1.00.0 hire charges, which leaves a balance of £1.10.0 from your initial deposit of £10. Yours." Yours. Yours. Edward received a letter from Rome, from Fru Schmidt, the owner of the flat in Frederiksberg Allé. "Here are many Americans who have more opportunities to wear their mink capes than they like, I guess! I wish I had one, just one of rabbit or cat, it is said to be just as warm! but I left all my mink clothes behind me in Denmark! We spend most of our time in those horrible subways-metros which are like the rear entrance to Hell and what can you see of a city from there? Well you are from New York and so are used to it but I was born as a human being and not as a—" Here there was a sketch of a rat, in plan. Kurt poured a fresh cup of coffee for Edward. There were three people Pia and Edward did not know in the room, two men and a woman. Everyone watched Kurt pouring a cup of coffee for Edward. Edward explained the American position in South Vietnam. The others looked dubious. Edward and Pia discussed leaving each other.

Pia slept on the couch. She had pulled the red-and-brown blanket up over her feet. Edward looked in the window of the used-radio store. It was full of used radios. Edward and Pia drank more sherry. "What are you thinking about?" he asked her and she said she was wondering if they should separate. "You don't seem happy," she said. "You don't seem happy either," he said. Edward tore the cover off a book. The book cover showed a dog's head surrounded by flowers. The dog wore a black domino. Edward went to the well for water. He lifted the heavy wooden well cover. He was wearing a glove on his right hand. He carried two buckets of water to the kitchen. Then he went to the back of the farmhouse and built a large wooden veranda, roofed, thirty metres by nine metres. Fortunately there was a great deal of new lumber stacked in the barn. In the Frederiksberg Allé apartment in Copenhagen he stared at the brass mail slot in the door. Sometimes red-and-blue airmail envelopes came through the slot.

Edward put his hands on Pia's breasts. The nipples were the largest he had ever seen. Then he counted his money. He had two hundred and forty crowns. He would have to get some more money from somewhere. Maurice came in. "My house is three times the size of this one," Maurice said. Maurice was Dutch. Pia and Edward went to Maurice's house with Maurice. Maurice's wife Randy made coffee. Maurice's son Pieter cried in his wooden box. Maurice's cats walked around. There was an open fire in Maurice's kitchen. There were forty empty beer bottles in a corner. Randy said she was a witch. She pulled a long dark hair from her head. Randy said she could tell if the baby was to be a boy or a girl. She slipped a gold ring from her finger and, suspending the ring on the hair, dangled it over Pia's belly. "It has to be real gold," Randy said, referring to the ring. Randy was rather pretty.

PIA and Edward and Ole and Anita sat on a log in France drinking white Algerian wine. It was barely

ON THE MARGINAL WAY

(For J.C.P.)

Another cove of shale,
But the beach here is rubbled with strange rock
That is sleek, fluent, and taffy-pale.
I stare, reminded with a little shock
How, by a shore in Spain, George Borrow saw
A hundred women basking in the raw.

They must have looked like this,
That catch of bodies on the sand, that strew
Of rondure, crease, and orifice,
Lap, flank, and knee—a too abundant view
Which, though he'd had the lenses of a fly,
Could not have waked desire in Borrow's eye.

Has the light altered now?
The rocks flush rose and have the melting shape
Of bodies fallen anyhow.
It is a Géricault of blood and rape,
Some desert town despoiled, some caravan
Pillaged, its people murdered to a man,

And those who murdered them
Galloping off, a rumpling line of dust
Like the wave's white, withdrawing hem.
But now the vision of a colder lust
Clears, as the wind goes chill and all is grayed
By a swift cloud that drags a carrion shade.

If these are bodies still,
Theirs is a death too dead to look asleep,
Like that of Auschwitz' final kill,
Poor slaty flesh abandoned in a heap
And then, like sea-rocks buried by a wave,
Bulldozed at last into a common grave.

It is not tricks of sense
But the time's fright within me which distracts
Least fancies into violence
And makes my thought take cover in the facts,
As now it does, remembering how the bed
Of layered rock two miles above my head

Hove ages up and broke
Soundless asunder when the shrinking skin
Of Earth, blacked out by steam and smoke,
Gave passage to the muddled fire within,
Its crannies flooding with a sweat of quartz,
And lathered magmas out of deep retorts

Welled up, as here, to fill
With tumbled rockmeal, stone-fume, lithic spray,
The dike's brief chasm and the sill.
Weathered until the sixth and human day
By sanding winds and water, scuffed and brayed
By the slow glacier's heel, these forms were made

That now recline and burn
Comely as Eve and Adam, near a sea
Transfigured by the sun's return.
And now three girls lie golden in the lee
Of a great arm or thigh, and are as young
As the bright boulders that they lie among.

Though, high above the shore
On someone's porch, spread wings of newsprint flap
The tidings of some dirty war,
It is a perfect day: the waters clap
Their hands and kindle, and the gull in flight
Loses himself at moments, white in white,

And, like a breaking thought,
Joy for a moment floods into the mind,
Blurting that all things shall be brought
To the full state and stature of their kind
By what has found the manhood of this stone.
May that vast motive wash and wash our own.

—Richard Wilbur

* * *

drinkable. Everyone wiped the mouth of the bottle as it was passed from hand to hand. Edward wanted to sleep with Pia. "Yes," Pia said. They left the others. Edward looked at his red beard in the shiny bottom part of the kerosene lantern. Pia thought about her first trip to the Soviet Union. Edward sat at the bar in Le Ectomorph listening to the music. Pia thought about her first trip to the Soviet Union. There had been a great deal of singing. Edward listened to the music. Don Cherry was playing trumpet. Steve Lacey was playing soprano sax. Kenny Drew was playing piano. The drummer and bassist were Scandinavians. Pia remembered a Russian boy she had known. Edward talked to a Swede. "You want to know who killed Kennedy?" the Swede said. "*You* killed Kennedy." "No," Edward said. "I did not." Edward went back to Frederiksberg Allé. Pia was sleeping. She was naked. Edward lifted the blankets and looked at Pia sleeping. Pia moved in the bed and grabbed at the blankets. Edward went into the other room and tried to find something to read. Edward had peculiar-looking hair. Parts of it were too short and parts of it were too long. Edward and Pia telephoned friends in another city. "Come stay with us," Edward and Pia said. "Please!"

Edward regarded Pia. Pia felt sick: "Why doesn't he leave me alone sometimes?" Edward told Pia about Harry. Once he had gotten Harry out of jail. "Harry was drunk. A cop told him to sit down. Harry stood up. Blam! Five stitches." "What are stitches?" Edward looked it up in the Dansk-Engelsk Ordbog. Edward had several maneuvers that were designed to have an effect on Pia. One of them was washing the dishes. At other times he was sour for several hours. In Leningrad they visited Pia's former lover, Paul. The streets in Leningrad are extremely wide. Paul called his friend Igor, who played the guitar. Paul called Igor on the telephone. Pia and Paul were happy to see each other again. Paul talked to Edward about South Vietnam. There was tea. Edward thought that he, Edward, was probably being foolish. But how could he tell? Edward washed more dishes. Igor's fingers moved quickly among the frets. Edward had drunk too much tea. Edward

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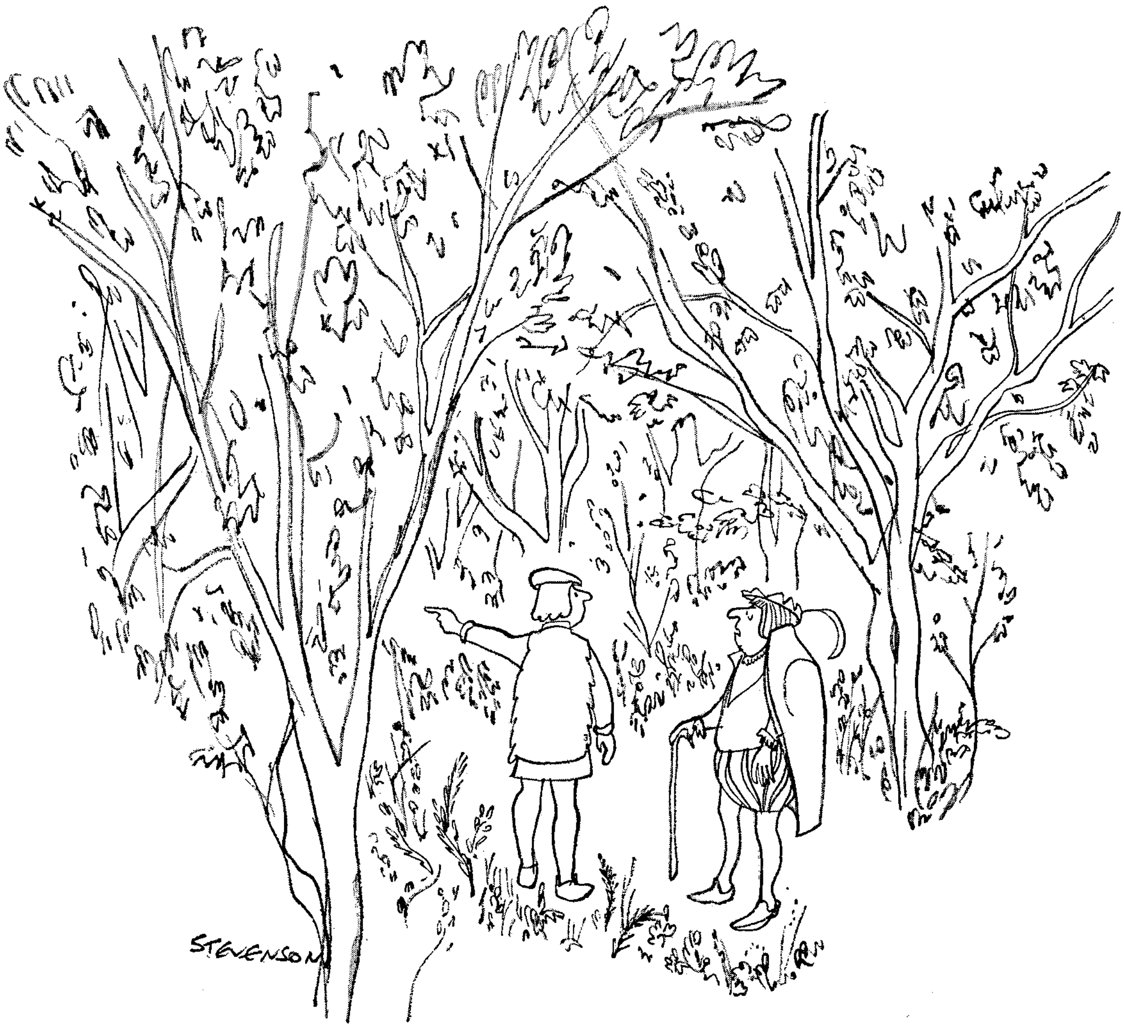
had drunk too much brandy. Edward was in bed with Pia. "You look beautiful," Edward said to Pia. Pia thought: I feel sick.



“ ’S blood! Every time I’m looking for someone, they’re in Another Part of the Forest.”

• •

In Copenhagen Edward bought *The Penguin English Dictionary*. Sixteen crowns. Pia told a story about one of the princesses. "She is an archeologist, you know? Her picture comes in the newspaper standing over a great hole with her end sticking up in the air." Pia's little brother wore a black turtleneck sweater and sang "We Shall Overcome." He played the guitar. Kurt played the guitar. Kirsten played the guitar. Anita and Ole played the guitar. Deborah played the flute. Edward read *Time* and *Newsweek*. On Tuesday Edward read *Newsweek*, and on Wednesday, *Time*. Pia bought a book about babies. Then she painted her nails silver. Pia's nails were very long. Organ music played by Finn Viderø was heard on the radio. Edward suggested that Pia go back to the university. He suggested that Pia study French, Russian, English, guitar, flute, and cooking. Pia's cooking was rotten. Suddenly she wished she was with some other man and not with Edward. Edward was listening to the peculiar noise inside his chest. Pia looked at Edward. She looked at his red beard, his immense spectacles. I don't like him, she thought. That red beard, those immense spectacles. SAAB jets roared overhead. Edward turned off the radio.

Pia turned on the radio. Edward made himself a dry vermouth on the rocks with two onions. It was a way of not drinking. Edward felt sick. He had been reading *Time* and *Newsweek*. It was Thursday. Pia said to Edward that he was the only person she had ever loved for this long. "How long is it?" Edward asked. It was seven months. Edward cashed a check at American Express. The girl gave him green-and-blue Scandinavian money. Edward was pleased. Little moans of pleasure. He cashed another check at Cook's. More money. Edward sold Pia's farm for eighteen thousand crowns. Much more money. Pia was pleased. Edward sold Pia's piano for three thousand crowns. General rejoicing. Klaus opened the door. Edward showed him the money. Pia made a chocolate cake with little red-and-white flags on the top. Pia lay in bed. She felt sick. They plugged in an electric heater. The lights went out. Herr Kepper knocked on the door. "Is here an electric heater?" Edward showed him the money. Pia hid the electric heater.

Edward watched the brass slot on the door. Pia read to Edward from the newspaper. She read a story about four Swedes sent to prison for rapture. Edward asked Pia if she wanted to make love. "No," she said. Edward said something funny. Pia tried to laugh. She was holding a piece of cake with a red-and-white flag on top. Edward bought a flashlight. Pia laughed. Pia still didn't want to go to bed with Edward. It was becoming annoying. He owed the government back home a thousand dollars. Edward laughed and laughed. "I owe the government a thousand dollars," Edward said to Pia, "did you know that?" Edward laughed. Pia laughed. They had another glass of wine. Pia was pregnant. They laughed and laughed. Edward turned off the radio. The lights went out. Herr Kepper knocked on the door. "The lights went out," he said in Danish. Pia and Edward laughed. "What are you thinking about?" Edward asked Pia and she said she couldn't tell him just then because she was laughing.

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

The origin of wine is lost in the midst of time but it has always been considered the inseparable companion of food.

Wine to man has been a tonifying rejuvenator, an unfailing solace in solicitude, the optimistic companion in the attainment of hope and ambition. We, therefore, suggest you allow yourself the time to live and enjoy the amenities of the best in both our food and wine.

Our selection of Vintage Wines from France, Italy, Germany is representative, without confusion.—*Wine list of the Sea-Fare Restaurant.*

You've got *us* confused.

FELLOW-AMERICAN

IN 1923, I spent a wonderful summer near St. Gilgen, that magnificent town on the western shores of the Wolfgangsee, a large lake in the environs of Salzburg. I was a medical student at the time and had been offered a post as a doctor's aide in a camp for teen-age apprentices, with the provision that I double as lifeguard. I was a good swimmer and passed the qualifying examination easily. The camp was about three hours' walking distance from St. Gilgen. Several times a week, I would set out with a dozen boys and hike along winding mountain roads through a pine forest. The air was crisp and aromatic. Sunlight, wherever it could penetrate the dense thicket of pine needles, sparkled on grass and wild flowers. When we were almost there, the church tower of St. Gilgen would come in sight, and then the lake itself. In seconds, we would change into our swimming suits and plunge into the cold mountain water.

Everyone has had such simple pleasures in his youth. I planned to go back, but somehow the opportunity never came until I attended a medical congress in Paris nearly thirty years later. I would have three weeks between the end of the congress and the return of my chartered flight to New York, and, trying to think of a vacation spot where I could rest, I was struck by a longing to see St. Gilgen again. I wrote to Austrian friends, Ernst and his wife, Barbara, and asked them to join me there.

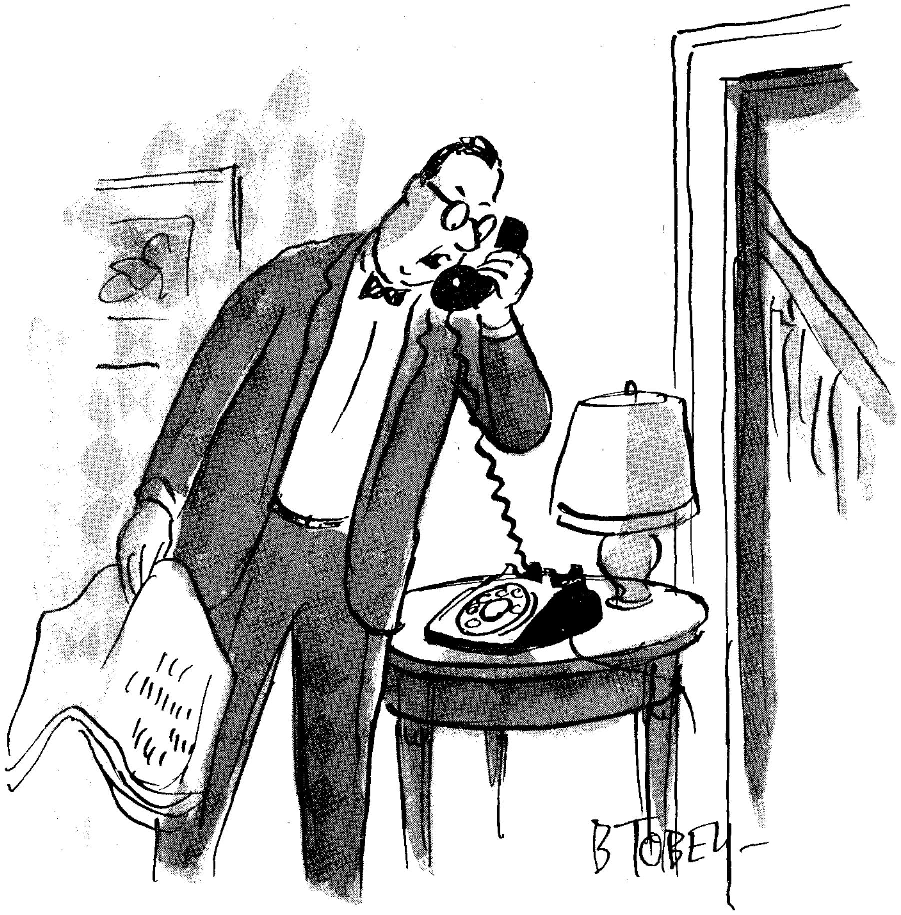
In 1950, Austria was occupied by the four victorious powers, and American personnel occupied hotels in all summer resorts in the neighborhood of Salzburg. It was impossible to get reservations at the Excelsior, the only hotel in St. Gilgen that came up to international standards. We tried to find accommodations in other towns around the Wolfgangsee, but without success. Finally, Ernst wrote that he had found a room for himself and Barbara in a small inn and a room for me in another inn across the lake from them. The inn where I would stay was named Gasthaus zum Goldenen Ochsen—not a hotel "*für verwöhnte Amerikaner*," Ernst warned me, but an unpretentious country hostel with neither plumbing nor electricity. But so clean one could eat *Salzburger Nockerln* off the floor, and the *Nockerln*, incidentally, would be the best to be had anywhere. He and Barbara would row across the lake to take their meals with me at the Golden Oxen.

I am a poor traveller. During the almost thirty hours' flight from New York to Paris in a converted Flying Tiger, I couldn't sleep for a second. And the medical congress was the noisiest I had ever attended. I longed for quiet and the cold waters of the Wolfgangsee. On the Orient Express from Paris to Salzburg, I spent another twenty-four sleepless hours. But at last I was on a local train bound for St. Gilgen.

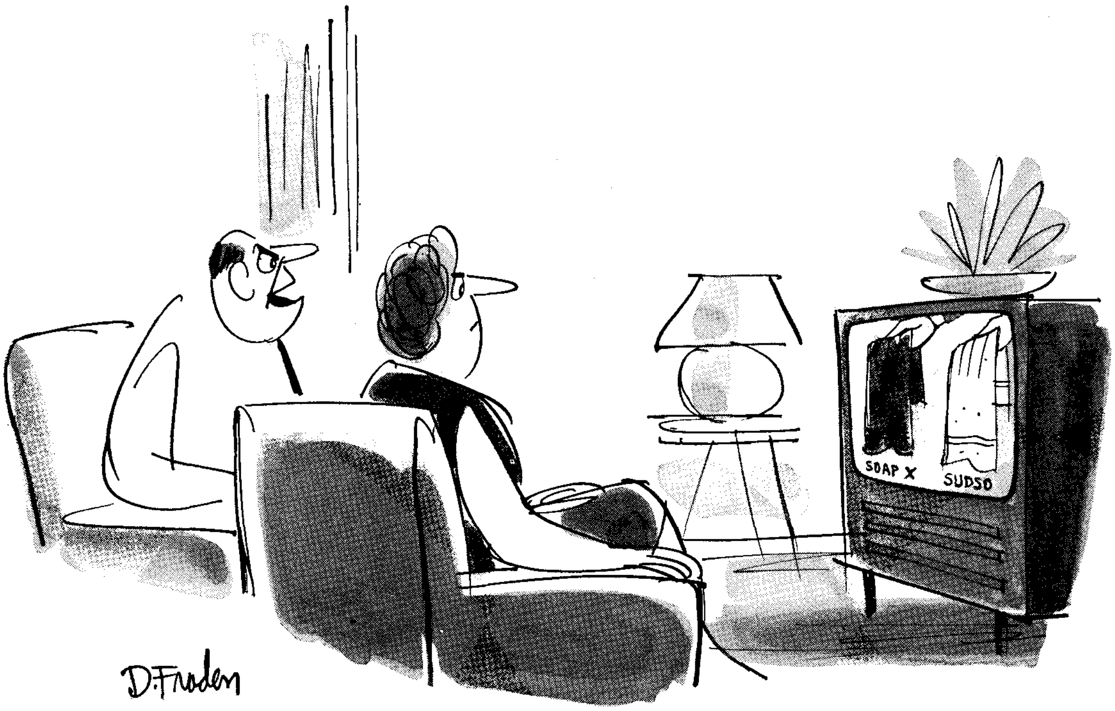
I arrived at sunset to find the blue Wolfgangsee changing to a fiery red. At the inn, Ernst and his wife awaited me with some impatience. We hadn't seen each other since the Anschluss, a time when they—both Aryans—had behaved heroically in defense of my family. Ernst's hair had turned from brown to steel gray. He remarked that I had gained weight but otherwise hadn't changed a bit. His wife, fifteen years his junior, laughed as she appraised me. "He looks somehow *amerikanisch*," she said. "And twelve years older." I said that she hadn't changed at all, although she had actually gained much weight since I had seen her last, in Mattersburg, the town near Vienna where I had formerly practiced.

The proprietor introduced himself as Herr Wiedmayer and took my two suitcases up one flight to my room, telling me en route that all six rooms of the inn were occupied by guests. I wondered idly who they might be. My room was simply and frugally furnished—two chairs beside an unpolished table, a *lavoir* and giant pitcher in one corner, a small night table with a candle in a silver holder on it, and a huge bed piled with quilts almost to the low ceiling.

After washing up, I went down to dinner. The dining room was small; a fading print of old Emperor Franz Josef hung on one wall, a sepia waterfall on another. Through a high window, the view looking down the lake was superb. Several couples were seated. We eyed one another with casual interest. They were all Europeans, I guessed, except for one couple who might be Americans. I was joined by Ernst and Barbara. Dinner was superb—tender boiled beef, and for dessert the best *Topfenstrudel* I had ever eaten. Ernst's prediction had been right. He and Barbara watched the delight on my face as I ate. Afterward, seated outside at a table facing the lake, we told each other our experiences of the past twelve years.



"*She's busy with homework. This is her answering service.*"



"Have they no shame?"

• •

Ernst, a well-known opponent of the Nazis, had had a brutal time under Hitler. I, in turn, told about my family's travels and tribulations in Europe and in Africa, where I worked as a colonial doctor, and about our escape to America after the defeat of France.

Ernst and Barbara were fascinated by the saga of our initial difficulties in the New World and eventual adjustment, but I could see a worried look coming over Ernst's face. "You have found a new place to live," he said, "but Austria will always be your homeland."

"Well," his wife observed, "I'm not so sure. Richard cuts everything, even meat, with the fork. And I'll wager he even likes orange juice *before* breakfast."

"Let's not talk about superficialities," Ernst said. "Tell me, Richard, what about your son. How did Peter get along? One of the greatest crimes the Nazis committed was making children homeless. They were simply torn out from their soil!"

"Believe it or not," I said, "Peter was the first of us to find roots in America. He learned English, American style, in no time. As a matter of fact, you wouldn't know him from any other American boy."

"He plays baseball?" Ernst asked.

"He is wild about it."

"Soccer?"

"No soccer."

Ernst shook his head. We both were soccer players once, and later enthusiastic fans. "*Da kann man halt nichts machen*," he said with resignation.

I quickly assured Barbara that my wife still kept a Viennese kitchen and would be grateful to receive new recipes. She promised to write down several, and Ernst seemed a bit heartened.

It was past midnight, and I had a long day behind me. My friends thoughtfully said they were weary and suggested that we all retire. I accompanied them to their boat and watched them row off into the darkness.

I WENT up to my room, undressed quickly, and slid beneath the quilts. It was a cool night such as I remembered from the past. I extinguished the candle and fell asleep instantly.

Sometime later, I awoke. I could hear a whimpering from very near—a child's cry, I thought at first. But when I was fully awake I could distinguish the sound more clearly—it was the whine of a dog from the room at my left. This was followed by a whine of a different note, and another, and still another. The quartet of whines changed into barks. I covered my head with the quilts, but the noise penetrated. An hour went by, and the barking hadn't diminished.

I love dogs. As a matter of fact, I'm mad about dogs. I lay there for a time, deliberating, before I decided to get up and speak to the innkeeper. Then I couldn't find matches to light the candle; in my hurry to get into bed, I must have dropped them. I crept out into the corridor, then groped my way down the creaking staircase. A few feet beyond the stairs, I overturned a chair. Instantly, a door sprang open, and there stood Herr Wiedmayer—round-faced, with typical old-country mustache. In one hand he held a lighted candle and in the other a hunting gun. "*Wea is denn do?*" he shouted, in his Salzburgian accent.

"It's I," I answered. "The guest who arrived last night."

"*Gottseidank*," he said, letting the gun arm fall limp. "What are you doing here?"

I told him my trouble.

He lifted the candlestick and scratched his head with his thumb. "Unfortunately," he began, "it's nothing new. The people before you also complained—to no avail."

"Then give me another room."

"I have none. All are taken."

I had forgotten. "Why did you rent that room when you knew—"

He shrugged. "It's a brief season. One must make a living."

"Who the hell is in that room, besides the dogs?"

"Americans. They moved in in May—a month ago. Obviously, they couldn't find accommodations at the Excelsior. And, *Gottseisgeklagt*, they'll stay until September!" He put the gun and candlestick on a table and began to wring his hands.

"Has no one ever complained to *them*?"

"My guests are Austrians, and only a few speak bits of English. People *did* complain. The American insisted that the dogs must stay with him."

"American or not, I'm on my vacation, Herr Wiedmayer, and it's your job to talk to him. You're the proprietor, aren't you?"

He threw up his hands. "How can you ask me to do that? Do you want me to start a new war with America?"

"I don't expect you to start a war, but something has to be done. Do you have a place to put the dogs overnight?"

"Yes—a nice, clean, warm space right behind the kitchen."

"Who are these Americans, anyway?"

"He must be a *Grosskopferter*," said Herr Wiedmayer, standing on tiptoe

DAY ON KIND CONTINENT

I

ALL DAY

All day the light wind blew on the house
Where my baby was asleep, and I read
The Gilgamesh at the open window,
Thinking matchless deeds for him.
The soldiers came at noon to build
Bridges, their hammers came to my house,
"Cold voices," I thought, "in air."
And my baby slept silent all day,
And my wife sang fever songs all day.

The soldiers were burning a hillside
For roads. The air shook for all
The birdless, rising heat. Being the kind
Of man I am, I could not hate them.
With the light wind, smoke blew on my house.

At three o'clock my wife began trombone
Practice in the bedroom. The baby's fists
Fell open and closed, but he could not scream,
Being so kind. I listened—the distance
That lay between my window and the hillside
Moving off, moving off. Her playing
Was effortless and beautiful, surrounding
The small house.

Soon I fell asleep, the setting sun in my palm
Saying, "As if, as if," as if I were a child-
Dreamer with a wish just before sleep. My
Wife fell asleep, too, her lovely mouth pressed
About the trombone's mouth. My son
Fell asleep to her breathing's song.

The soldiers were putting out the fires,
As if to say "Thank you." Gilgamesh, "two-thirds
God and one-third man," was putting out the sun,
Moved by the kindness that moves the birds.

II

THE DREAM

We are going to another valley,
Wrapped in ribbons, along the grass river,
To find pasture in the valley
For our simple sheep.

The kind currents in the water,
The currants of the cool jars—
And in my mind's orchard of wind—
We are going to another valley.

Light follows the obedient sheep,
Wherever they are led, by pressing
Fragrant hands in the warm wool.
Light is deity of the service trees.

That the hawk tilts and glides
Is a truth, that the hawk wants to kill
My lamb is no truth, as
We are going to another valley.

As watch to the East, I stood,
Seeing rain as distant as sky
Over a valley. I went up unhurt
And came down unhurt.

A god spends the night blessing
A barren woman, and a boy
Is born at Random, in grass.
To say we are going to another valley

Is a good and simple truth.
The sheep need pasture, sun, and shade.
We neither shear them nor burn them,
Nor do we eat them, being kind.

They tend to themselves, and gently ask
That we tend to ourselves, and we
Exchange small gifts when a season turns.
The sky is clear and very patient overhead.

—Robert David Cohen

• •

and puffing out his chest. "He's employed with the Americans in Salzburg. Twice a week, a messenger brings him papers to sign."

"We must talk to him," I said firmly.

"But I don't want to offend the American," Herr Wiedmayer protested.

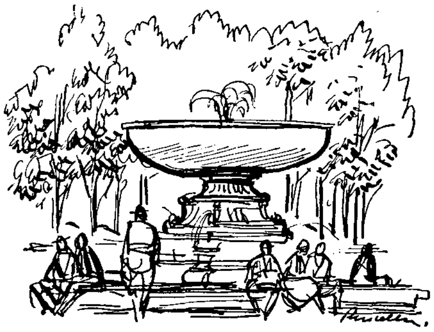
"Look," I said. "I am also an American!"

Herr Wiedmayer smiled. "Maybe so, but those are *real* Americans."

I gave up, accepted the lighted candle that Herr Wiedmayer proffered, and returned to my room. The dogs were still audible, but I sank into my bed and fell asleep at once.

When I awoke at nine, the sun was shining on the quilts. I got up and went to the window to look at the smooth water of the lake, a sight that cheered me. Then I washed my hands and face in the *lavoir*. After breakfast, I would take a long swim in lieu of a bath.

The moment I stepped out into the corridor, four dogs ran from the neighboring room. They were French poodles, two miniatures and two standards—all black, slender, beautiful animals, their heads held high. They were followed by the man and woman I had thought at dinner might be American—the man tall and strong, with thinning brown hair and a tiny mustache, about forty-five or so, the woman petite, blond, and pretty, at least ten years younger than her husband. She wore a dirndl but looked decidedly non-Austrian.

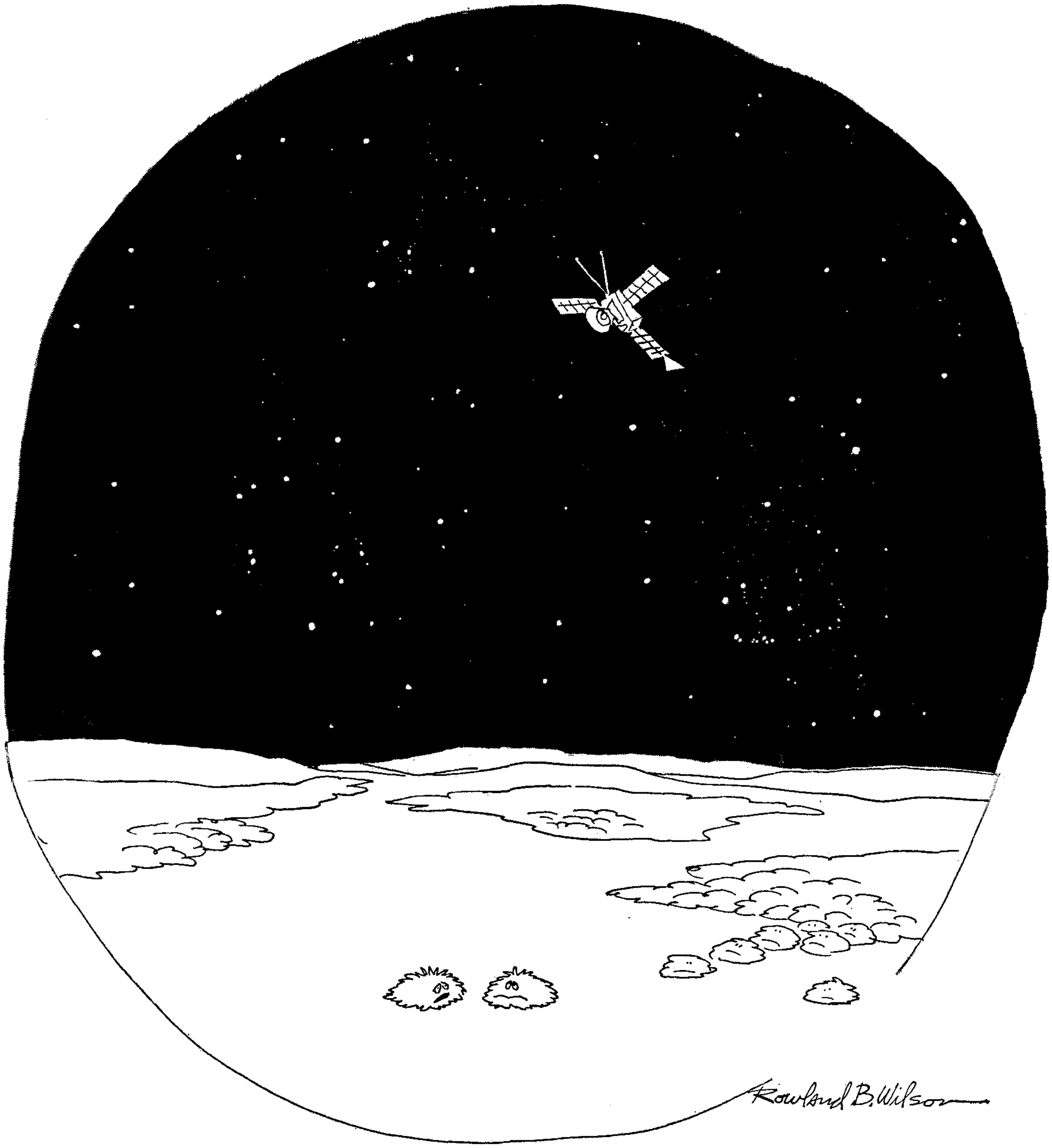


I said good morning, and they returned the greeting. For a moment, I thought I would settle the matter of the dogs there and then, but I lost heart. I simply looked at the poodles with deepest friendship and hoped the coming night would be better.

The Americans were again my neighbors in the dining room, at the closest table. The dogs ran around the room, wagging their short tails, and one of them came to lick my hand. They were quickly called to order by their master, and during the meal they were well behaved.

When Ernst and Barbara joined me shortly, I told them about the night's adventure and tossed it off by saying that I was certain it wouldn't happen again. Ernst said that poodles were unpredictable. He was greatly concerned over my comfort, since he had secured the room for me. I saw immediately that I should have kept the affair to myself. "Try another night," he said. "If it happens again, speak to them. Don't wait for Herr Wiedmayer. Innkeepers always try to avoid being involved in their guests' disputes."

I had a marvellous day with my friends. We swam a great deal, paddled around the lake in their boat, and had lunch in a little restaurant on an offshore island. Dinner at the inn was again superb, and we talked until after midnight.



"Their hopes for life on this planet are so high and our form of it is so very low!"

• •

THE dogs began at two o'clock. I got up and paced. There was no point in returning to bed. I sat upright in a chair, where I napped for a few minutes at a time through the rest of the night. Finally, the sky over the lake turned purple and red, and the sun rose from behind the eastern shore. At nine, I stepped out of my room just in time to see the poodles running to the staircase. I introduced myself to my neighbors, saying that we seemed to be the only Americans at the inn.

"Browne," the man responded, holding out his hand.

"Your poodles are remarkable," I said.

"Thank you," Mrs. Browne said.

"I am very fond of dogs," I began. I told them about my nocturnal ordeal and about the clean, warm space behind the kitchen.

"It's out of the question," Browne said, stiffening. He brushed past me. "Sorry, no," he said without looking back.

He suddenly reminded me of a colleague at my hospital—a cold, unpleasant perfectionist of a man. Too late, I grew angry.

I must have looked disturbed when I reached my table, although I tried to conceal my anger from Ernst and Barbara.

"The dogs?" Ernst asked.

I gave an evasive answer and began to eat my breakfast.

The Brownes were involved in a conversation. Browne was gesticulating. His wife cautioned him to talk more quietly, which seemed only to aggravate matters. "Let him hear," he said loudly. "These—these refugees! First they sneak into our country, and before you know it they're taking over."

I must have turned pale, and Ernst, who was watching me fixedly without understanding a word Browne spoke, now insisted on knowing what had happened.

I told him.

In another moment, Ernst had jumped up from his seat. He was very tall, and in the small dining room he looked like a giant. Ernst had a very distinguished military background. He was one of the most decorated soldiers of World War I and had received the Order of Maria Theresa, which carried with it the title of baron. Later, he became a prominent Social Democrat and republican, but time hadn't diminished his martial temperament. "You Americans defeated the Nazis!" he shouted in German at Browne. "And now you're bringing another brand of Nazism into our country! You should be ashamed!"

Whether or not Browne understood German, he fully comprehended the word "Nazi." He leaped up, and the two tall men stood face to face. "What did you say? Are you calling me a Nazi? I was in Normandy on D Day, and you dare call me a Nazi?"

Herr Wiedmayer appeared out of nowhere and forced his way between the two men. "*Aba maine Hearrn*," he pleaded. "You're on your vacations. Have pity on me. I'm a widower. I must do everything myself—cooking, baking, gardening. Everything is on my poor shoulders. I've a short season. So please don't . . ."

At this appeal, Ernst took his seat, and so did Mr. Browne. We gulped down our coffee and got up quickly. As we passed our neighboring table, I heard Mr. Browne mutter something. I paused and said quietly, "I'm going to write my congressman and tell him how American representatives behave abroad."

I don't know where the idea came from. I am not one to demand satisfaction by calling for the store manager or maître d'hôtel. I had never said such a thing before in my life. Only recently, I had studied the American Constitution for my citizenship examination, and maybe the power invested in the legislative branch of government made an impression on me.

My friends and I were standing on the lake shore when an old Plymouth passed by. Browne was at the wheel, and the miniature poodles sat on Mrs. Browne's lap. The standards looked at us inquisitively through the back window.

Ernst could not quiet down the entire day. He spoke steadily about the kind of democracy that was being imported to Austria. I would try to explain that one should not generalize; there were good and bad Americans as there were good and bad Austrians.

Dinner that evening was an awkward affair. The Brownes appeared early, said nothing during their meal, and left hurriedly. I thought Mrs. Browne looked a bit pale, and she coughed often, which I supposed to be a sign of nervousness. My friends boarded their boat early, and I went to bed at nine.

That night, I slept through and was up at seven, the first guest in the dining room. I asked Herr Wiedmayer for a cup of coffee and said I would have breakfast later.

"How did you achieve it?" he whispered.

I looked blank.

"Come and see," he said, and he led me to a small room next to the kitchen.

It must have served ordinarily as a kind of storeroom. Now a mattress was on the floor, and there the poodles lay, playing with rubber toys. They seemed quite happy, and when Herr Wiedmayer let me out into the garden they followed. I had my coffee there under a tree, and together Herr Wiedmayer and I watched the dogs gambolling.

"When did it happen?" I asked.

"Last night—after dinner," Herr Wiedmayer whispered. He kept looking anxiously in all directions, and at a quarter to nine he rushed the dogs back to their quarters.

I was sitting with my friends at the breakfast table when Browne came down the stairs, alone. He went for his poodles and then ate his breakfast, staring gloomily at three poached eggs. I saw Herr Wiedmayer taking a tray upstairs. They've had an argument about this, I thought, or she's too embarrassed to appear. When I went up to change into my swimming trunks, I heard Mrs. Browne coughing and decided it was, after all, a cold that kept her in.

Herr Wiedmayer confirmed this. "*Jo*," he said. "People from the city don't listen to warnings from people who should know. I always say, 'Watch out, the nights are cool in the mountains!' "

THE next morning after breakfast, I saw a man with a doctor's bag talking with Mr. Browne in the corridor outside my room. The doctor spoke in broken English, and it appeared that Browne was having difficulty understanding him. It was professional habit that made me step toward them with the offer to make things clearer to the patient's husband. I should have known better. Mr. Browne interrupted me and said coldly, "Leave us alone and mind your own damn business."

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

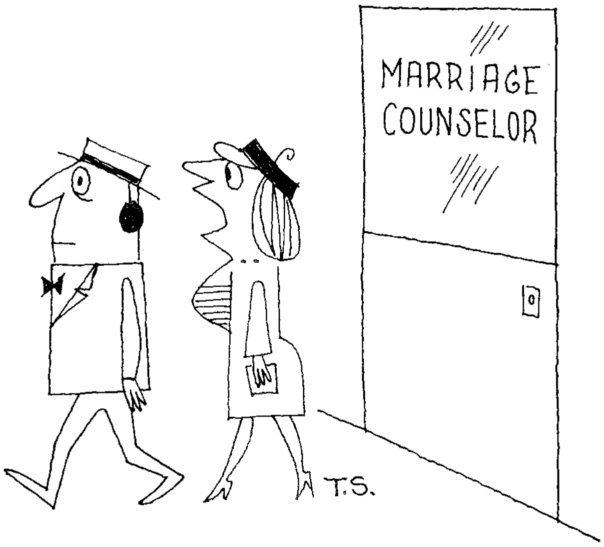
My Austrian colleague looked bewildered at Browne's tone, and as I retreated he accompanied me, explaining that his patient had a very bad cold indeed—bronchitis—and also an intestinal ailment that produced abdominal distress and occasional vomiting. All in all, probably some viral disease, he concluded as he walked down the stairs. Browne followed sullenly. For the doctor's sake, I thought it best to ignore Browne's rudeness, but at the same time I decided to mind my own business thereafter.

The next morning, Herr Wiedmayer reported that Mrs. Browne's condition had become worse. The doctor thought she had pneumonia and advised hospitalization. Browne refused. Four more days passed. I encountered the doctor several times. He looked worried, but I didn't ask questions and I wasn't given any information.

On the evening of the fourth day, I went to Salzburg with my friends and attended a splendid performance of "The Magic Flute." It ended at eleven, and by the time the local train arrived back at St. Gilgen it was half past one. As soon as I reached the top of the stairs, walking as quietly as I could, the door next to mine opened and Browne stepped out, his face drawn and pale.

"I've been waiting for you—Doctor," he said in a hoarse voice. "Please look at my wife. I think she's dying."

I went into my room, took a stethoscope from my suitcase, and hurried next door. Mrs. Browne looked very ill indeed. Her round, pretty face had grown thin, and her nose seemed more pointed. She was breathing heavily and was semiconscious, but she recognized me. "Help me," she whispered.



We lifted her up. I listened to her chest, which was filled with *râles*. Her temperature was a hundred and five. I was ready to agree with the diagnosis made by my colleague, but while examining the patient I discovered something odd—small rose-colored spots between the nipples and the umbilicus. On touch, the spots faded. I felt for the spleen. It was enlarged below the costal margin and very soft. The pulse rate was disproportionately low for the temperature. I could hardly believe what the symptoms indicated—typhoid fever.

I gave Mr. Browne my diagnosis and told him that a drug called Chloromycetin, developed by an American company only a short time before, could save his wife. It was not yet available through commercial channels and would not be found in Austria at all except in American Army hospitals. The hospital at Salzburg must surely have it. I told Browne to stay at his wife's bedside and asked for the keys to his Plymouth.

There was no phone at the Golden Oxen. I drove to the Excelsior and from there called Salzburg. A sleepy female voice answered—the night nurse. I introduced myself and asked for the doctor in charge. Another sleepy voice—the doctor. I explained the case.

"Army personnel?" he asked.

"No," I said, "but it's an American."

"Sorry—for Army personnel only."

"Do you have Chloromycetin?"

"Yes, but—"

I broke in. "I'll be there soon."

It took me over two hours to reach Salzburg along the difficult mountainous roads. At the hospital, I stormed through the door and soon confronted the doctor, who didn't look older than twenty. He repeated his argument.

"The woman is dying," I said.

"Sorry," the doctor said. He was by now quite awake and was trying to be authoritative in the presence of an older colleague.

"How many Chloromycetin tablets do you have?" I persisted.

He looked at me for a moment before answering. "Fifty altogether."

"Look," I said, "you can get more—from Parke, Davis or Washington or somewhere. You must give them to me!"

"But—" His face began to flush with irritation.

I summoned all the restraint I had to keep from shaking the youngster by the shoulders. Then I said quietly and very slowly, "Do you want me to report this to my congressman?"

I HAD never had any experience with Chloromycetin, but I had read the literature on it. I gave two tablets to Mrs. Browne at six in the morning, as soon as I arrived back at the inn, and another two at noon. She was in extremely poor condition and often lost consciousness. At six in the evening, I repeated the dosage. When I took her temperature, I saw it had come down to a hundred and two. By eleven, she was breathing easily and had regained full consciousness. Nevertheless, I decided to continue my vigil for the night, and Browne said he would stay up also.

Around midnight, Herr Wiedmayer came to the door. "*Aba maine Hearrn*, you must eat something. You haven't eaten anything the whole day."

We went down to the dining room, but I wasn't hungry nor was Browne. After eating a few bites of roast chicken, we both pushed our plates away.

"Would you care for a drink?" Browne asked. "Scotch?"

"Anything," I said.

He went up to his room and returned with a large bottle of Vat 69. "On the rocks, Doctor?"

"Yes."

Herr Wiedmayer, who was watching the scene, went to the kitchen. I heard him cutting pieces of ice from a large block in the icebox. Presently, he returned with a pitcherful. "*Amerikaner* like *Schnaps* on ice," he said, grinning. He placed the pitcher on the table and then set down a couple of candles, after which he bade us good night.

Browne and I sat at the table drinking our Scotch in silence. We took turns visiting the patient. At two, I gave her another dose of Chloromycetin.

After Browne's next visit, he finally spoke. "Any hope?"

I nodded yes.

"I'd hate to lose her," he said, looking at his drink. "There's no one else. No kids, that is. Just the two of us—and the dogs."

There was a long, uncomfortable pause. I was about to say something reassuring when Browne continued. "You've probably seen many cases of typhoid, haven't you?"

"Some." And I told him that I had treated sporadic cases during my practice as a country doctor in Austria, and later as a physician in the French colonies. Most of my experience with typhoid, however, had come still later, in a concentration camp in Morocco.

"Morocco! What were you doing there?"

"The ship, which was owned by the Vichy government, that was supposed to take us away from Europe was turned back by the British. We ended up in Morocco."

Again a pause. The quiet was interrupted occasionally by coughing from upstairs. Mr. Browne looked exhausted. There were large bags under his eyes.

"She'll be all right, I'm sure," I said.

He relaxed in his chair for the first time. "And when did you finally get to the States?" he said.

"In 1941," I said.

"Like it?" he asked. "The States?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "At first, it was tough—you know, learning a new language, passing the State Medical Board Exam."

"You mean you had to start from scratch?"

"Yes," I said. "I suppose every immigrant starts from scratch. I suppose your forefathers—when did they arrive?"

"Long ago."

"On the Mayflower?"

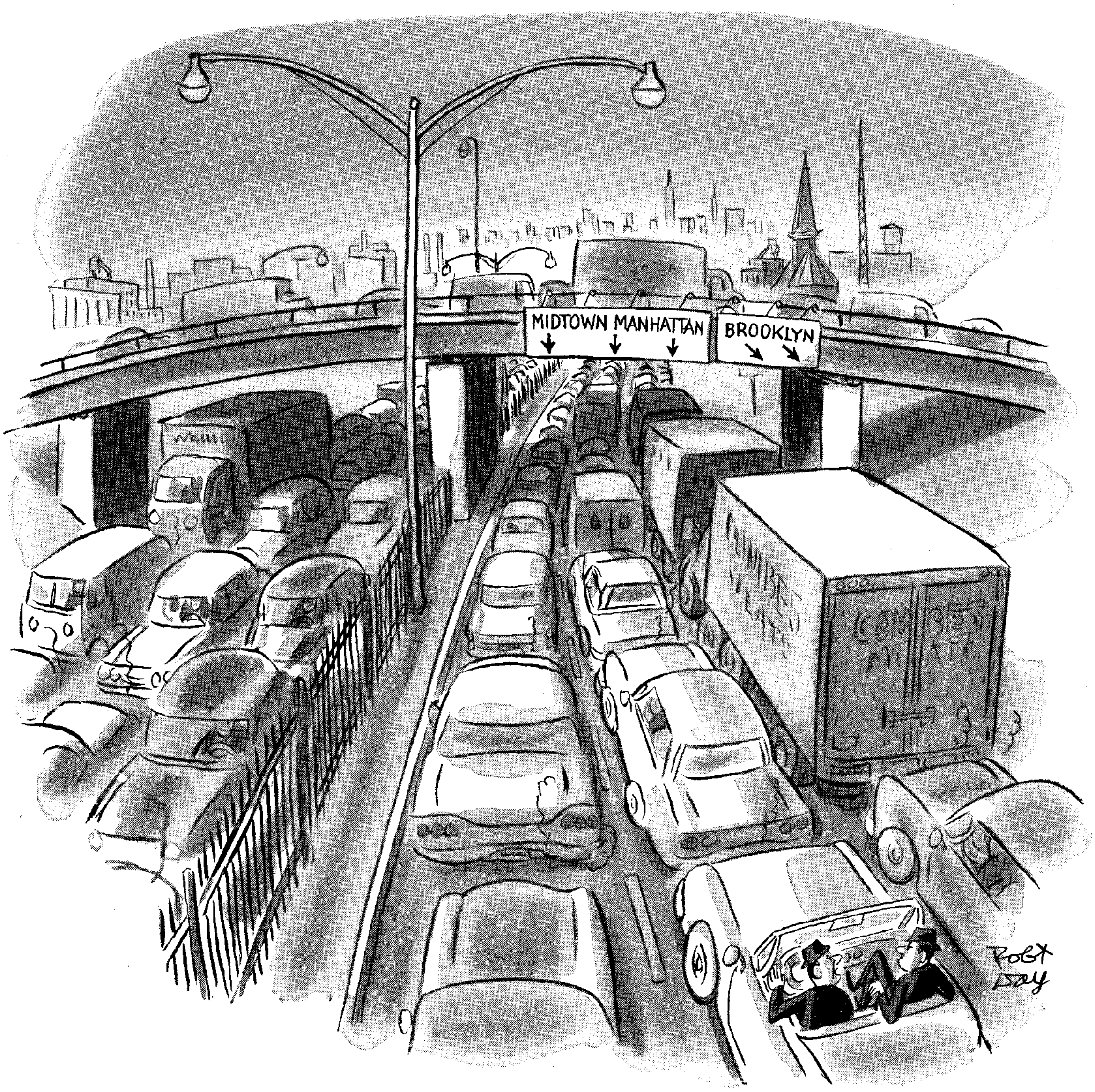
"Not on the Mayflower exactly, but they arrived in the middle of the seventeenth century—from France."

"Why do you suppose they left?"

"They had to. They were Huguenots."

"Refugees?"

Browne looked me full in the face for a second, then he smiled faint-



"How did we ever get into the city before they built these expressways?"

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ly. "You might put it that way. Would you like another drink?"

Daylight filtered through the window. I extinguished the candle. Suddenly I saw Herr Wiedmayer, rubbing his eyes. "It's five o'clock already," he said, and looked in astonishment at the empty Scotch bottle.

THE Gasthaus zum Goldenen Ochsen was quarantined for twelve days, the incubation time of typhoid fever. The guests, for the most part, didn't mind. The food remained excellent. Herr Wiedmayer put on the table everything his kitchen could produce—*Schnitzels*, *Apfel* and *Kirschenstrudel*, *Torten*, and, of course, *Salzburger Nockerln*. I was unhappy only because I couldn't see Ernst and Barbara, and since the inn had no telephone we couldn't even talk with one another; we had to rely on correspondence. Ernst was furious about the whole affair. His letters were full of "that *Schweinehund*" and "that Fascist" who, among other things, was responsible for ruining our vacations. He ignored all references to my peaceable relations with Browne.

Browne was a good swimmer, and we swam daily in the Wolfgangsee. The weather stayed superb, sunny and mild—quite unusual, everyone remarked, for the Salzkammergut, the chain of lakes near Salzburg. The twelve days passed quickly, and so did my vacation time. No further cases of typhoid had developed, and I made preparations to leave.

One morning, I closed my two suitcases and began a round of farewells. Browne had offered to drive me to the rail station at Salzburg.

Herr Wiedmayer shook my hand, saying in his remarkable dialect, "*Mia brauchn an guadn Dokta*," and urged me to stay on.

I said I was flattered that he thought I was a good doctor, but, alas, I had patients waiting for me in New York—and a family.

Finally, I went to say goodbye to Mrs. Browne, who was now able to sit out in the sun in a garden chair, with the poodles dancing around her.

She took my hand and held it. "Thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said.

I mumbled something modest.

"And just think," she said, "my darling dogs might have caught typhoid!"

"No," I said. "It's contagious for humans only."

"Thank heavens." She sighed.

Ernst and Barbara waited on the station platform—I had written them the time of my departure. Barbara gave me an old Viennese cookbook for my wife. "I hope she will accompany you when you come again," she said. "Men shouldn't be left alone too long."

Soon the train rolled into the station. The Orient Express stops in Salzburg for only a few minutes, and we had little time. Ernst studied my face as he shook my hand firmly and said, "The Austrian air has done you good." Barbara embraced me. "*Auf baldiges Wiedersehn*," she said. —RICHARD BERCZELLER

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All during the months H. Robert Lindh was in business in Kuwait, his wife Pat had to struggle to find projects to fulfill volunteer hours required to keep up her membership in the Junior League. There are no poor in the oil-rich country so there is no charity as such. Pat managed to get involved in such worthwhile efforts as helping to found the first American Women's Club in Kuwait and serving as its first president, but she kept thinking of the good works her sister league members were doing back home. —*Social note in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

In the good old land of the poor.

ANNALS OF CRIME

IN COLD BLOOD

I—THE LAST TO SEE THEM ALIVE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: ALL QUOTATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE TAKEN EITHER FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS OR FROM CONVERSATIONS, TRANSCRIBED VERBATIM, BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND THE PRINCIPALS.)

THE village of Holcomb stands on the high wheat plains of western Kansas, a lonesome area that other Kansans call "out there." Some seventy miles east of the Colorado border, the countryside, with its hard blue skies and desert-clear air, has an atmosphere that is rather more Far West than Middle West. The local accent is barbed with a prairie twang, a ranch-hand nasalness, and the men, many of them, wear narrow frontier trousers, Stetsons, and high-heeled boots with pointed toes. The land is flat, and the views are awesomely extensive; horses, herds of cattle, a white cluster of grain elevators rising as gracefully as Greek temples are visible long before a traveller reaches them.

Holcomb, too, can be seen from great distances. Not that there is much to see—simply an aimless congregation of buildings divided in the center by the main-line tracks of the Santa Fe Railway, a haphazard hamlet bounded on the south by a brown stretch of the Arkansas (pronounced "Ar-kan-sas") River, on the north by a highway, Route 50, and on the east and west by prairie lands and wheat fields. After rain, or when snowfalls thaw, the streets, unnamed, unshaded, unpaved, turn from the thickest dust into the direst mud. At one end of the town stands a stark old stucco structure, the roof of which supports an electric sign—"DANCE"—but the dancing has ceased and the advertisement has been dark for several years. Nearby is another building with an irrelevant sign, this one in flaking gold on a dirty window—"HOLCOMB BANK." The bank failed in 1933, and its former counting rooms have been converted into apartments. It is one of the town's two "apartment houses," the second being a ramshackle mansion known, because a good part of the local school's faculty lives there, as the Teacherage. But the majority of Holcomb's homes are one-story frame affairs, with front porches.

Down by the depot, the postmistress, a gaunt woman who wears a rawhide jacket and denims and cowboy boots, presides over a falling-apart post office. The depot itself, with its peeling sulphur-colored paint, is equally melancholy; the Chief, the Super-Chief, the El Capitan go by every day, but these celebrated expresses never pause there. No passenger trains do—only an occasional freight. Up on the highway, there are two filling stations, one of which doubles as a meagrely supplied grocery store, while the other does extra duty as a café—Hartman's Café, where Mrs. Hartman, the proprietress, dispenses sandwiches, coffee, soft drinks, and 3.2 beer. (Holcomb, like all the rest of Kansas, is "dry.")

And that, really, is all. Unless you include, as one must, the Holcomb School, a good-looking establishment, which reveals a circumstance that the appearance of the community otherwise camouflages: that the parents who send their children to this modern and ably staffed "consolidated" school—the grades go from kindergarten through senior high, and a fleet of buses transports the students, of which there are usually around three hundred and sixty, from as far as sixteen miles away—are, in general, prosperous people. Farm ranchers, most of them, they are outdoor folk of very varied stock—German, Irish, Norwegian, Mexican, Japanese. They raise cattle and sheep, grow wheat, milo, grass seed, and sugar beets. Farming is always a chancy business, but in western Kansas its practitioners consider themselves "born gamblers," for they must contend with an extremely shallow precipitation (the annual average is eighteen inches) and anguishing irrigation problems. However, the last seven years have been years of droughtless beneficence. The farm ranchers in Finney County, of which Holcomb is a part, have done well; money has been made not from farming alone but also from the exploitation of plentiful natural-gas resources, and its acquisition is reflected in the new school, the comfortable interiors of the farmhouses, the steep and swollen grain elevators.

Until one morning in mid-November of 1959, few Americans—in fact, few Kansans—had ever heard of Holcomb. Like the waters of the river, like the motorists on the highway, and like the yellow trains streaking down the Santa Fe tracks, drama, in the shape of exceptional happenings, had never stopped there. The inhabitants of the village, numbering two hundred and seventy, were satisfied that this should be so, quite content to exist inside ordinary life—to work, to hunt, to watch television, to attend school socials, choir practice, meetings of the 4-H Club. But then, in the earliest hours of that morning in November, a Sunday morning, certain foreign sounds impinged on the normal Holcomb noises—on the keening hysteria of coyotes, the dry scrape of scuttling tumbleweed, the racing, receding wail of locomotive whistles. At the time, not a soul in sleeping Holcomb heard them—four shotgun blasts that, all told, ended six human lives. But afterward the townspeople, theretofore sufficiently unfearful of each other to seldom trouble to lock their doors, found fantasy re-creating them over and again—those sombre explosions that stimulated fires of mistrust, in the glare of which many old neighbors viewed each other strangely, and as strangers.

THE master of River Valley Farm, Herbert William Clutter, was forty-eight years old and, as a result of a recent medical examination for an insurance policy, knew himself to be in first-rate condition. Though he wore rimless glasses, and was of but average height, standing just under five feet ten, Mr. Clutter cut a man's-man figure. His shoulders were broad, his hair had held its dark color, his square-jawed, confident face retained a healthy-hued youthfulness, and his teeth, unstained, and strong enough to shatter walnuts,

"Now, before we talk color, why don't we have a little sherry?"

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were still intact. He weighed the same as he had the day he graduated from Kansas State University, where he had majored in agriculture—a hundred and fifty-four. He was not as rich as the richest man in Holcomb—Mr. Taylor Jones, a neighboring rancher. He was, however, the community's most widely known citizen, prominent both there and in Garden City, the close-by county seat, where he had headed the building committee for the newly completed First Methodist Church, an eight-hundred-thousand-dollar edifice. He was currently chairman of the board of the Garden City Co-Op Equity Exchange, and his name was everywhere respectfully recognized among Midwestern agriculturists, as it was in certain Washington offices, where he had been a member of the Federal Farm Credit Board during the early years of the Eisenhower administration.

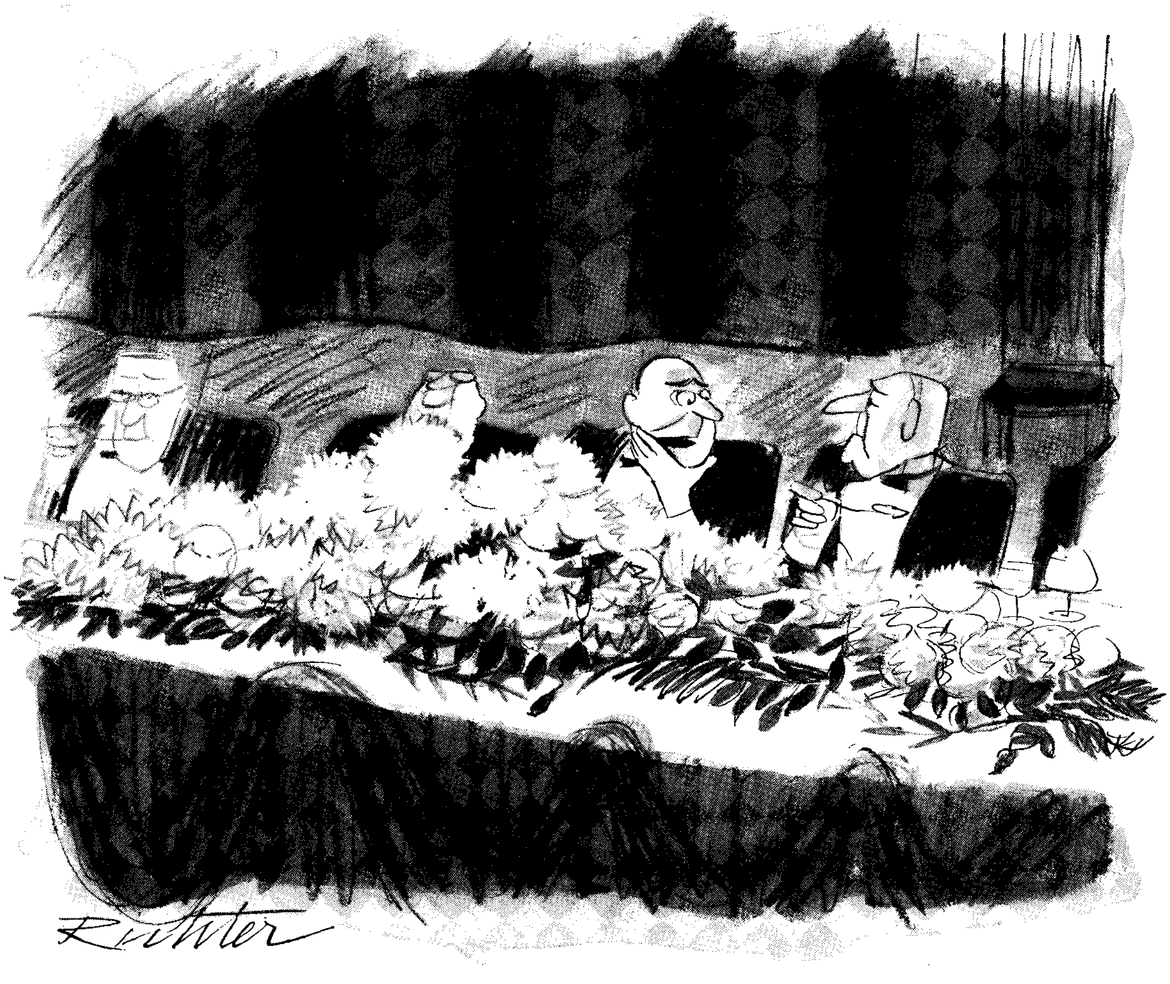
Always certain of what he wanted from the world, Mr. Clutter had in large measure obtained it. On his left hand, on what remained of a finger once mangled by a piece of farm machinery, he wore a plain gold band, which was the symbol, a quarter century old, of his marriage to the person he had wished to marry—the sister of a college classmate, a timid, pious, delicate girl named Bonnie Fox, who was three years younger than he. She had given him four children—a trio of daughters, then a son. The eldest daughter, Eveanna, married and the mother of a boy nine months old, lived in northern Illinois but visited Holcomb frequently. Indeed, she and her family were expected within the fortnight, for her parents planned a sizable Thanksgiving reunion of the Clutter clan (which had its beginnings in Germany; the first immigrant Clutter—or Klotter, as the name was then spelled—arrived here in 1880). Fifty-odd kinfolk had been asked, several of whom would be travelling from places as far away as Palatka, Florida. Nor did Beverly, the child next in age to Eveanna, any longer reside at River Valley Farm; she was in Kansas City, Kansas, studying to be a nurse. Beverly was engaged to a young biology student, of whom her father very much approved; invitations to the wedding, scheduled for Christmas week, were already printed. Which left, still living at home, the boy, Kenyon, who, at fifteen, was taller than Mr. Clutter, and one sister, who was a year older—the town darling, Nancy.

In regard to his family, Mr. Clutter had just one serious cause for disquiet—his wife's health. She was "nervous," she suffered "little spells"—such were the sheltering expressions used by those close to her. Not that the truth concerning "poor Bonnie's afflictions" was in the least a secret; everyone knew she had been an on-and-off psychiatric patient the last half-dozen years. Yet even upon this shadowed terrain sunlight had very lately sparkled. The past Wednesday, returning from two weeks of treatment at the Wesley Medical Center in Wichita, her customary place of retirement, Mrs. Clutter had brought scarcely credible tidings to tell her husband; with joy she informed him that the source of her misery, so medical opinion had at last decreed, was not in her head but in her spine—it was *physical*, a matter of misplaced vertebrae. Of course, she must undergo an operation, and afterward—well, she would be her "old self" again. Was it possible—the tension, the withdrawals, the pillow-muted sobbing behind locked doors, all due to an out-of-order backbone? If so, then Mr. Clutter could, when addressing his Thanksgiving table, recite a blessing of unmarred gratitude.

Ordinarily, Mr. Clutter's mornings began at six-thirty; clanging milk pails and the whispery chatter of the boys who brought them, two sons of a hired man named Vic Irsik, usually roused him. But today he lingered—let Vic Irsik's sons come and leave—for the previous evening, a Friday the thirteenth, had been a tiring one, though in part exhilarating. Bonnie had resurrected her "old self;" as if serving up a preview of the normality, the regained vigor, soon to be, she had rouged her lips, fussed with her hair, and, wearing a new dress, accompanied him to the Holcomb School, where they applauded a student production of "Tom Sawyer," in which Nancy played Becky Thatcher. He had enjoyed seeing Bonnie out in public, nervous but nonetheless smiling, talking to people, and they both had been proud of Nancy; she had done so well, remembering all her lines, and looking, as he had said to her, in the course of backstage congratulations, "Just beautiful, honey—a real Southern belle." Whereupon Nancy had behaved like one; curtsying in her hoopskirted costume, she had asked if she might drive in to Garden City. The State Theatre was having a *special*, eleven-thirty, Friday-the-thirteenth "Spook Show," and *all* her friends were going. In other circumstances, Mr. Clutter would have refused. His laws were laws, and one of them was: Nancy—and Kenyon, too—must be home by ten on week nights, by twelve on Saturdays. But, weakened by the genial events of the evening, he had consented. And Nancy had not returned home until almost two. He had heard her come in, and had called to her, for, though he was not a man ever really to raise his voice, he had some plain things to say to her, statements that concerned less the lateness of the hour than the youngster who had driven her home—a school basketball hero, Bobby Rupp. Mr. Clutter liked Bobby, and considered him, for a boy his age, which was seventeen, most dependable and gentlemanly; however, in the three years she had been permitted "dates," Nancy, popular and pretty as she was, had never gone out with anyone else, and while Mr. Clutter understood that it was the present national adolescent custom to form couples, to "go steady" and wear "engagement rings," he disapproved, particularly since he had not long ago, by accident, surprised his daughter and the Rupp boy kissing. He had then suggested that Nancy discontinue "seeing so much of Bobby," advising her that a slow retreat now would hurt less than an abrupt severance later—for, as he reminded her, it was a parting that must eventually take place. The Rupps were Roman Catholic, the Clutters Methodist—a fact that should in itself be sufficient to terminate whatever fancies she and this boy might have of someday marrying. Nancy had been reasonable—at any rate, she had not argued—and now, before saying good night, Mr. Clutter secured from her a promise to begin a gradual breaking off with Bobby. Still, the incident had lamentably put off his retiring time, which was ordinarily eleven o'clock. As a consequence, it was well after seven when he awakened on Saturday, November 14, 1959. His wife always slept as late as possible. However, while Mr. Clutter was shaving, showering, and outfitting himself in whipcord trousers, a cattleman's leather jacket, and soft stirrup boots, he had no fear of disturbing her; they did not share the same bedroom. For several years, he had slept alone in the master bedroom, on the ground floor of the house—a two-story, fourteen-room frame-and-brick structure. Though Mrs. Clutter stored her clothes in the closets of this room, and kept her few cosmetics and her myriad medicines in the blue-tile-and-glass-brick bathroom adjoining it, she had taken for serious occupancy a spare bedroom, which, like Nancy's and Kenyon's rooms, was on the second floor.

The house—for the most part designed by Mr. Clutter, who thereby proved himself a sensible and sedate, if not notably decorative, architect—had been built in 1948 for forty thousand dollars. (The resale value was now sixty thousand dollars.) Situated at the end of a long, lanelike driveway shaded by rows of Chinese elms, the handsome white house, standing on an ample lawn of groomed Bermuda grass, impressed Holcomb; it was a place people pointed out. As for the interior, there were spongy displays of liver-colored carpet intermittently abolishing the glare of varnished, resounding floors; an immense modernistic living-room couch covered in nubby fabric interwoven with glittery strands of silver metal; a breakfast alcove featuring a banquette upholstered in blue-and-white plastic. This sort of furnishing was what Mr. and Mrs. Clutter liked, as did the majority of their acquaintances, whose homes, by and large, were similarly furnished.

Other than a housekeeper who came in on weekdays, the Clutters employed no household help, so since his wife's illness and the departure of the elder daughters Mr. Clutter had of necessity learned to cook; either he or Nancy, but principally Nancy, prepared the family meals. Mr. Clutter enjoyed the chore, and was excellent at it—no woman in Kansas baked a better loaf of salt-rising bread, and his celebrated coconut cookies were the first item to go at charity cake sales—but he was not a hearty eater; unlike his fellow-ranchers, he even preferred Spartan breakfasts. That morning, an apple and a glass of milk were enough for him; because he touched neither coffee nor tea, he was accustomed to begin the day on a cold stomach. The truth was he opposed all stimulants, however gentle. He did not smoke, and of course he did not drink; indeed, he had never tasted spirits, and was inclined to avoid people who had—a

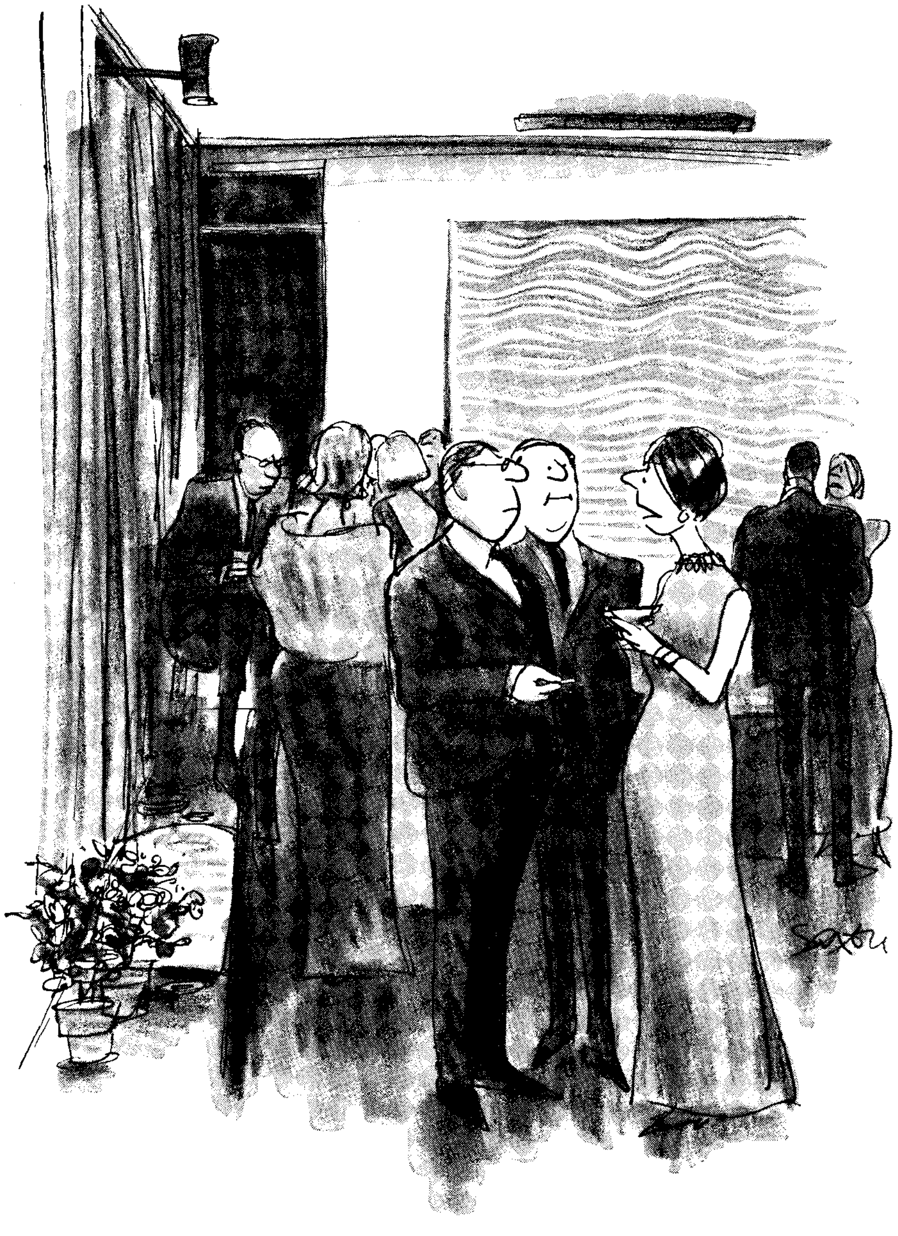


"I bit into a microphone!"

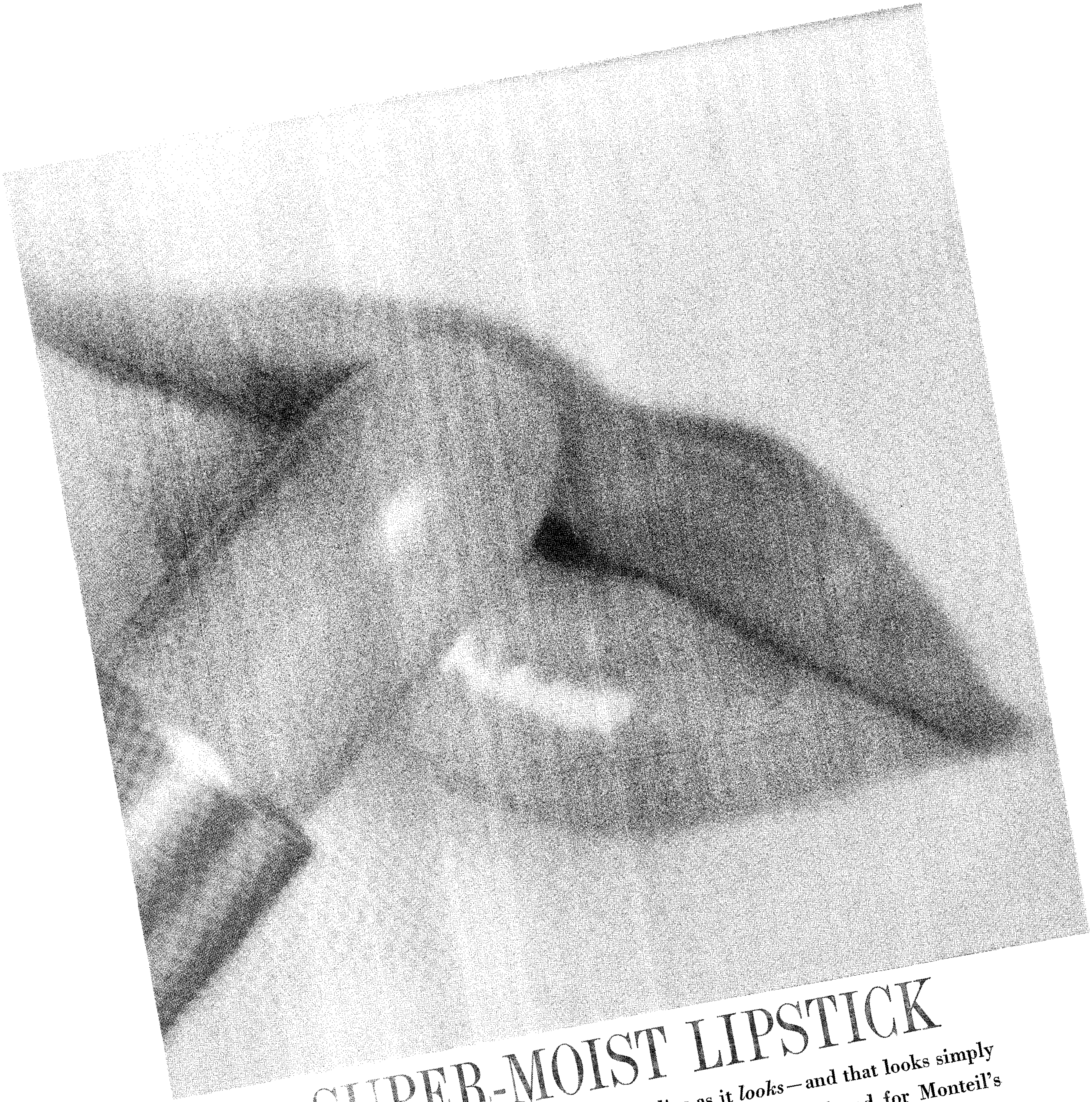
circumstance that did not shrink his social circle as much as might be supposed, for the center of that circle was supplied by the members of Garden City's First Methodist Church, a congregation totalling seventeen hundred, most of whom were as abstemious as Mr. Clutter could desire. While he was careful to avoid making a nuisance of his views, to adopt outside his realm an externally uncensoring manner, he enforced them within his family and among the employees at River Valley Farm. "Are you a drinking man?" was the first question he asked a job applicant, and even though the fellow gave a negative answer, he still must sign a work contract containing a clause that declared the agreement instantly void if the employee should be discovered "harboring alcohol." A friend—an old pioneer rancher, Mr. Lynn Russell—had once told him, "You've got no mercy. I swear, Herb, if you caught a hired man drinking, out he'd go. And you wouldn't care if his family was starving." It was perhaps the only criticism ever made of Mr. Clutter as an employer. Otherwise, he was known for his equanimity, his charitableness, and the fact that he paid good wages and distributed frequent bonuses; the men who worked for him—and there were sometimes as many as eighteen—had small reason to complain.

After drinking the glass of milk and putting on a fleece-lined cap, Mr. Clutter carried his apple with him when he went outdoors to examine the morning. It was ideal apple-eating weather; the whitest sunlight descended from the purest sky, and an easterly wind rustled, without ripping loose, the last of the leaves on the Chinese elms. Autumn rewards western Kansas for the evils that the remaining seasons impose: winter's rough Colorado winds and hip-high, sheep-slaughtering snows; the slushes and the strange land fogs of spring; and summer, when even crows seek the puny shade, and the tawny infinitude of wheatstalks bristle, blaze. At last, after September, another weather arrives, an Indian summer that occasionally endures until Christmas. As Mr. Clutter contemplated this superior specimen of the season, he was joined by a part-collie mongrel, Teddy, and together they ambled off toward the livestock corral, which was adjacent to one of three barns on the premises.

One of these barns was a mammoth Quonset hut; it brimmed with grain—a dark, pungent hill of milo grain worth considerable money: a hundred thousand dollars. That figure alone represented an almost four-thousand-per-cent advance over Mr. Clutter's entire income in 1934—the year he married Bonnie Fox and moved with her from their home town of Rozel, Kansas, to Garden City, where he had found work as an assistant to the Finney County Agricultural Agent. Typically, it took him just seven months to be promoted; that is, to install himself in the head man's job. The years during which he held the post—1935 to 1939—encompassed the dustiest, the down-and-outest the region had known since white men settled there, and young Herb Clutter, having, as he did, a brain expertly racing with the newest in streamlined agricultural practices, was quite qualified to serve as middleman between the government and the despondent farm ranchers; these men could well use the optimism and the educated instruction of a likable young fellow who seemed to know his business. All the same, he was not doing what he wanted to do; the son of a farmer, he had from the beginning aimed at operating a property of his own. Facing up to it, he resigned as County Agent after four years and, on land leased with borrowed money, created, in embryo, River Valley Farm (a name justified by the Arkansas River's meandering presence but not, certainly, by any evidence of valley). It was an endeavor that several Finney County conservatives watched with show-us amusement—old-timers who had been fond of baiting the youthful County Agent on the subject of his university notions: "That's fine, Herb. You always know what's best to do on the other fellow's land. Plant this. Terrace that. But you might say a sight different if the place



"So you're a cellist! You know, I don't think I've ever seen a cellist without a cello."



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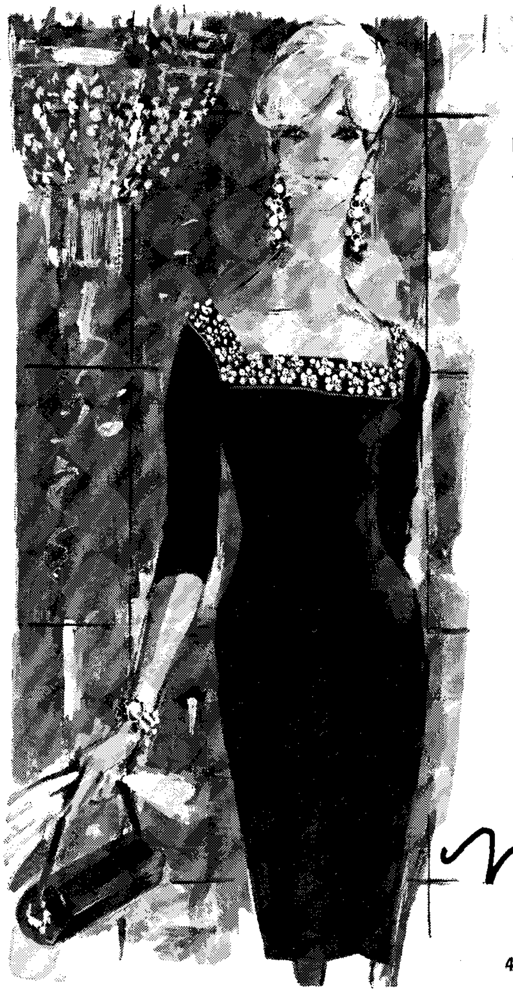

FLATTERING AND BEAUTIFUL— this gently fitted night-black silk crepe cocktail dress has a square neckline embroidered with pearl beads and tiny rhinestones. 8 to 18. $225

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was your own." They were mistaken; the upstart's experiments succeeded—partly because, in the beginning years, he labored eighteen hours a day. Setbacks occurred—twice the wheat crop failed, and one winter he lost several hundred head of sheep in a blizzard—but after a decade Mr. Clutter's domain consisted of over eight hundred acres owned outright and three thousand more worked on a rental basis—and that, as his colleagues admitted, was "a pretty good spread." Wheat, maize seed, certified grass seed—these were the crops the farm's prosperity depended upon. Animals were also important—sheep, and especially cattle. A herd of several hundred Hereford stocker cattle bore the Clutter brand, though one would not have suspected it from the scant contents of the livestock corral, which was reserved for ailing steers, a few milking cows, Nancy's cats, and Babe, the family favorite—an old fat work horse who never objected to lumbering about with three and four children astride her broad back.

Mr. Clutter now fed Babe the core of his apple, calling good morning to a man raking debris inside the corral—Alfred Stoecklein, the sole resident employee. The Stoeckleins and their three children lived in a house not a hundred yards from the main house; except for them, the Clutters had no neighbors within half a mile. A long-faced man with long brown teeth, Mr. Stoecklein asked, "Have you some particular work in mind today? Cause we got a sick-un. The baby. Me and Missis been up and down with her most the night. I been thinking to carry her to doctor." And Mr. Clutter, expressing sympathy, said by all means to take the morning off, and if there was any way he or his wife could help, please let them know. Then, with the dog running ahead of him, he moved southward toward the fields, lion-colored now, luminously golden with after-harvest stubble.

The river lay in this direction; near its bank stood a grove of fruit trees—peach, pear, cherry, and apple. Fifty years ago, according to native memory, it would have taken a lumberjack ten minutes to axe all the trees in western Kansas. Even today, only cottonwoods and Chinese elms—perennials with a cactuslike indifference to thirst—are commonly planted. However, as Mr. Clutter often remarked, "an inch more of rain, and this country would be paradise—Eden on earth." The little collection of fruit-bearers growing by the river was his attempt to contrive, rain

Are you a two-Scotch family?

Amazing, the people who aren't.

People who have two sets of glassware, town clothes and country clothes – sometimes even two sets of manners – often try to get by with one Scotch.

Impossible.

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Unfrivolous Chivas Regal, for instance. It is made with grave ceremony of the finest Strathisla-Glenlivet whiskies. It is aged 12 years under dour Scottish gazes in the serenity of the oldest distillery in the Highlands.

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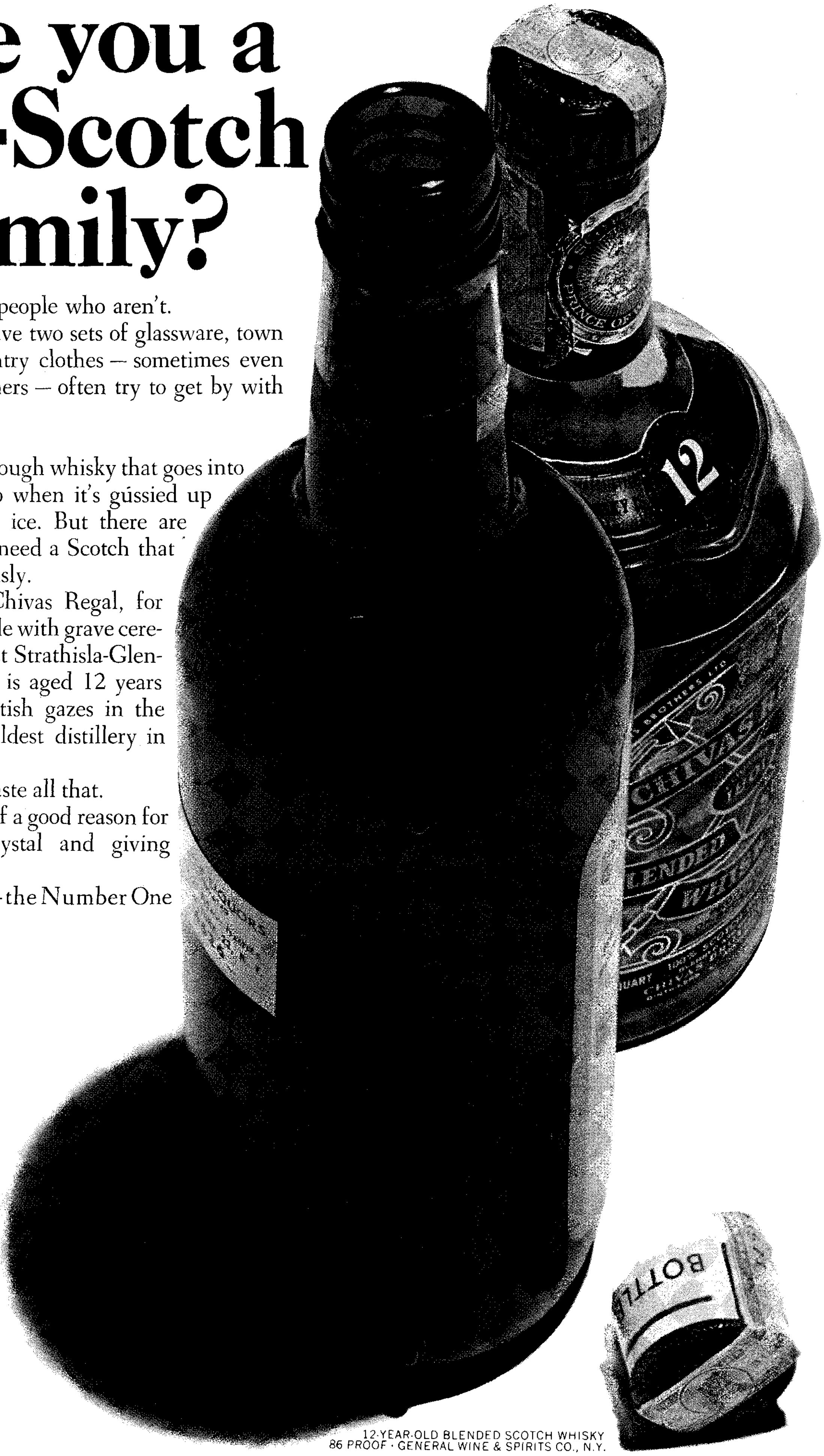

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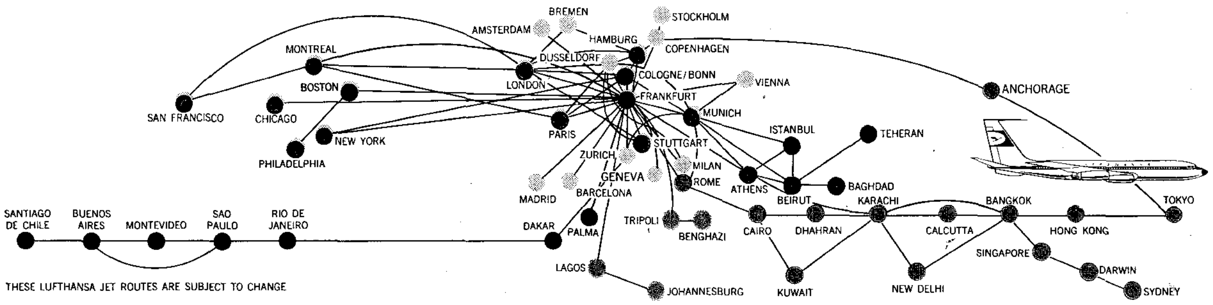
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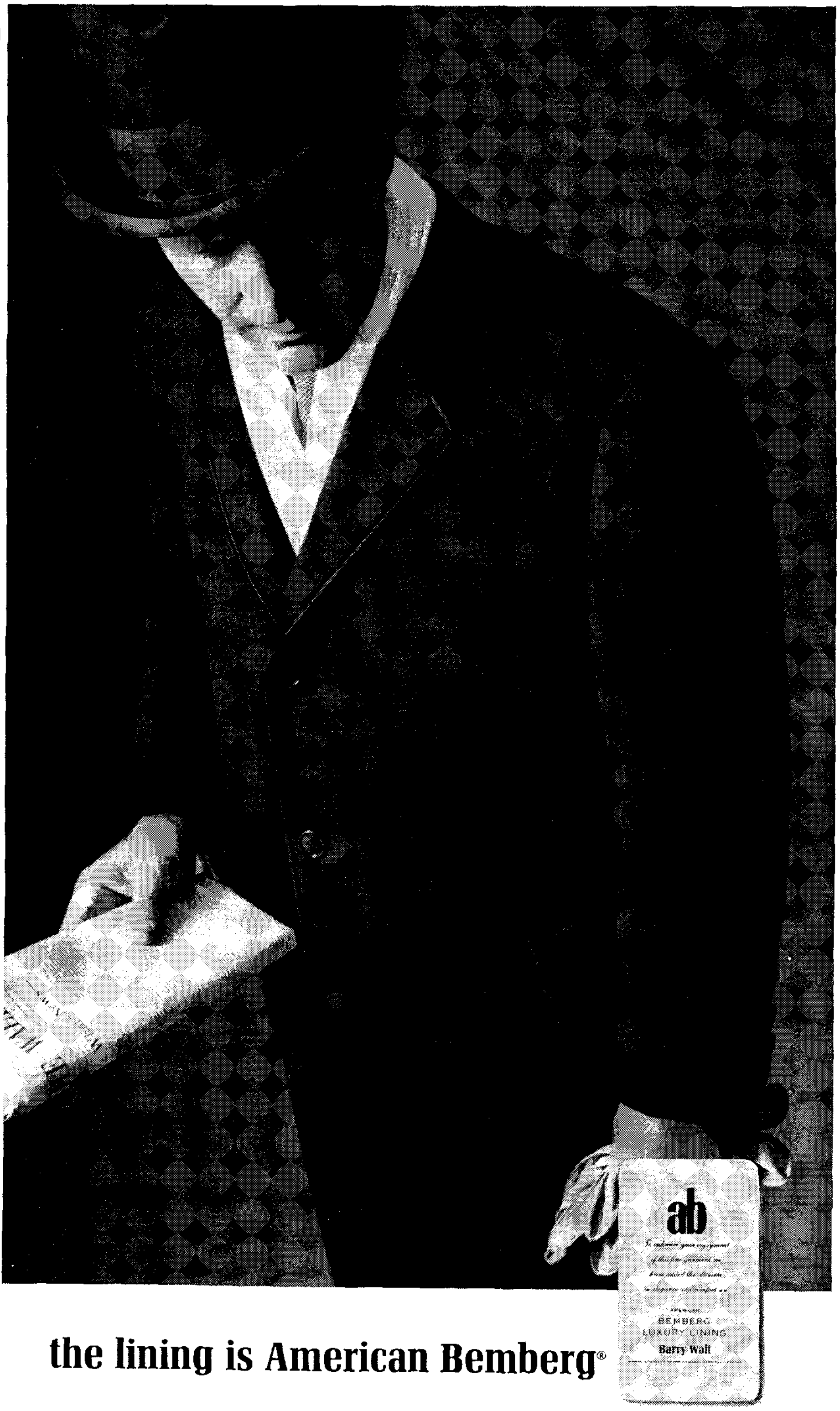
SYDNEY

THESE LUFTHANSA JET ROUTES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE or no, a patch of the paradise, the green, apple-scented Eden, he envisioned. His wife once said, "My husband cares more for those trees than he does for his children," and everyone in Holcomb recalled the day a small disabled plane crashed into the peach trees: "Herb was fit to be tied! Why, the propeller hadn't stopped turning before he'd slapped a lawsuit on the pilot."

Passing through the orchard, Mr. Clutter proceeded along beside the river, which was shallow here and strewn with islands—midstream beaches of soft sand, to which, on Sundays gone by, hot-weather Sabbaths when Bonnie had still "felt up to things," picnic baskets had been carted, family afternoons whiled away waiting for a twitch at the end of a trout line. Mr. Clutter seldom encountered trespassers on his property; a mile from the highway, and arrived at by obscure roads, it was not a place that strangers came upon by chance. Now, suddenly, a whole party of them appeared, and Teddy rushed forward roaring out a challenge. But it was odd about Teddy. Though he was a good sentry, alert, ever ready to raise Cain, his valor had one flaw: let him glimpse a gun, as he did now—for the intruders were armed—and his head dropped, his tail turned in. No one understood why, for no one knew his history, other than that he was a vagabond that Kenyon had adopted years ago. The visitors proved to be five pheasant hunters from Oklahoma. The pheasant season in Kansas, a famed November event, lures hordes of sportsmen from adjoining states, and during the past week plaid-hatted regiments had paraded across the autumnal expanses flushing and felling with rounds of bird shot great coppery flights of the grain-fattened birds. By custom, the hunters, if they are not invited guests, are supposed to pay the landowner a fee for letting them pursue their quarry on his premises, but when the Oklahomans offered to hire hunting rights, Mr. Clutter was amused. "I'm not as poor as I look. Go ahead, get all you can," he said. Then, touching the brim of his cap, he headed for home and the day's work, unaware that it would be his last.

LIKE Mr. Clutter, the young man breakfasting in a café called the Little Jewel never drank coffee. He preferred root beer. Three aspirin, cold root beer, and a chain of Pall Mall cigarettes—that was his notion of a proper "chow-down." Sipping and smok-

the great society chesterfield is Barry Walt



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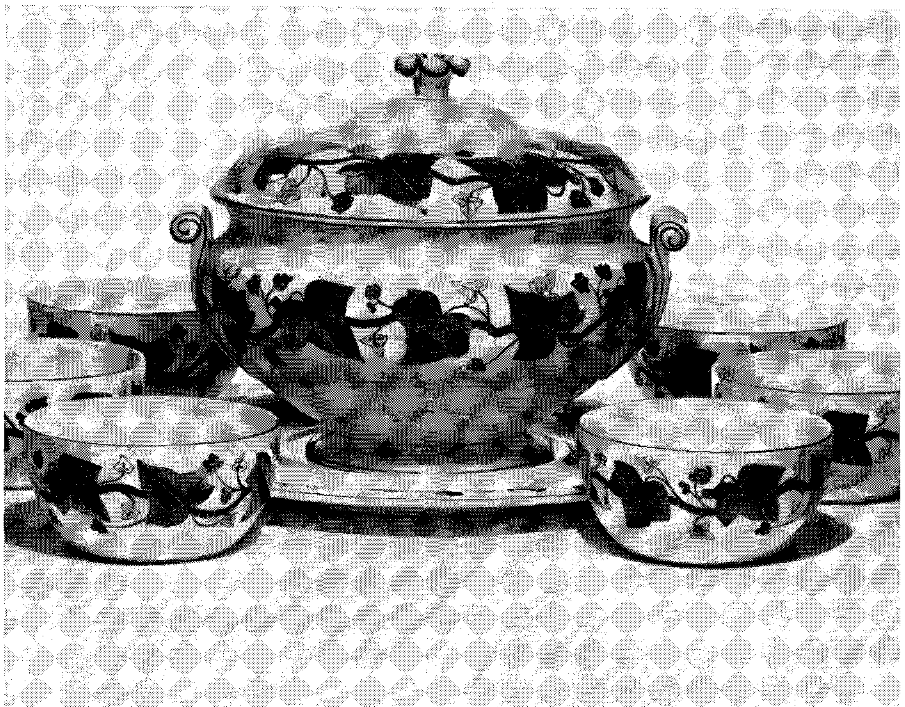

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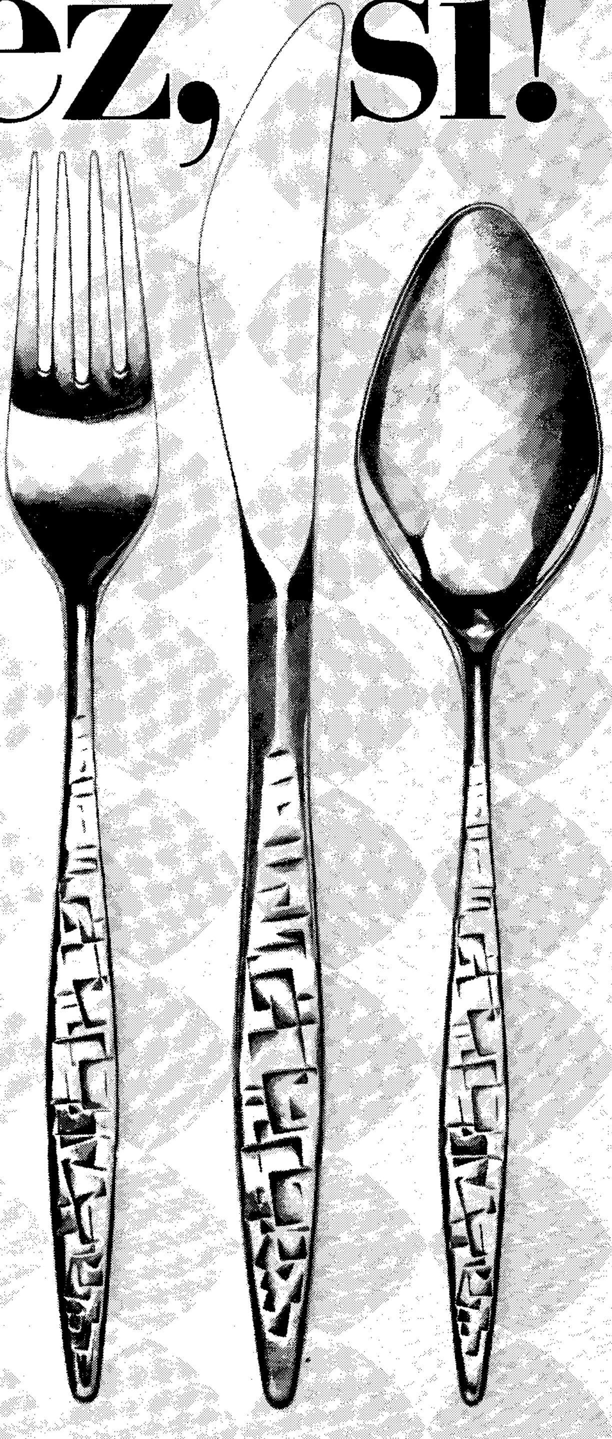
ing, he studied a map spread on the counter before him—a Phillips 66 map of Mexico—but it was difficult to concentrate, for he was expecting a friend, and the friend was late. He looked out a window at the silent small-town street, a street he had never seen until yesterday. Still no sign of Dick. But he was sure to show up; after all, the purpose of their meeting was Dick's idea, his "score." And when it was settled—Mexico. The map was ragged, so thumbed that it had grown as supple as a piece of chamois. Around the corner, in his room at the hotel where he was staying, were hundreds more like it—worn maps of every state in the Union, every Canadian province, every South American country—for the young man was an incessant conceiver of voyages, not a few of which he had actually taken: to Alaska, to Hawaii and Japan, to Hong Kong. Now, thanks to a letter, an invitation to a "score," here he was with all his worldly belongings: one cardboard suitcase, a guitar, and two big boxes of books and maps and songs, poems and old letters, weighing a quarter of a ton. (Dick's face when he saw those *boxes!* "Christ, Perry. You carry that junk *every*where?" And Perry had said, "*What* junk? One of them books cost me thirty bucks.") Here he was in little Olathe, Kansas. Kind of funny, if you thought about it; imagine being back in Kansas, when only four months ago he had sworn, first to the state Parole Board, then to himself, that he would never set foot within its boundaries again. Well, it wasn't for long.

Ink-circled names populated the map: COZUMEL, an island off the coast of Yucatán where, so he had read in a men's magazine, you could "shed your clothes, put on a relaxed grin, live like a Rajah, and have all the women you want for $50-a-month!" From the same article he had memorized other appealing statements: "Cozumel is a holdout against social, economic, and political pressure. No official pushes any private person around on *this* island," and "Every year flights of parrots come over from the mainland to lay their eggs." ACAPULCO connoted deep-sea fishing, casinos, anxious rich women, and SIERRA MADRE meant gold, meant "Treasure of Sierra Madre," a movie he had seen eight times. (It was Bogart's best picture, but the old guy who played the prospector, the one who reminded Perry of his father, was terrific, too. Walter Huston. Yes, and what he had told Dick was true: He *did* know the ins and outs of hunting

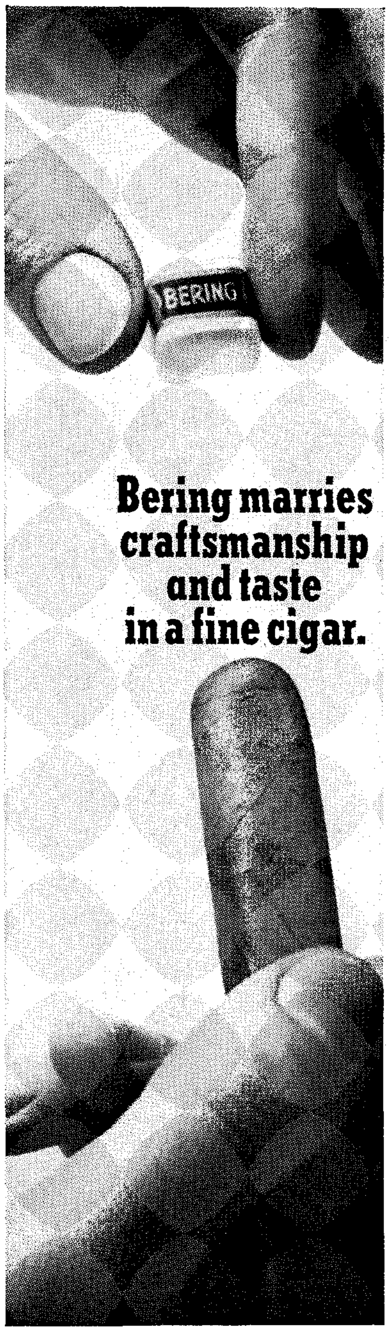
The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Roses, no!
Cherubs, no!
Swirls, no!
Cortez, si!



Cortez is our revolutionary new stainless steel pattern. Bold, earthy, primitive. Like something the early Mexicans might have hammered out of silver. Pick up a piece of Cortez, and it even feels handcrafted. Good and solid. Heavy in the hand. The way they did things in the old world. But you don't need a Spanish oak table for it. Danish teak will do. You see, we couldn't resist some ultra-modern innovations. Like tapering the spoon. And letting the blade flow naturally from the handle of the knife. Sound expensive? It is. A 52-pc. service for 8 in a solid walnut chest is $110.00. But it sets a great table for Yankees to go home to.

Viva Cortez!
Lyon Stainless



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gold, having been taught them by his father, who was a professional prospector. So why shouldn't they, the two of them, buy a pair of packhorses and try their luck in the Sierra Madre? But Dick, the practical Dick, had said, "Whoa, honey, whoa. I seen that show. Ends up everybody nuts. On account of fever and bloodsuckers, mean conditions all around. Then, when they got the gold—remember, a big wind came along and blew it all away?") Perry folded the map. He paid for the root beer and stood up. Sitting, he had seemed a more than normal-sized man, a powerful man, with the shoulders, the arms, the thick, crouching torso of a weight lifter. Weight lifting was, in fact, his hobby. But some sections of him were not in proportion to others. His tiny feet, encased in short black boots with steel buckles, would have neatly fitted into a delicate lady's dancing slippers; when he stood up, he was no taller than a twelve-year-old child, and suddenly looked, strutting on stunted legs that seemed grotesquely inadequate to the grown-up bulk they supported, not like a well-built truck driver but like a retired jockey, overblown and muscle-bound.

Outside the café, Perry stationed himself in the sun. It was a quarter to nine, and Dick was a half hour late; however, if Dick had not hammered home the every-minute importance of the next twenty-four hours, he would not have noticed it. Time rarely weighed upon him, for he had many methods of passing it—among them mirror gazing. Dick had once observed, "Every time you see a mirror you go into a trance, like. Like you was looking at some gorgeous woman. I mean, my God, don't you ever get tired?" Far from it; his own face enthralled him. Each angle of it induced a different impression. It was a changeling's face, and mirror-guided experiments had taught him how to ring the changes, how to look now ominous, now impish, now soulful; a tilt of the head, a twist of the lips, and the corrupt gypsy became the gentle romantic. His mother had been a full-blooded Cherokee; it was from her that he had inherited his coloring—the iodine skin, the dark, moist eyes, the black, brilliantined hair, which was plentiful enough to provide him with sideburns and a slippery spray of bangs. His mother's donation was apparent; that of his father, a freckled, ginger-haired Irishman, was less so. It was as though the Indian blood had routed every trace of the Celtic strain. Still, pink lips and a perky nose confirmed its presence, as did a quality of

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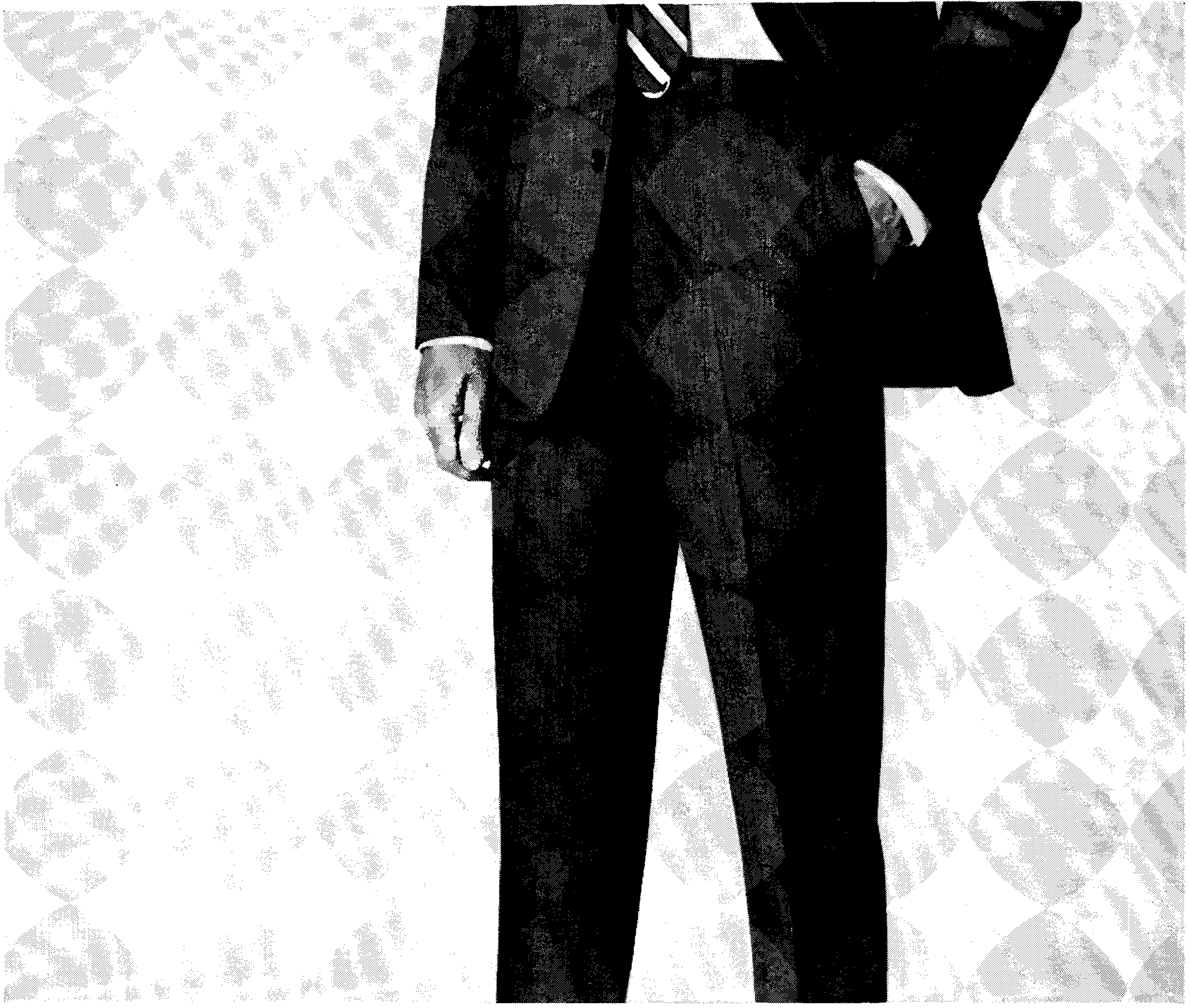

Suit pants as a rule are not much to speak of.

That's why most manufacturers share the opinion that the less said about them, the better.

One manufacturer who did express an opinion on the subject put it this way:

"As we see it, all the workmanship should be in the jacket. After all, no one really notices the pants."

This is not the way Sussex sees it.

Fact is, Sussex looks at their pants the same way they look at their jackets. With an eye for detail.

For example, Sussex puts a special type of stiff canvas in the hand-sewn inner lining of the waist. (Most manufacturers use a canvas with very little body.) The Sussex canvas prevents unsightly flopover when wearing a thin belt. Or when wearing a couple of extra inches of fat.

The loops at the waist are all placed exactly one-eighth of an inch from the top. It means extra work for Sussex. It means a consistently neat waistline for you.

The trouser opening, which is finished off with hand-stitching, receives double pressing for a smooth, shaped front.

So do other critical areas of the trousers.

In fact, it's all these extra pressing operations that are largely responsible for the additional time required to make Sussex trousers.

More than twice as much time as for most other suit manufacturers.

Perhaps you're asking yourself if a pair of suit pants is really worth all the extra time and trouble.

Even in a suit costing around $150.

One way to answer that is to ask you if you would destroy a Chateaubriand steak with a dash of catsup. Probably not.

Well, we wouldn't risk destroying the impression created by a magnificently tailored Sussex jacket.

A pair of trousers, anything less than perfect, would do precisely that.

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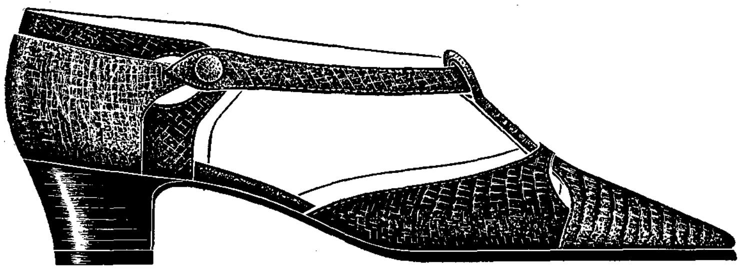


THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE
AND AT WHITE PLAINS, MANHASSET, SHORT HILLS AND ST. DAVIDS

roguish animation, of uppity Irish egotism, that often activated the Cherokee mask, and took control completely when he played the guitar and sang. Singing, and the thought of doing so in front of an audience, was another mesmeric way of whittling hours. He always used the same mental scenery—a night club in Las Vegas, which happened to be his home town. It was an elegant room filled with celebrities excitedly focussed on the sensational new star rendering his famous, backed-by-violins version of "I'll Be Seeing You" and encoring with his latest self-composed ballad:

Every April flights of parrots
Fly overhead, red and green,
Green and tangerine.
I see them fly, I hear them high,
Singing parrots bringing April spring. . . .

(Dick, on first hearing this song, had commented, "Parrots don't sing. Talk, maybe. Holler. But they sure as hell don't sing." Of course, Dick was very literal-minded, *very*—he had no understanding of music, poetry—and yet, when you got right down to it, Dick's literalness, his pragmatic approach to every subject, was the primary reason Perry had been attracted to him, for it made Dick seem, compared to himself, so authentically tough, invulnerable, "totally masculine.")

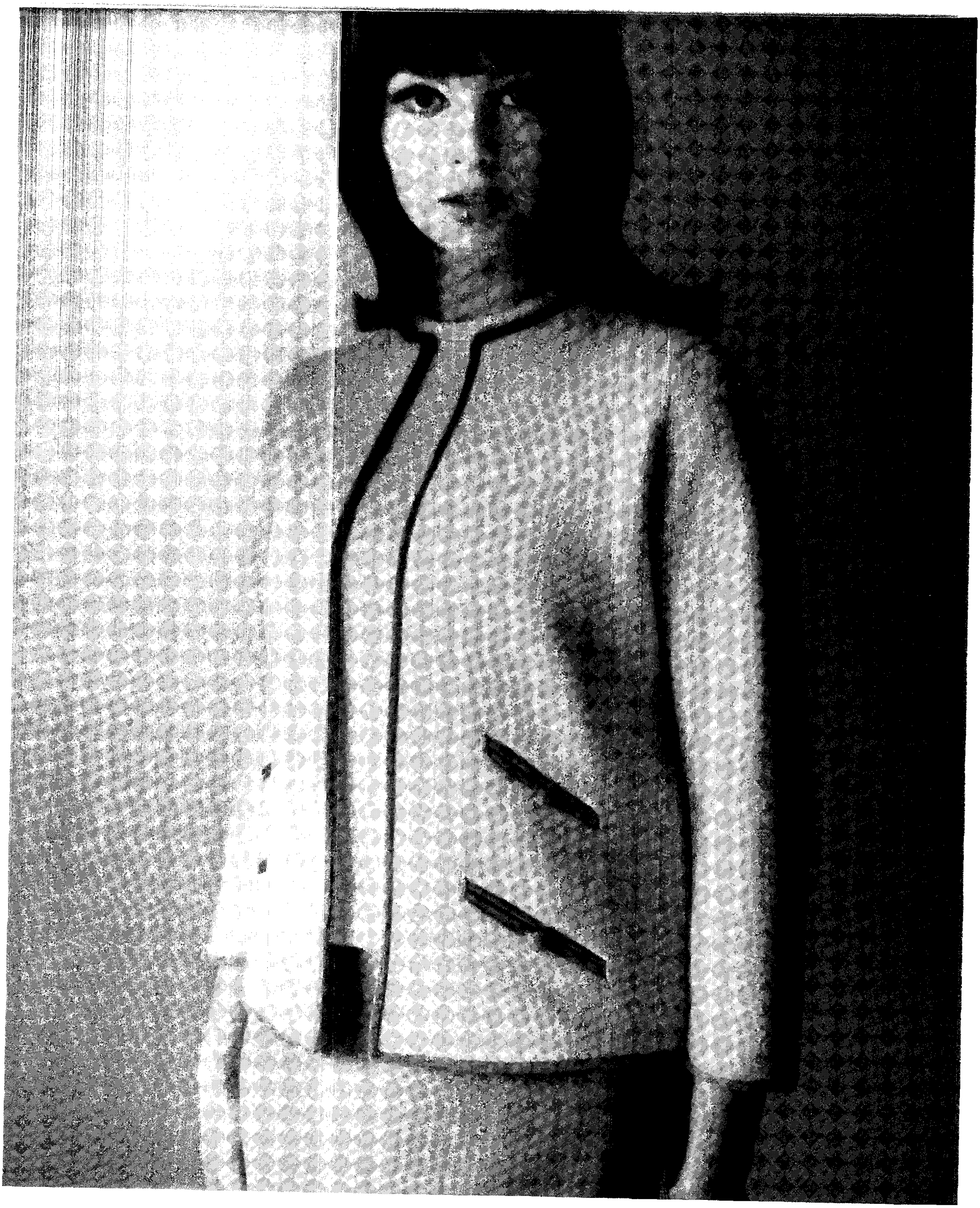
Nevertheless, pleasant as this Las Vegas reverie was, it paled beside another of his visions. Since childhood, for more than half his thirty-one years, he had been sending off for literature ("FORTUNES IN DIVING! Train at Home in Your Spare Time. Make Big Money Fast in Skin and Lung Diving. FREE BOOKLETS . . ."), answering advertisements ("SUNKEN TREASURE! Fifty Genuine Maps! Amazing Offer . . ."), that stoked a longing to realize an adventure his imagination swiftly and over and over enabled him to experience: the dream of drifting downward through strange waters, of plunging toward a green sea-dusk, sliding past the scaly, savage-eyed protectors of a ship's hulk that loomed ahead, a Spanish galleon, a drowned cargo of diamonds and pearls, heaping caskets of gold.

A car horn honked. At last—Dick.

"GOOD grief, Kenyon! I *hear* you."

As usual, the devil was in Kenyon. His shouts kept coming up the stairs: "Nancy! Telephone!"

Barefoot, pajama-clad, Nancy scampered down the stairs. There were two telephones in the house—one in the room her father used as an office, an-



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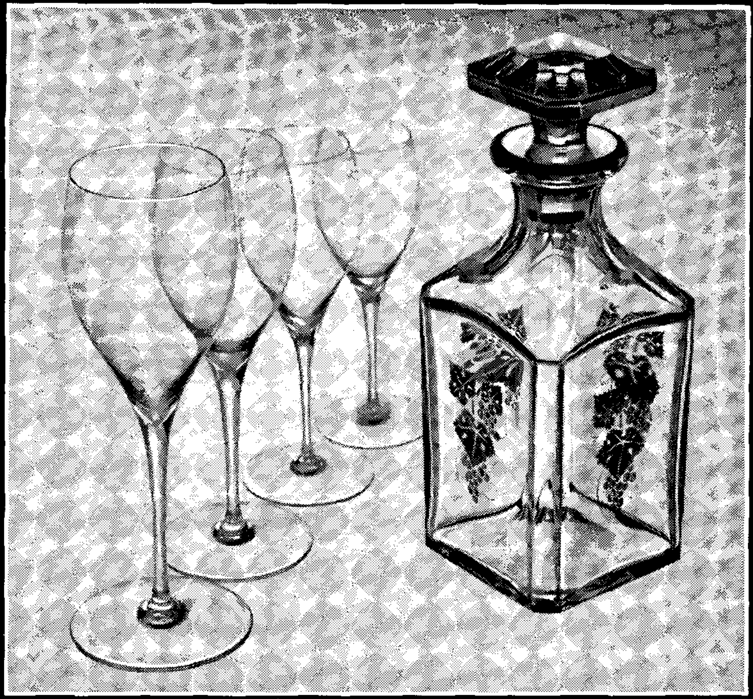

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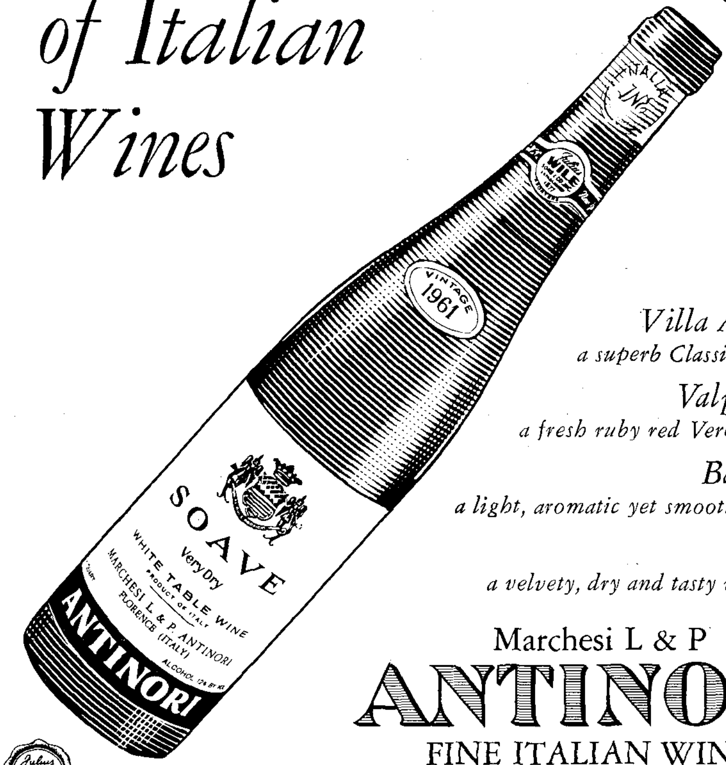

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other in the kitchen. She picked up the kitchen extension: "Hello? Oh, yes, good morning, Mrs. Katz."

And Mrs. Clarence Katz, the wife of a farmer who lived on the highway, said, "I *told* your daddy not to wake you up. I said Nancy must be *tired* after all that wonderful acting she did last night. You were lovely, dear. Those white ribbons in your hair! And that part when you thought Tom Sawyer was dead—you had real tears in your eyes. Good as anything on TV. But your daddy said it was time you got up; well, it *is* going on for nine. Now, what I wanted, dear—my little girl, my little Jolene, she's just dying to bake a cherry pie, and, seeing how you're a champion cherry-pie maker, always winning prizes, I wondered could I bring her over there this morning and you show her?"

Normally, Nancy would willingly have taught Jolene to prepare an entire turkey dinner; she felt it her duty to be available when younger girls came to her wanting help with their cooking, their sewing, or their music lessons—or, as often happened, to confide. Where she found the time, and still managed to "practically run that big house" and be a straight-A student, the president of her class, a leader in the 4-H program and the Young Methodists League, a skilled rider, an excellent musician (piano, clarinet), an annual winner at the county fair (pastry, preserves, needlework, flower arrangement)—how a girl not yet seventeen could haul such a wagonload, and do so without "brag," with, rather, merely a radiant jauntiness, was an enigma the community pondered, and solved by saying, "She's got *character*. Gets it from her old man." Certainly her strongest trait, the talent that gave support to all the others, derived from her father: a fine-honed sense of organization. Each moment was assigned; she knew precisely, at any hour, what she would be doing, how long it would require. And that was the trouble with today: she had overscheduled it. She had committed herself to helping another neighbor's child, Roxie Lee Smith, with a trumpet solo that Roxie Lee planned to play at a school concert; had promised to run three complicated errands for her mother; and had arranged to attend a 4-H meeting in Garden City with her father. And then there was lunch to make, and, after lunch, work to be done on the bridesmaids' dresses for Beverly's wedding, which she had designed and was sewing herself. As matters stood, there was no

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room for Jolene's cherry-pie lesson. Unless something could be cancelled.

"Mrs. Katz? Will you hold the line a moment, please?"

She walked the length of the house to her father's office. The office, which had an outside entrance for ordinary visitors, was separated from the living room by a sliding door; though Mr. Clutter occasionally shared the office with Gerald Van Vleet, a young man who assisted him with the management of the farm, it was fundamentally his retreat—an orderly sanctuary, panelled in walnut veneer, where, surrounded by weather barometers, rain charts, a pair of binoculars, he sat like a captain in his cabin, a navigator piloting River Valley's sometimes risky passage through the seasons.

"Never mind," he said, responding to Nancy's problem. "Skip 4-H. I'll take Kenyon instead."

And so, lifting the office phone, Nancy told Mrs. Katz yes, fine, bring Jolene right on over. But she hung up with a frown. "It's so peculiar," she said as she looked around the room and saw in it her father helping Kenyon add a column of figures, and, at his desk by the window, Mr. Van Vleet, who had a kind of brooding, rugged good looks that led her to call him Heathcliff behind his back. "But I keep smelling cigarette smoke."

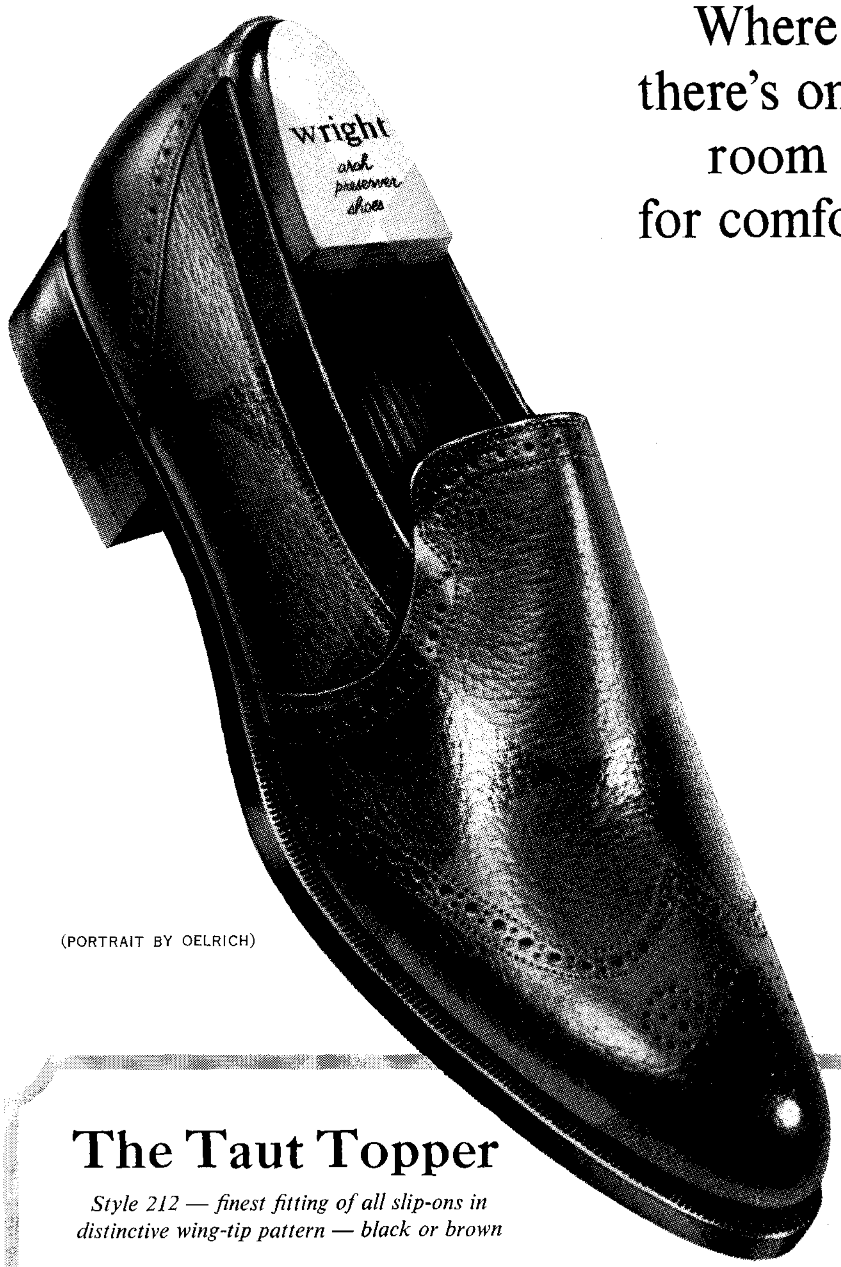
"On your breath?" inquired Kenyon.

"No, funny one. Yours."

That quieted him, for Kenyon, as he knew she knew, did once in a while sneak a puff—but, then, so did Nancy.

Mr. Clutter clapped his hands. "That's all. This is an office."

Now, upstairs, she changed into faded Levis and a green sweater, and fastened round her wrist her third-most-valued belonging, a gold watch; her closest cat friend, Evinrude, ranked above it, and surmounting even Evinrude was Bobby's signet ring, the cumbersome proof of her "going-steady" status, which she wore (*when* she wore it; the least flareup and off it came) on a thumb, for even with the use of adhesive tape its man-size girth could not be made to fit a more suitable finger. Nancy was a pretty girl, lean and boyishly agile, and the prettiest things about her were her short-bobbed, shining chestnut hair (brushed a hundred strokes each morning, the same number at night), and her soap-polished complexion, still faintly freckled and rose-brown from last summer's sun. But it was her eyes, wide apart, darkly translucent, like ale held to the



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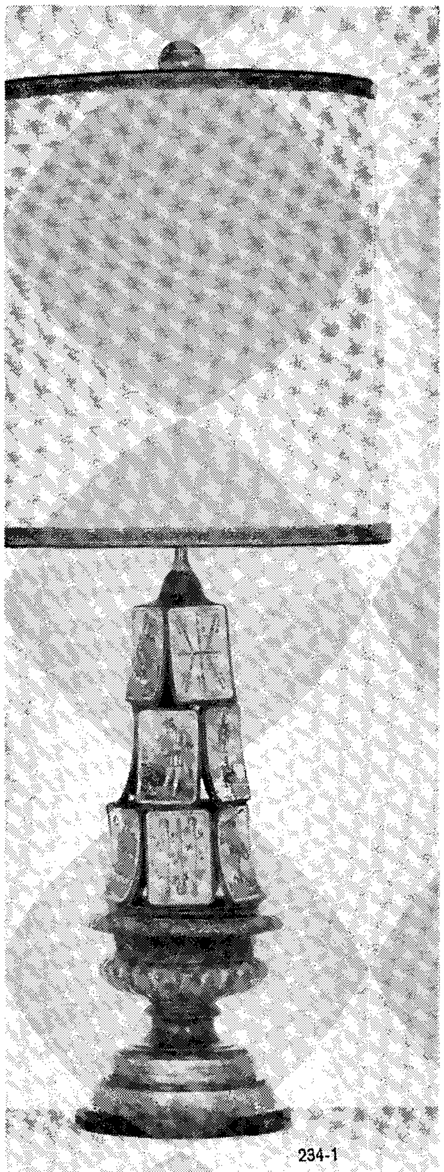

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light, that made her immediately likable, that at once announced her lack of suspicion, her considered and yet so easily triggered kindliness.

"Nancy!" Kenyon called. "Susan on the phone."

Susan Kidwell, her confidante. Again she answered in the kitchen.

"Tell," said Susan, who invariably launched a telephone session with this command. "And, to begin, tell why you were flirting with Jerry Roth." Like Bobby, Jerry Roth was a school basketball star.

"Last night? Good grief, I wasn't flirting. You mean because we were *holding hands?* He just came backstage during the show. And I was so nervous. So he held my hand. To give me courage."

"Very sweet. Then what?"

"Bobby took me to the spook movie. And *we* held hands."

"Was it scary? Not Bobby. The movie."

"He didn't think so; he just laughed. But you know me. Boo!—and I fall off the seat."

"What are you eating?"

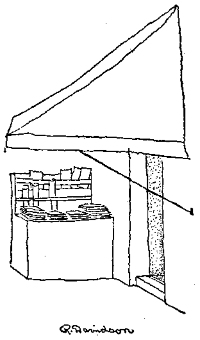
"Nothing."

"I know—your fingernails," said Susan, guessing correctly. Much as Nancy tried, she could not break the habit of nibbling her nails, and, whenever she was troubled, chewing them right to the quick. "Tell. Something wrong?"

"No."

"Nancy. *C'est moi. . . .*" Susan was studying French.

"Well—Daddy. He's been in an awful mood the last three weeks. Awful. At least, around me. And when I got home last night he started *that* again."



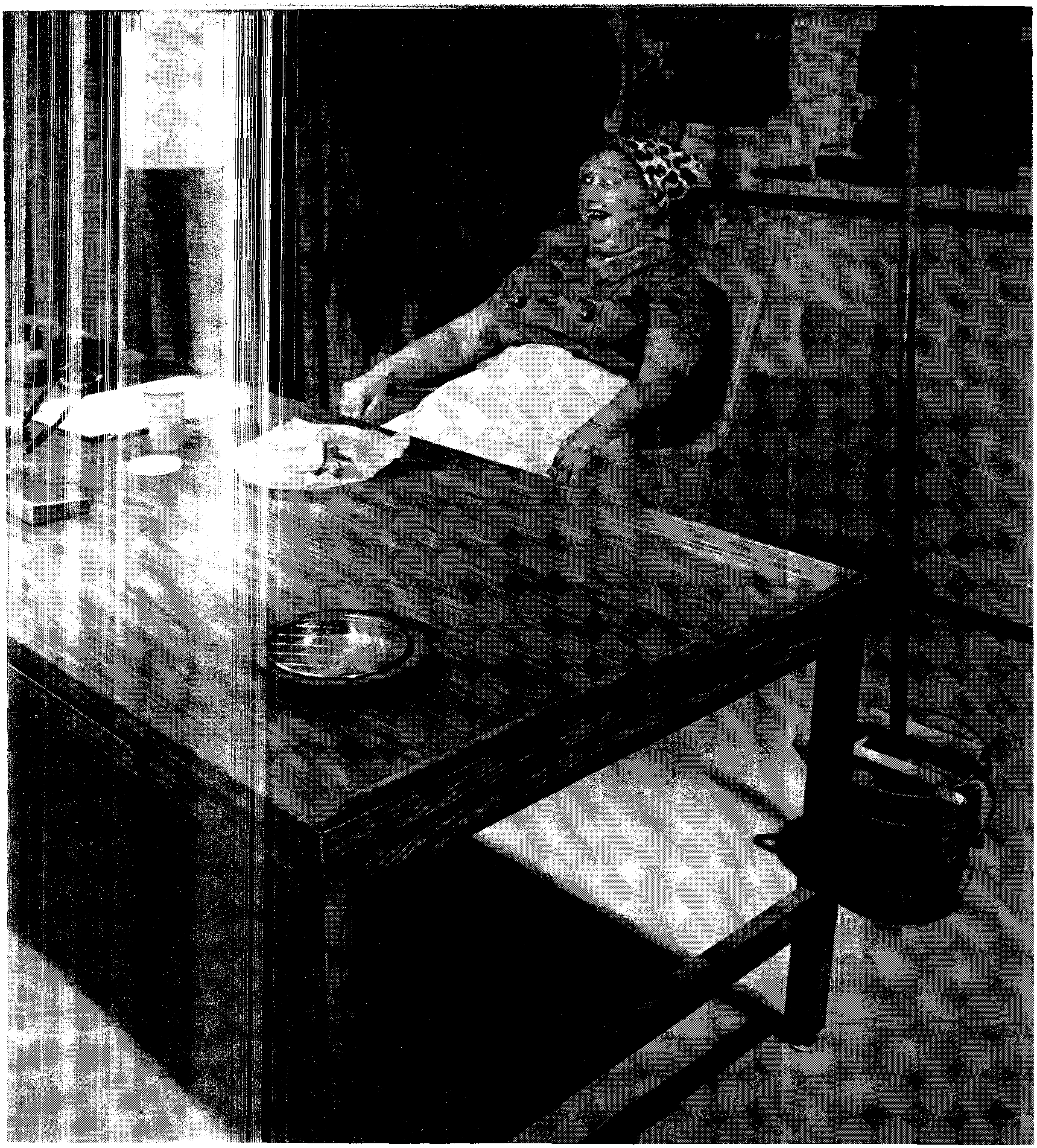
"*That*" needed no amplification; it was a subject that the two friends had discussed completely, and upon which they agreed. Susan, summarizing the problem from Nancy's viewpoint, had once said, "You love Bobby now, and you need him. But, deep down, even Bobby knows there isn't any future in it. Later on, when we go off to Manhattan, everything will seem a new world." Kansas State University is in Manhattan, and the two girls planned to enroll there as art students, and to room together. "Everything will change, whether you want it to or not. But you can't change it now, living here in Holcomb, seeing Bobby every day, sitting in the same classes—and there's no *reason* to. Because you and Bobby are a very happy thing. And it will be something happy to think back about—if you're left alone. Can't you make your father understand that?" No, she could not. "Because," as she explained it to Susan, "whenever I start to *say* something, he looks at me as though I must not love him. Or as though I loved him *less*. And suddenly I'm tongue-tied; I just want to be his daughter, and do as he wishes." To this Susan had no reply; it embodied emotions, a relationship, beyond her experience. She lived alone with her mother, who taught music at the Holcomb School, and she did not remember her own father very clearly, for years ago, in their native California, Mr. Kidwell had one day left home and not come back.

"And, anyway," Nancy continued now, "I'm not sure it's *me* that's making him grouchy. Something else—he's really worried about something."

"Your mother?"

No other friend of Nancy's would have presumed to make such a suggestion. Susan, however, was privileged. When she had first appeared in Holcomb, a melancholy, imaginative child, willowy and wan and sensitive, then eight, a year younger than Nancy, the Clutters had so ardently adopted her that the fatherless little girl from California soon came to seem a member of the family. For seven years, the two friends had been inseparable, each, by virtue of the rarity of similar and equal sensibilities, irreplaceable to the other. But then, this past September, Susan had transferred from the local school to the vaster, supposedly superior one in Garden City. It was the usual procedure for Holcomb students who intended going on to college, but Mr. Clutter, a diehard community booster, considered such defections an affront to community spirit; the Holcomb School was good enough for his children, and there they would remain. Thus, the girls were no longer always together, and Nancy deeply felt the daytime absence of her friend, the one person with whom she need be neither brave nor reticent.

"Well. But we're all so happy about Mother—you heard the wonderful news." Then Nancy said, "Listen," and hesitated, as if summoning nerve to make an outrageous remark. "*Why* do I keep smelling smoke? Honestly, I think I'm losing my mind. I get into the car, I walk into a room, and it's as though somebody had just been there,



Whee[illegible] answer is Risom...again!

Once upon a time there was an executive who wanted to be hard-working.

But he wasn't. He was always tired and morose.

"I don't blame you for being tired and morose," said Hilda, the office maid. "Your office is dull and depressing and your chair makes my back ache."

Then one day an interior designer came into his life and brought Risom furniture. "It *looks* good," said Hilda. "Let me give it the test," she added, putting her tuna and coffee on the desk and settling into the chair.

"Wheee!"

As for the executive, he's hard-working, happy and successful.

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smoking a cigarette. It isn't Mother, it can't be Kenyon. Kenyon wouldn't dare. . . ."

Nor, very likely, would any visitor to the Clutter home, which was pointedly devoid of ashtrays. Slowly, Susan grasped the implication, but it was ludicrous. Regardless of what his private anxieties might be, she could not believe that Mr. Clutter was finding secret solace in tobacco. Before she could ask if this was really what Nancy meant, Nancy cut her off: "Sorry, Susie. I've got to go. Mrs. Katz is here."

Dick was driving a black 1949 Chevrolet sedan. As Perry got in, he checked the back seat to see if his guitar was safely there; the previous night, after playing for a party of Dick's friends, he had forgotten and left it in the car. It was an old Gibson guitar, sandpapered and waxed to a honey-yellow finish. Another sort of instrument lay beside it—a 12-gauge pump-action shotgun, brand-new, blue-barrelled, and with a sportsman's scene of pheasants in flight etched along the stock. A flashlight, a fishing knife, a pair of leather gloves, and a hunting vest packed with shells contributed further atmosphere to this curious still-life.

"You wearing that?" Perry asked, indicating the vest.

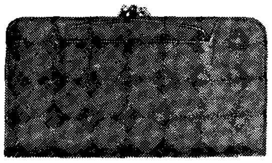
Dick rapped his knuckles against the windshield. "Knock, knock. Excuse me, sir. We've been out hunting and lost our way. If we could use the phone . . ."

"*Si, Señor. Yo comprendo.*"

"A cinch," said Dick. "I promise you, honey, we'll blast hair all over them walls."

" 'Those' walls," said Perry. A dictionary buff, a devotee of obscure words, he had been intent on improving his companion's grammar and expanding his vocabulary ever since they had celled together at Kansas State Penitentiary. Far from resenting these lessons, the pupil, to please his tutor, once composed a sheaf of poems, and though the verses were very obscene, Perry, who thought them nevertheless hilarious, had had the manuscript leather bound in a prison shop and its title, "Dirty Jokes," stamped in gold.

Dick was wearing a blue jumper suit; lettering stitched across the back of it advertised "BOB SANDS BODY SHOP." He and Perry drove along the main street of Olathe until they arrived at the Bob Sands establishment, an auto-repair garage, where Dick had been employed since his release from the penitentiary,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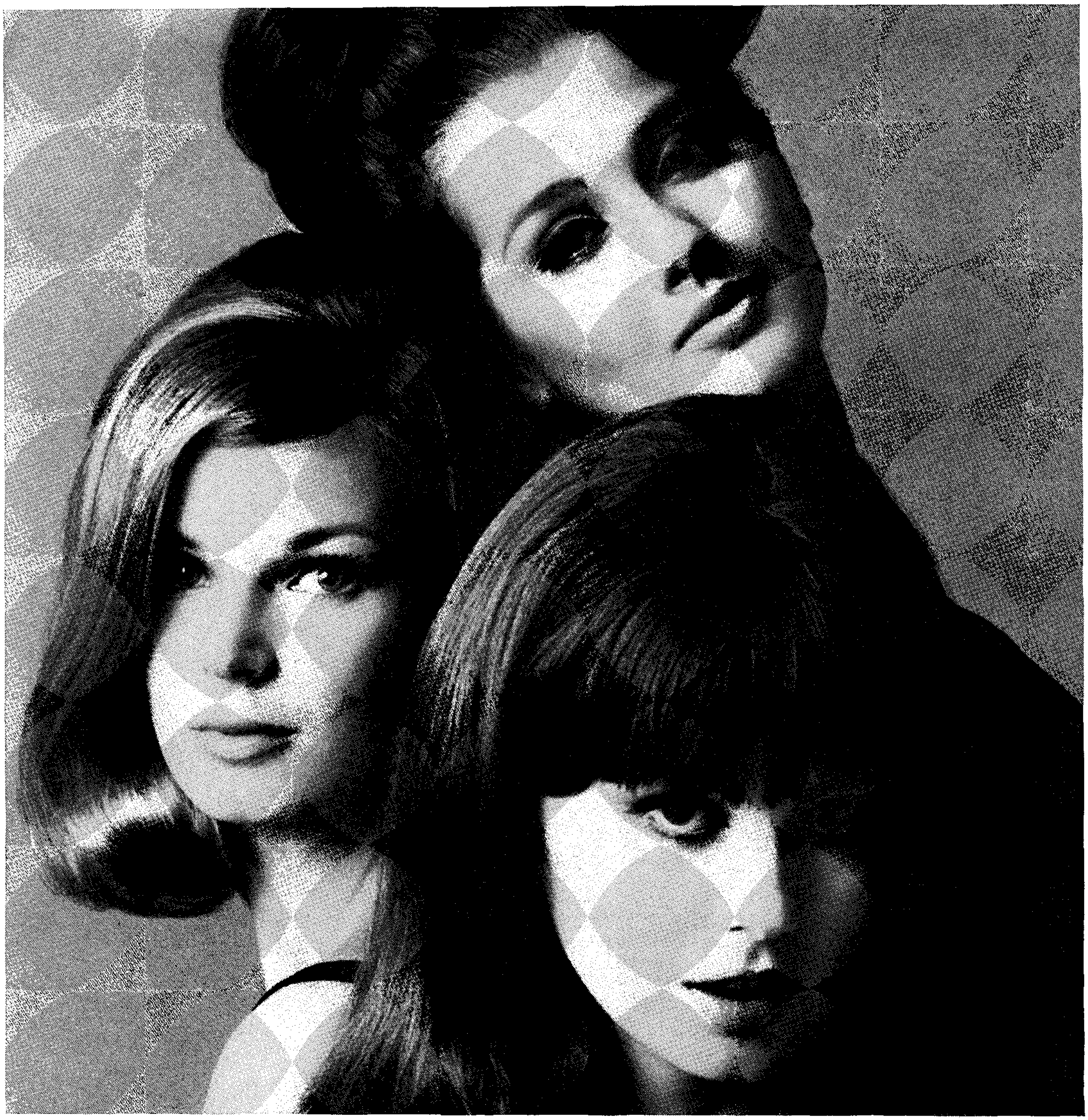

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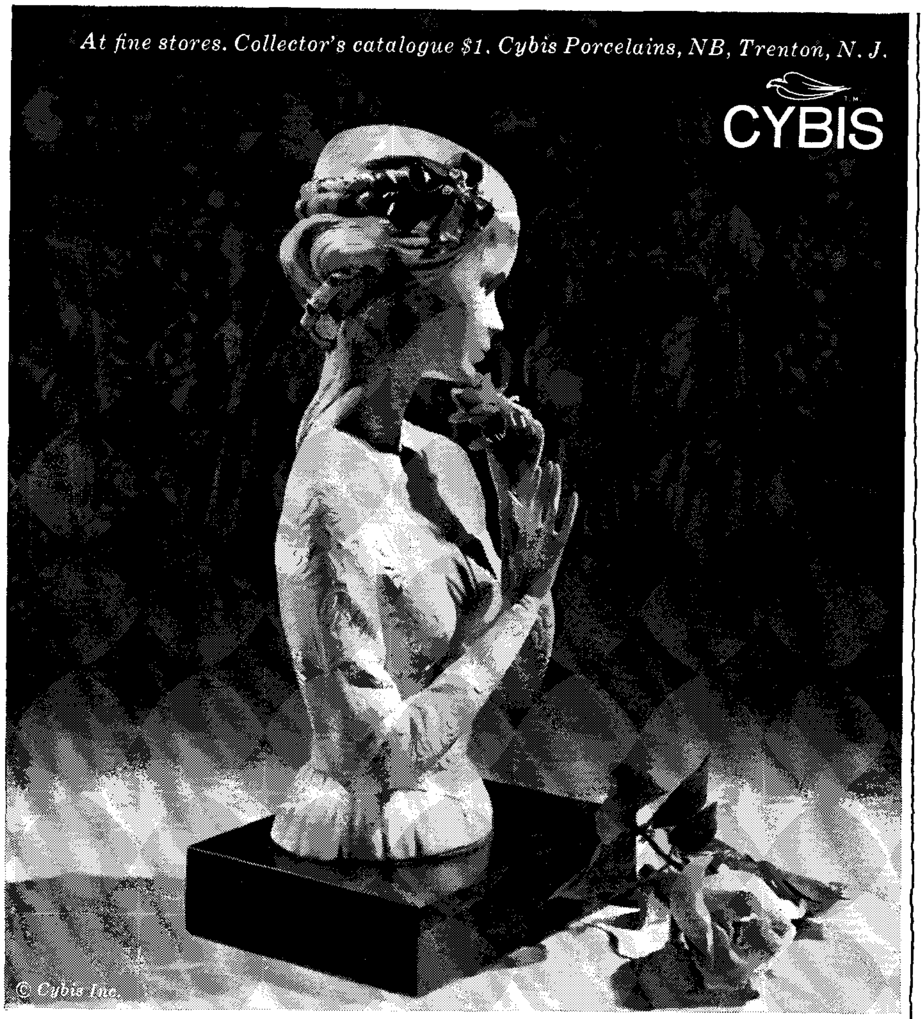

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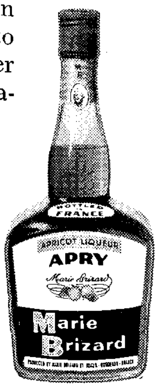

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in mid-August. A capable mechanic, he earned sixty dollars a week. He deserved no salary for the work he planned to do this morning, but Mr. Sands, who left him in charge on Saturdays, would never know he had paid his hireling to overhaul his own car. With Perry assisting him, he went to work. They changed the oil, adjusted the clutch, recharged the battery, replaced a throw-out bearing, and put new tires on the rear wheels—all necessary undertakings, for between today and tomorrow the aged Chevrolet was expected to perform punishing feats.

"Because the old man was around," said Dick, answering Perry, who wanted to know why he had been late in meeting him at the Little Jewel. "I didn't want him to see me taking the gun out of the house. Christ, then he would have knowed I wasn't telling the truth."

" 'Known.' But what did you say? Finally?"

"Like we said. I said we'd be gone overnight—said we was going to visit your sister in Fort Scott. On account of she was holding money for you. Fifteen hundred dollars." Perry had a sister, and had once had two, but the surviving one did not live in Fort Scott, a Kansas town eighty-five miles from Olathe; in fact, he was uncertain of her present address.

"And was he sore?"

"Why should he be sore?"

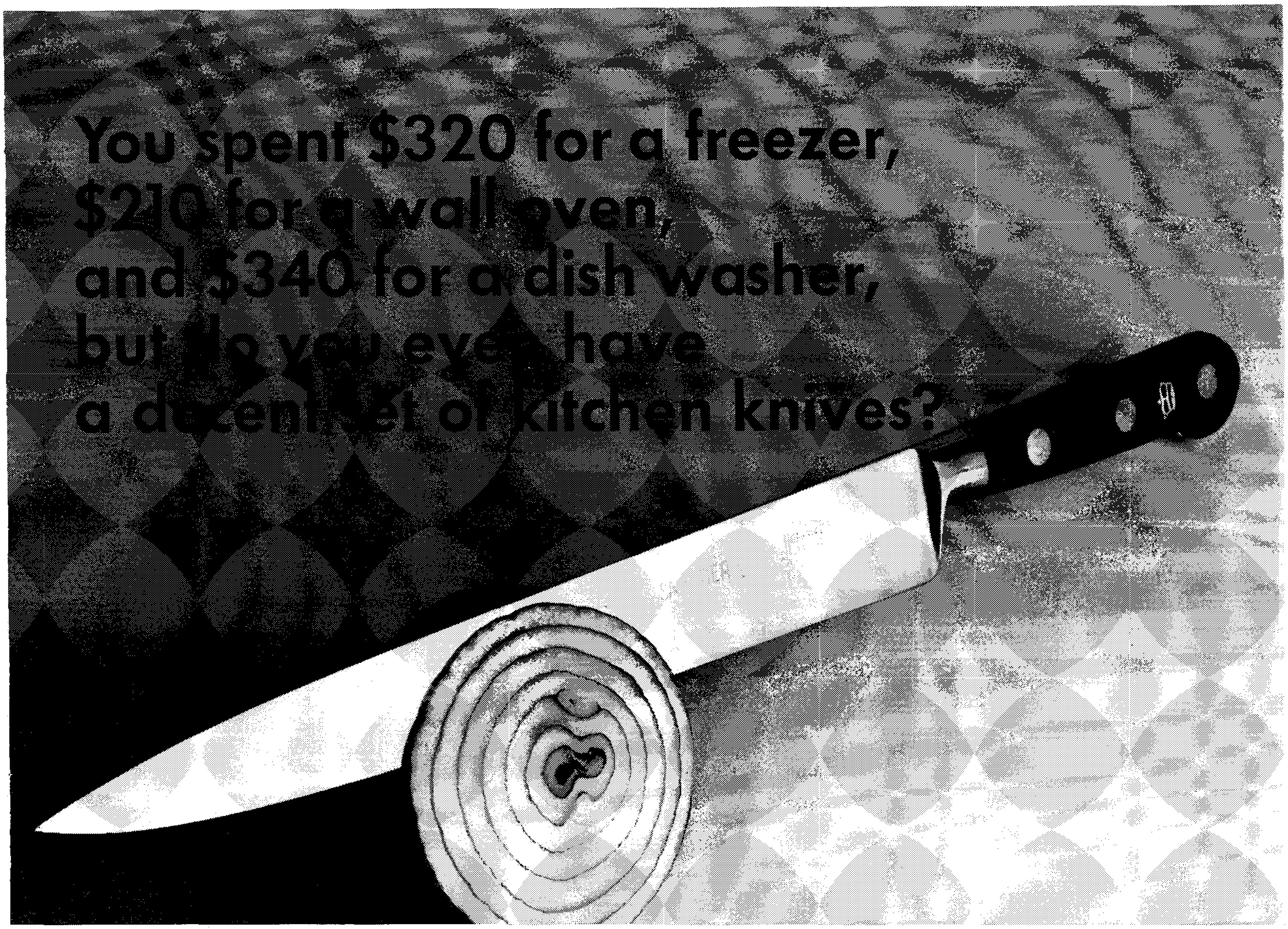
"Because he hates me," said Perry, whose voice was both gentle and prim—a voice that, though soft, manufactured each word exactly, ejected it like a smoke ring issuing from a parson's mouth. "So does your mother. I could see—the ineffable way they looked at me."

Dick shrugged. "Nothing to do with you. As such. It's just they don't like me seeing anybody from The Walls." Twice married, twice divorced, now twenty-eight and the father of three boys, Dick had received his parole on the condition that he reside with his parents; the family, which included a younger brother, lived on a small farm near Olathe. "Anybody wearing the fraternity pin," he added, and touched a blue dot tattooed under his left eye—an insigne, a visible password, by which certain former prison inmates could identify him.

"I understand," said Perry. "I sympathize with that. They're good people. She's a real sweet person, your mother."

Dick nodded; he thought so, too.

At noon, they put down their tools, and Dick, racing the engine, listening



You spent $320 for a freezer, $210 for a wall oven, and $340 for a dish washer, but do you ever have a decent set of kitchen knives?

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to the consistent hum, was satisfied that a thorough job had been done.

NANCY and her protégée, Jolene Katz, were also satisfied with their morning's work; indeed, the latter, a thin thirteen-year-old, was agog with pride. For the longest while, she stared at the blue-ribbon winner, the oven-hot cherries simmering under the crisp lattice crust, and then she was overcome, and, hugging Nancy, asked, "Honest, did I really make it myself?" Nancy laughed, returned the embrace, and assured her that she had—with a little help.

Jolene urged that they sample the pie at once—no nonsense about leaving it to cool. "Please, let's both have a piece. And you, too," she said to Mrs. Clutter, who had come into the kitchen. Mrs. Clutter smiled—attempted to; her head ached—and said thank you, but she hadn't the appetite. As for Nancy, she hadn't the time; Roxie Lee Smith, and Roxie Lee's trumpet solo, awaited her, and afterward those errands for her mother, one of which concerned a bridal shower that some Garden City girls were organizing for Beverly, and another the Thanksgiving gala.

"You go, dear, I'll keep Jolene company until her mother comes for her," Mrs. Clutter said, and then, addressing the child with unconquerable timidity, added, "If Jolene doesn't mind keeping *me* company." As a girl, she had won an elocution prize; maturity, it seemed, had reduced her voice to a single tone, that of apology, and her personality to a series of gestures blurred by the fear that she might give offense, in some way displease. "I hope you understand," she continued, after her daughter's departure. "I hope you won't think Nancy rude?"

"Goodness, no. I just love her to death. Well, everybody does. There isn't anybody like Nancy. Do you know what Mrs. Stringer says?" said Jolene, naming her home-economics teacher. "One day she told the class, 'Nancy Clutter is always in a hurry, but she always has time. And that's one definition of a lady.' "

"Yes," replied Mrs. Clutter. "All my children are very efficient. They don't need me."

Jolene had never before been alone with Nancy's "strange" mother, but despite discussions she had heard, she felt much at ease, for Mrs. Clutter, though unrelaxed herself, had a relaxing quality, as is generally true of defenseless persons who present no threat; even in Jolene, a very childlike child, Mrs. Clutter's heart-shaped, mission-

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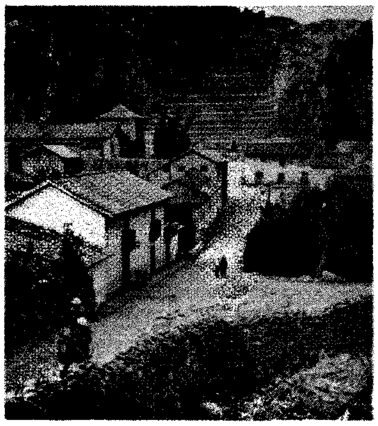

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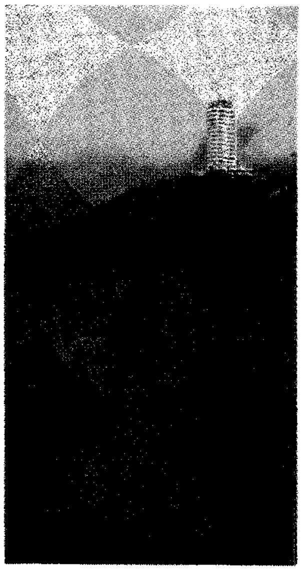

Venezuela

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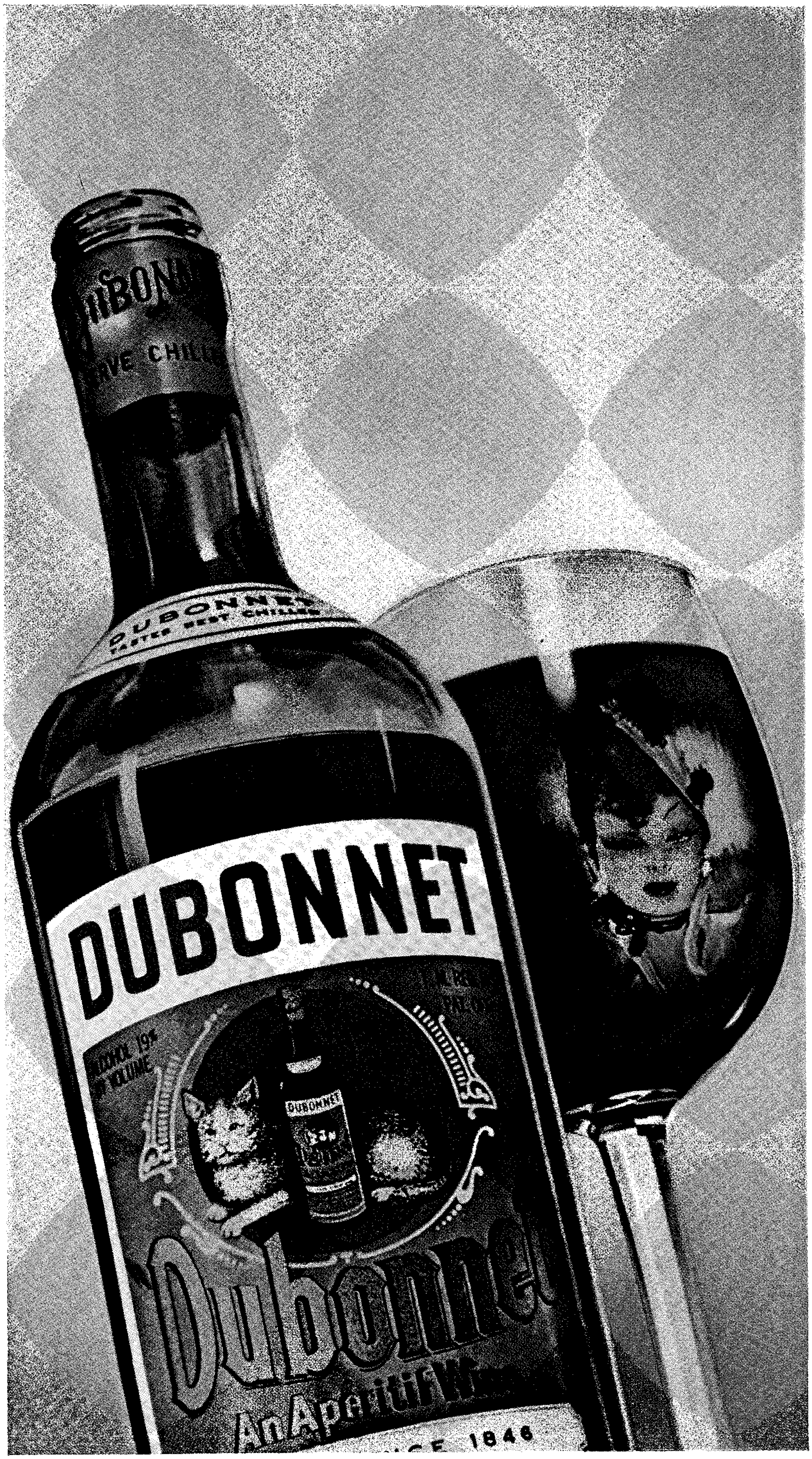
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ary's face, her look of helpless, homespun ethereality aroused protective compassion. But to think that she was Nancy's mother! An aunt—that seemed possible: a visiting spinster aunt, slightly odd, but *nice*.

"No, they don't need me," she repeated, pouring herself a cup of coffee. Though all the other members of the family observed her husband's boycott of this beverage, she drank two cups every morning and, often as not, ate nothing else the rest of the day. She weighed ninety-eight pounds; rings—a wedding band and one set with a diamond modest to the point of meekness—wobbled on one of her bony hands.

Jolene cut a piece of pie. "Boy!" she said, wolfing it down, "I'm going to make one of these every day seven days a week."

"Well, you have all those little brothers, and boys can eat a lot of pie. Mr. Clutter and Kenyon, I know they never get tired of them. But the cook does—Nancy just turns up her nose. It'll be the same with you. No, no—why do I say that?" Mrs. Clutter, who wore rimless glasses, removed them and pressed her eyes. "Forgive me, dear. I'm sure you'll never know what it is to be tired. I'm sure you'll always be happy. . . ."

Jolene was silent. The note of panic in Mrs. Clutter's voice had caused her to have a shift of feeling; Jolene was confused, and wished that her mother, who had promised to call back for her at eleven, would come.

Presently, more calmly, Mrs. Clutter asked, "Do you like miniature things? Tiny things?" and invited Jolene into the dining room to inspect the shelves of a whatnot on which were arranged assorted Lilliputian gewgaws—scissors, thimbles, crystal flower baskets, toy figurines, forks and knives: "I've had some of these since I was a child. Daddy and Mama—all of us—spent part of most years in California. By the ocean. And there was a shop that sold such precious little things. These cups." A set of doll-house teacups, anchored to a diminutive tray, trembled in the palm of her hand. "Daddy gave them to me; I had a lovely childhood."

The only daughter of a prosperous wheat grower named Fox, the adored sister of three older brothers, she had been not spoiled but spared, led to suppose that life was a sequence of agreeable events—Kansas autumns, California summers, a round of teacup gifts. When she was eighteen, inflamed by a biography of Florence Nightingale, she enrolled as a student nurse at St. Rose's Hospital in Great Bend, Kansas. She was not meant to be a nurse, and

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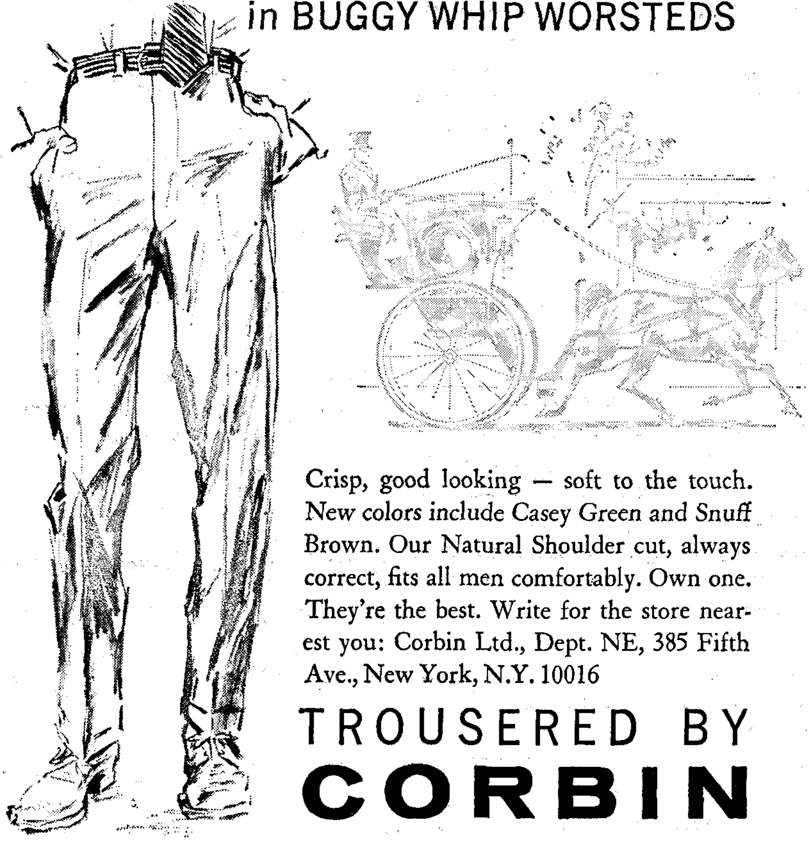

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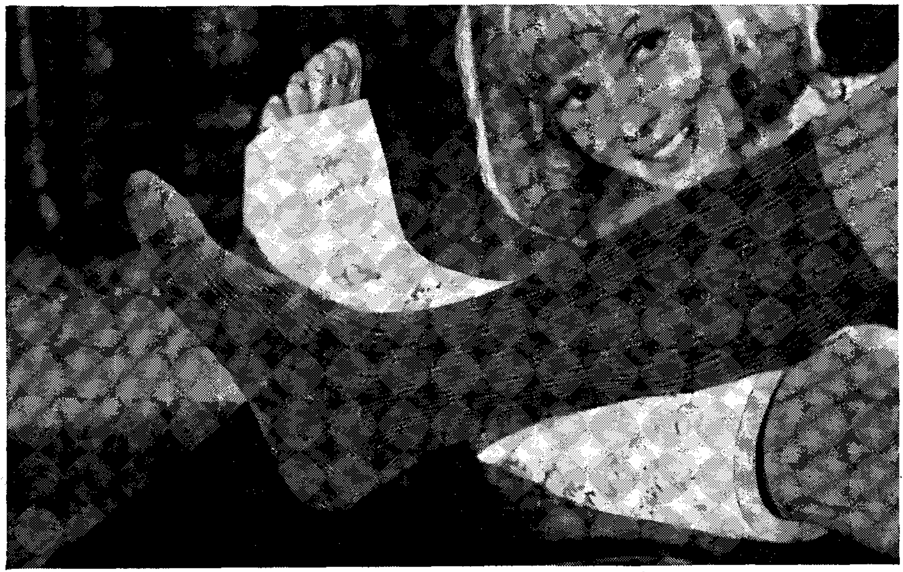

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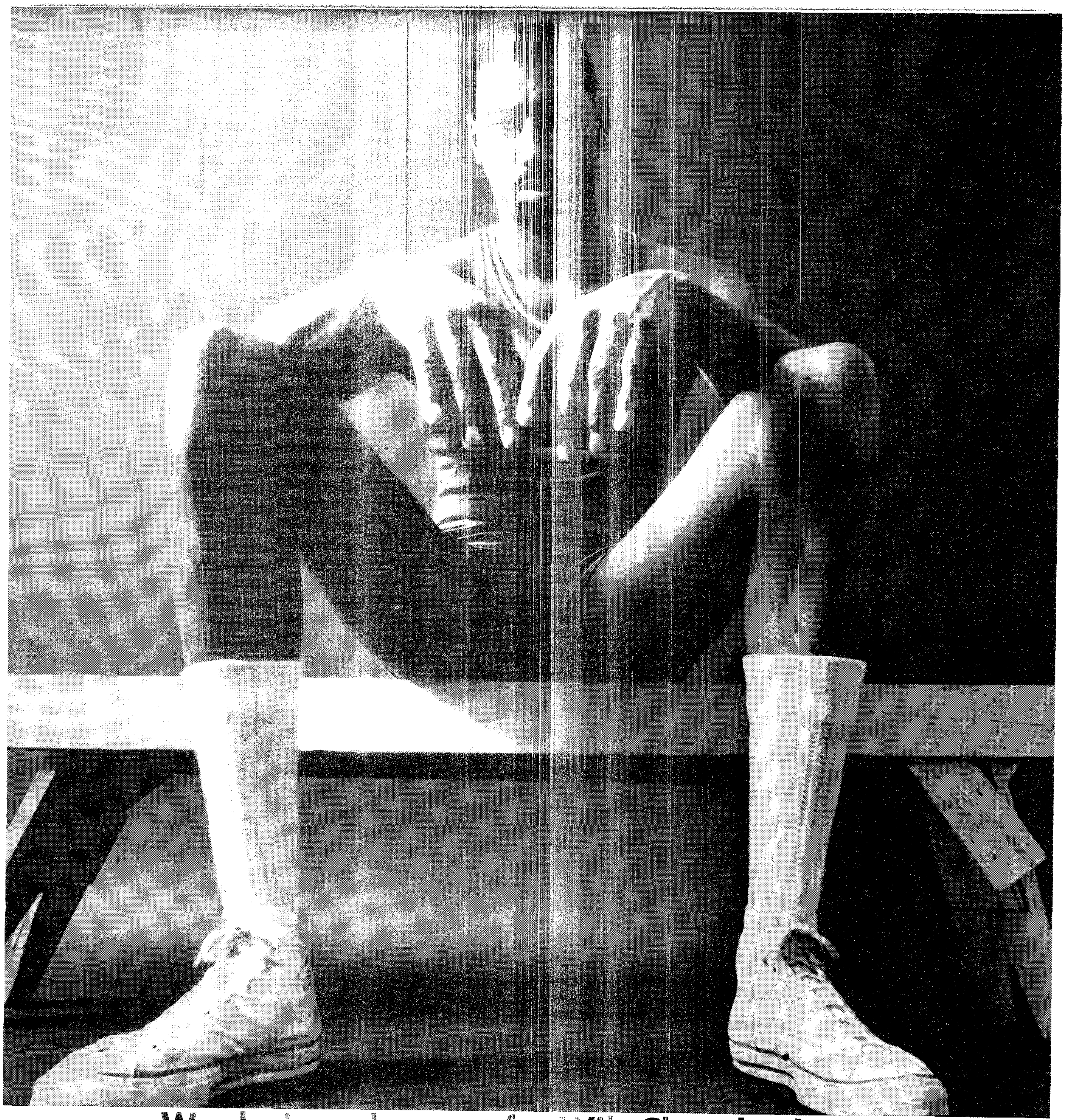
after two years she confessed it: a hospital's realities—scenes, odors—sickened her. Yet to this day she regretted not having completed the course and received her diploma—"just to prove," as she had told a friend, "that I once succeeded at something." Instead, she had met and married Herb, a college classmate of her oldest brother, Glenn; actually, since the two families lived within twenty miles of each other, she had long known him by sight, but the Clutters, plain farm people, were not on visiting terms with the well-to-do and cultivated Foxes. However, Herb was handsome, he was pious, he was strong-willed, he wanted her—and she was in love.

"Mr. Clutter travels a great deal," she said to Jolene. "Oh, he's always headed somewhere. Washington and Chicago and Oklahoma and Kansas City—sometimes it seems like he's never home. But wherever he goes, he remembers how I dote on tiny things." She unfolded a little paper fan. "He brought me this from San Francisco. It only cost a penny. But isn't it pretty?"

The second year of the marriage, Eveanna was born, and, three years later, Beverly; after each confinement, the young mother had experienced an inexplicable despondency—seizures of grief that sent her wandering from room to room in a hand-wringing daze. Between the births of Beverly and Nancy, three more years elapsed, and these were the years of the Sunday picnics and of summer excursions to Colorado, the years when she really ran her own home and was the happy center of it. But with Nancy, and then with Kenyon, the pattern of postnatal depression repeated itself and, following the birth of her son, the mood of misery that descended never altogether lifted; it lingered like a cloud that might rain or might not. She knew "good days," and occasionally they accumulated into weeks, months, but even on the best of the good days, those days when she was otherwise her "old self," the affectionate and charming Bonnie her friends cherished, she could not summon the social vitality her husband's pyramiding activities required. He was a "joiner," a "born leader;" she was not, and stopped attempting to be. And so, along paths bordered by tender regard, by fidelity, they began to go their semi-separate ways—his a public route, a march of satisfying conquests, and hers a private one that eventually wound through hospital corridors. But she was not without hope. Trust in God sustained her, and from time to time secular sources supplemented her faith in His forthcoming mercy; she



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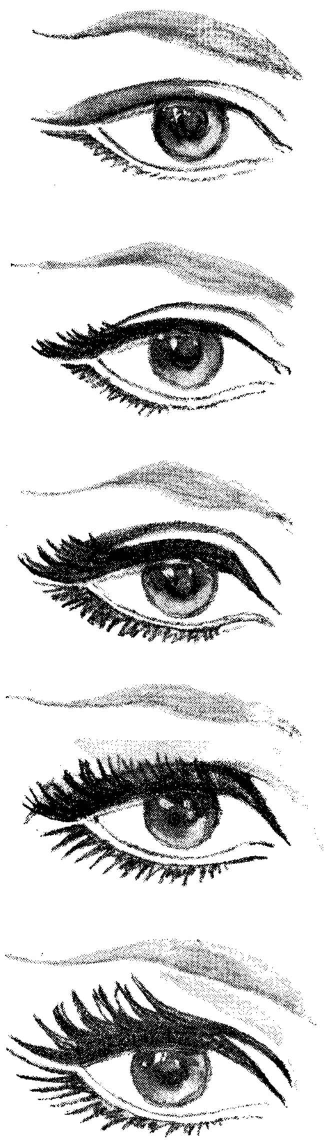

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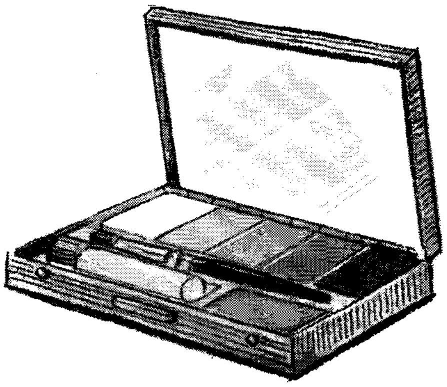

Elizabeth Arden

read of a miracle medicine, heard of a new therapy, or, as most recently, decided to believe that a "pinched nerve" was to blame.

"Little things really belong to you," she said, folding the fan. "They don't have to be left behind. You can carry them in a shoebox."

"Carry them where to?"

"Why, wherever you go. You might be gone for a long time."

Some years earlier, Mrs. Clutter had travelled to Wichita for two weeks of treatment and remained two months. On the advice of a doctor, who had thought the experience would aid her to regain "a sense of adequacy and usefulness," she had taken an apartment, then found a job—as a file clerk at the Y.W.C.A. Her husband, entirely sympathetic, had encouraged the adventure, but she had liked it too well, so much that it seemed to her unchristian, and the sense of guilt she in consequence developed ultimately outweighed the experiment's therapeutic value.

"Or you might never go home. And— It's important always to have with you something of your own. That's really yours."

The doorbell rang. It was Jolene's mother.

Mrs. Clutter said, "Goodbye, dear," and pressed into Jolene's hand the paper fan. "It's only a penny thing—but it's pretty."

Afterward, Mrs. Clutter was alone in the house. Kenyon and Mr. Clutter had gone to Garden City; Gerald Van Vleet had left for the day; and the housekeeper, the blessed Mrs. Helm, to whom she could confide anything, did not come to work on Saturdays. She might as well go back to bed—the bed she so rarely abandoned that poor Mrs. Helm had to battle for the chance to change its linen twice a week.

There were four bedrooms on the second floor, and hers was the last at the end of a spacious hall, which was bare except for a baby crib that had been bought for the visits of her grandson. If cots were brought in and the hall was used as a dormitory, Mrs. Clutter estimated, the house could accommodate twenty guests during the Thanksgiving holidays; the others would have to lodge at motels or with neighbors. Among the Clutter kinfolk, the Thanksgiving get-together was an annual, turnabout to-do, and this year Herb was the appointed host, so it had to be done, but, coinciding, as it did, with the preparations for Beverly's wedding, Mrs. Clutter despaired of surviving either project. Both involved the necessity of making decisions—a process

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she had always disliked, and had learned to dread, for when her husband was off on one of his business journeys she was continually expected, in his absence, to supply snap judgments concerning the affairs of the farm, and it was unendurable, a torment. What if she made a mistake? What if Herb should be displeased? Better to lock the bedroom door and pretend not to hear, or say, as she sometimes did, "I can't. I don't know. Please."

The room she so seldom left was austere; had the bed been made, a visitor might have thought it permanently unoccupied. An oak bed, a walnut bureau, a bedside table—nothing else except lamps, one curtained window, and a picture of Jesus walking on the water. It was as though by keeping this room impersonal, by not importing her intimate belongings but leaving them mingled with those of her husband, she lessened the offense of not sharing his quarters. The only used drawer in the bureau contained a jar of Vick's VapoRub, Kleenex, an electric heating pad, a number of white nightgowns, and white cotton socks. She always wore a pair of these socks to bed, for she was always cold. And, for the same reason, she habitually kept her windows closed. Summer before last, on a sweltering August Sunday, when she was secluded here, a difficult incident had taken place. There were guests that day, a party of friends who had been invited to the farm to pick mulberries, and among them was Wilma Kidwell, Susan's mother. Like most of the people who were often entertained by the Clutters, Mrs. Kidwell accepted the absence of the hostess without comment, and assumed, as was the custom, that she was either "indisposed" or "away in Wichita." In any event, when the hour came to go to the fruit orchard, Mrs. Kidwell declined; a city-bred woman, easily fatigued, she wished to remain indoors. Later, while she was awaiting the return of the mulberry pickers, she heard the sound of weeping, heartbroken, heartbreaking. "Bonnie?" she called, and ran up the stairs, ran down the hall to Bonnie's door. When she opened it, the heat gathered inside the room was like a sudden, awful hand over her mouth; she hurried to open a window. "Don't!" Bonnie cried. "I'm not hot. I'm cold. I'm freezing. Lord, Lord, Lord!" She flailed her arms. "Please, Lord, don't let anybody see me this way." Mrs. Kidwell sat down on the bed; she wanted to hold Bonnie in her arms, and eventually Bonnie let herself be held. "Wilma," she said. "I've been listening to you, Wilma. All of

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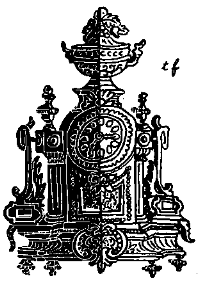
you. Laughing. Having a good time. I'm missing out on everything. The best years, the children—everything. A little while, and even Kenyon will be grown up—a man. And how will he remember me? As a kind of ghost, Wilma."

Now, on this final day of her life, Mrs. Clutter hung in the closet the calico house dress she had been wearing, and put on one of her trailing nightgowns and a fresh set of white socks. Then, before retiring, she exchanged her ordinary glasses for a pair of reading spectacles. Though she subscribed to several periodicals (the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, *Reader's Digest*, and *Together: Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families*), none of these rested on the bedside table—only a Bible. A bookmark lay between its pages, a stiff piece of watered silk upon which an admonition had been embroidered: "Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is."

THE two young men had little in common, but they did not realize it, for they shared a number of surface traits. Both, for example, were fastidious, very attentive to hygiene and the condition of their fingernails. After their grease-monkey morning, they spent the better part of an hour sprucing up in the lavatory of the garage. Dick stripped to his briefs was not quite the same as Dick fully clothed. In the latter state, he seemed a flimsy dingy-blond youth of medium height, fleshless and perhaps sunken-chested; disrobing revealed that he was nothing of the sort but, rather, an athlete constructed on a welterweight scale. The tattooed face of a cat, blue and grinning, covered his right hand; on one shoulder a blue rose blossomed. More markings, self-designed and self-executed, ornamented his arms and torso: the head of a dragon with a human skull between its open jaws; bosomy nudes; a gremlin brandishing a pitchfork; the word "PEACE" accompanied by a cross radiating, in the form of crude strokes, rays of holy light; and two sentimental concoctions—one a bouquet of flowers dedicated to "MOTHER-DAD," the other a heart that celebrated the romance of "DICK" and "CAROL," the girl whom he had married when he was nineteen, and from whom he had separated six years later in order to "do the right thing" by another young lady, the mother of his youngest child. ("I have three boys who I will definitely take care of," he had written in applying for parole. "My wife is remarried. I have been married twice, only I don't want anything to do with my second wife.")



But neither Dick's physique nor the inky gallery adorning it made as remarkable an impression as his face, which seemed composed of mismatching parts. It was as though his head had been halved like an apple, then put together a fraction off center. Something of the kind had happened; the imperfectly aligned features were the outcome of a car collision in 1950—an accident that left his long-jawed and narrow face tilted, the left side rather lower than the right, with the result that the lips were slightly aslant, the nose was askew, and the eyes were not only situated at uneven levels but of uneven size, the left eye being truly serpentine, with a venomous, sickly-blue squint that, although it was involuntarily acquired, seemed nevertheless to warn of bitter sediment at the bottom of his nature. But Perry had told him, "The eye doesn't matter. Because you have a wonderful smile. One of those smiles that really work." It was true that the tightening action of a smile contracted his face into its correct alignment, and made it possible to discern a less unnerving personality—an American-style "good kid" with an outgrown crew cut, sane enough but not too bright. (Actually, he was very intelligent. An I.Q. test taken in prison gave him a rating of 130; the average subject, in prison or out, scores between 90 and 110.)

Perry, too, had been maimed, and his injuries, received in a motorcycle wreck, were severer than Dick's; he had spent half a year in a State of Washington hospital and another six months on crutches, and though the accident occurred in 1952, his chunky, dwarfish legs, broken in five places and pitifully scarred, still pained him so severely that he had become an aspirin addict. "COOKIE," the name of a nurse who had been friendly to him when he was hospitalized, was tattooed on his right biceps. While he had fewer tattoos than his companion, they were more elaborate—not the self-inflicted work of an amateur but epics of the art contrived by Honolulu and Yokohama masters. Blue-furred, orange-eyed, red-fanged, a tiger snarled upon his left biceps; a spitting snake, coiled around a dagger, slithered down his right forearm; and elsewhere skulls gleamed, a tombstone loomed, a chrysanthemum flourished.

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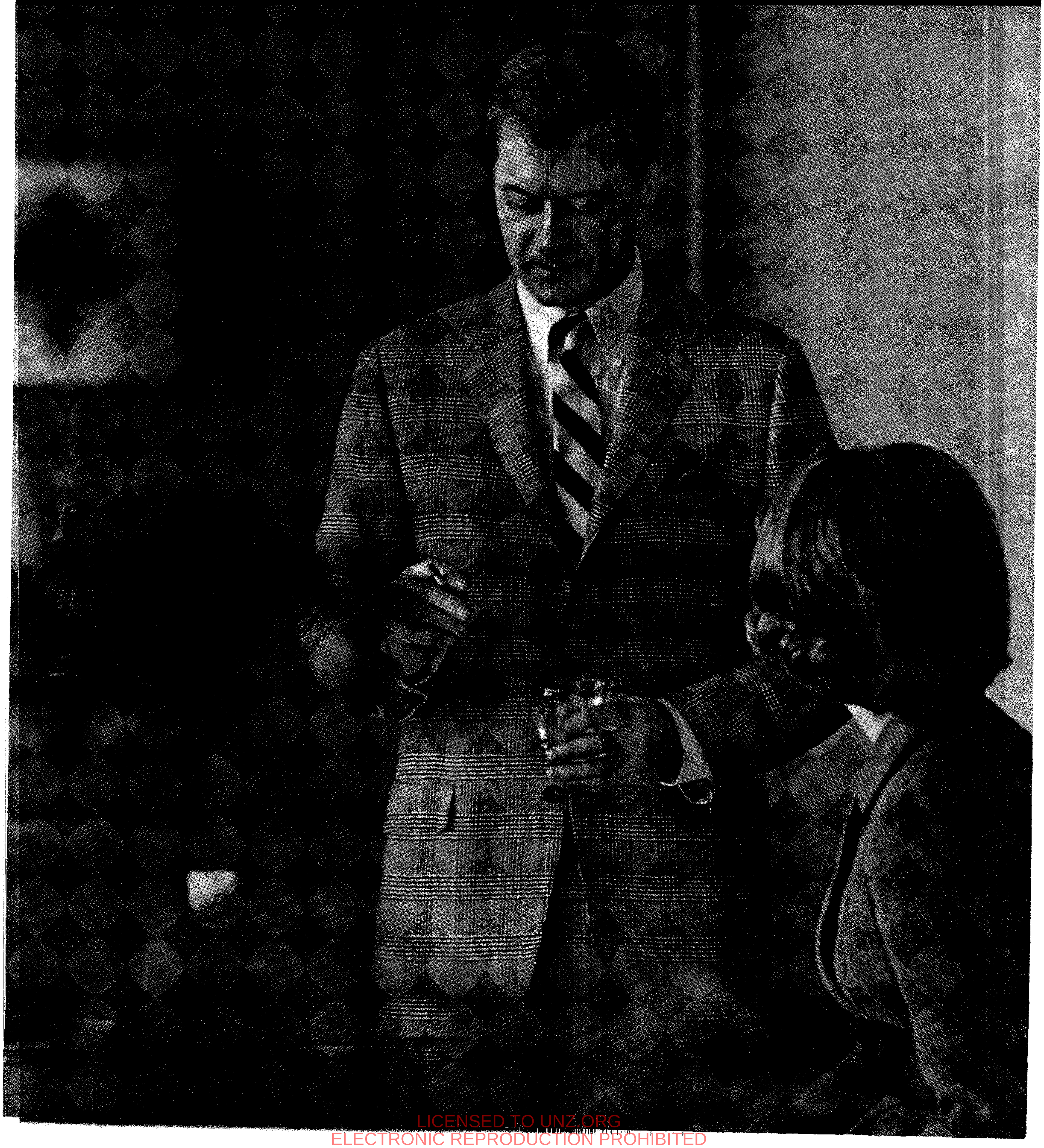

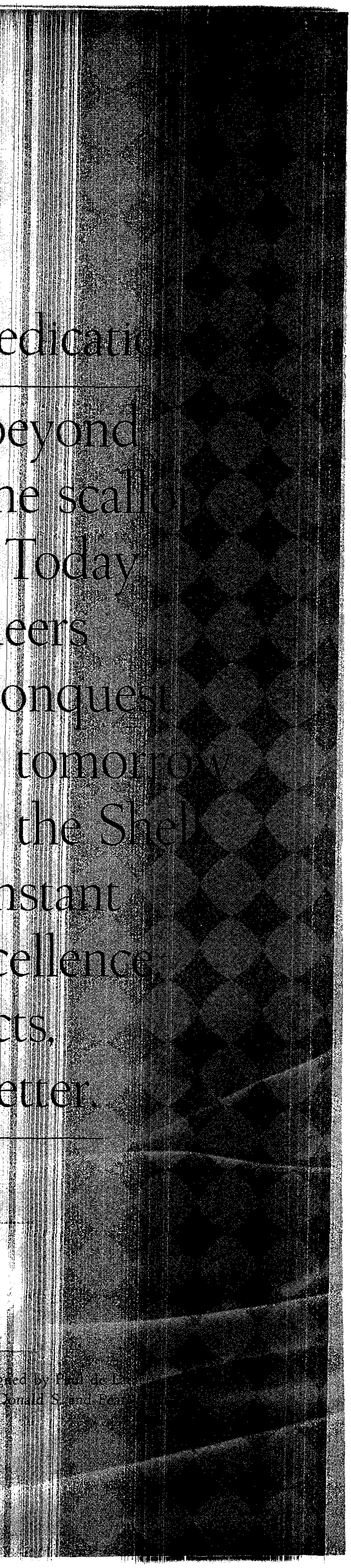

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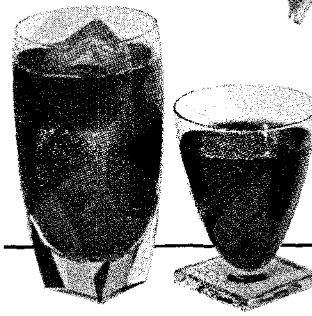

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said Dick, dressed now and ready to go. Having discarded his work uniform, he wore gray chinos, a matching shirt, and, like Perry, ankle-high black boots. Perry, who could never find trousers to fit his truncated lower half, wore blue jeans rolled up at the bottom, and a leather windbreaker. Scrubbed, combed, as tidy as two dudes setting off on a double date, they went out to the car.

THE distance between Olathe, a suburb of Kansas City, and Holcomb, which might be called a suburb of Garden City, is approximately four hundred miles.

A town of eleven thousand, Garden City began assembling its founders soon after the Civil War. An itinerant buffalo hunter, Mr. C. J. (Buffalo) Jones, had much to do with its subsequent expansion from a collection of huts and hitching posts into an opulent ranching center with razzle-dazzle saloons, an opera house, and the plushiest hotel anywhere between Kansas City and Denver—in brief, a specimen of frontier fanciness that rivalled a more famous settlement fifty miles east of it, Dodge City. Along with Buffalo Jones, who lost his money and then his mind (the last years of his life were spent haranguing street groups against the wanton extermination of the beasts he himself had so profitably slaughtered), the glamours of the past are today entombed. Some souvenirs exist; a moderately colorful row of commercial buildings is known as the Buffalo Block, and the once splendid Windsor Hotel, with its still splendid high-ceilinged salon and its atmosphere of spittoons and potted palms, endures amid the variety stores and supermarkets as a Main Street landmark—one comparatively unpatronized, for the Windsor's dark, huge chambers and echoing hallways, evocative as they are, cannot compete with the air-conditioned amenities offered at the trim little Warren Hotel, or with the Wheat Lands Motel's individual television sets and "Heated Swimming Pool."

Anyone who has made the coast-to-coast journey across America, whether by train or by car, has probably passed through Garden City, but it is reasonable to assume that few travellers remember the event. It seems just another fair-sized town in the middle—almost the exact middle—of the continental United States. Not that the inhabitants would tolerate such an opinion—perhaps rightly. Though they may overstate the case ("Look all over the world, and you won't find friendlier

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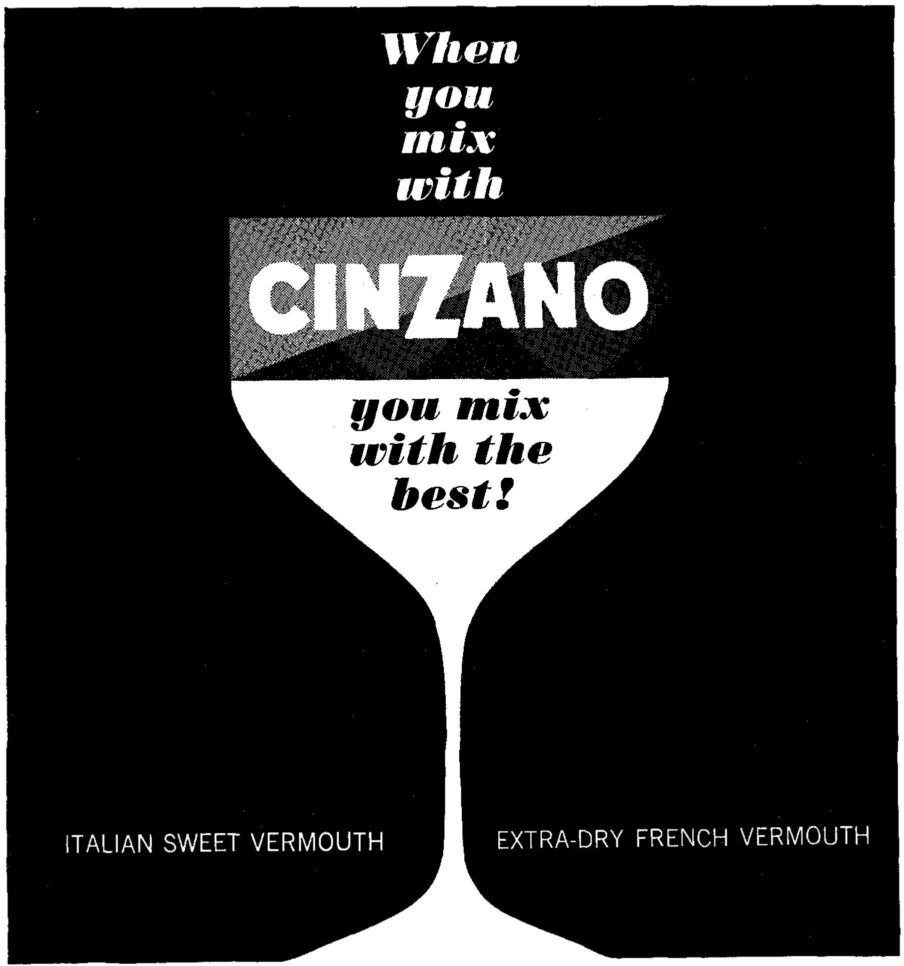

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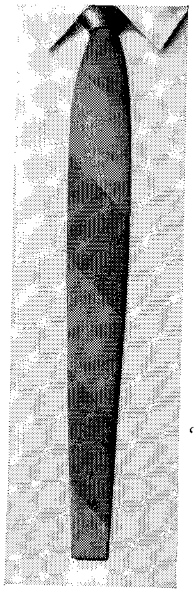
people or fresher air or sweeter drinking water," and "I could go to Denver at triple the salary, but I've got five kids, and I figure there's no better place to raise kids than right here. Swell schools with every kind of sport. We even have a junior college," and "I came out here to practice law. A temporary thing, I never planned to stay. But when the chance came to move, I thought, Why go? What the hell for? Maybe it's not New York—but who wants New York? Good neighbors, people who care about each other, that's what counts. And everything else a decent man needs—we've got that, too. Beautiful churches. A golf course"), the newcomer to Garden City, once he has adjusted to the nightly after-eight silence of Main Street, discovers much to support the defensive boastings of the citizenry: a well-run public library, a competent daily newspaper, green-lawned and shady squares here and there, placid residential streets where animals and children are safe to run free, a big, rambling park complete with a small menagerie ("See the Polar Bears!" "See Pennie the Elephant!"), and a swimming pool that consumes several acres ("World's Largest FREE Swim-pool!"). Such accessories, and the dust and the winds and the ever-calling train whistles, add up to a "home town" that is probably remembered with nostalgia by those who have left it, and that provides a sense of roots and contentment for those who have remained.

Without exception, Garden Citians deny that the population of the town can be socially graded ("No, sir. Nothing like that here. All equal, regardless of wealth, color, or creed. Everything the way it ought to be in a democracy; that's us"), but, of course, class distinctions are as clearly observed, and as clearly observable, as in any other human hive. A hundred miles west and one would be out of the "Bible belt," that gospel-haunted strip of American territory in which a man must, if only for business reasons, take his religion with the straightest of faces, but in Finney County one is still within the Bible-belt borders, and therefore a person's church affiliation is the most important factor influencing his class status. A combination of Baptists, Methodists, and Roman Catholics would account for eighty per cent of the county's devout, yet among the élite—the businessmen, bankers, lawyers, physicians, and more prominent ranchers who tenant the top drawer—Presbyterians and Episcopalians predominate. An occasional Methodist is welcomed, and once in a while a Democrat infiltrates, but on the whole the

DO YOU GET A STARE IF YOU DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT WITH A TIE?



One great dresser as well as dancer knotted a necktie around his waist and made it a symbol of dash. Now, another man has left the straight and narrow in neckties. Damon has sculptured a totally new shape, "The Contour", the first tie designed to go with a suit. "The Contour" expands between lapels where the expanse of shirt is greatest, tapers toward the waist, correlates with the new emphasis on silhouette in suits to give men form and dimension instead of dressing them like squares. "The Contour", in precious fabrics, elegant patterns, and colors brilliant to subtle, 5.00 at good stores or write 16 E. 34 St., N. Y.

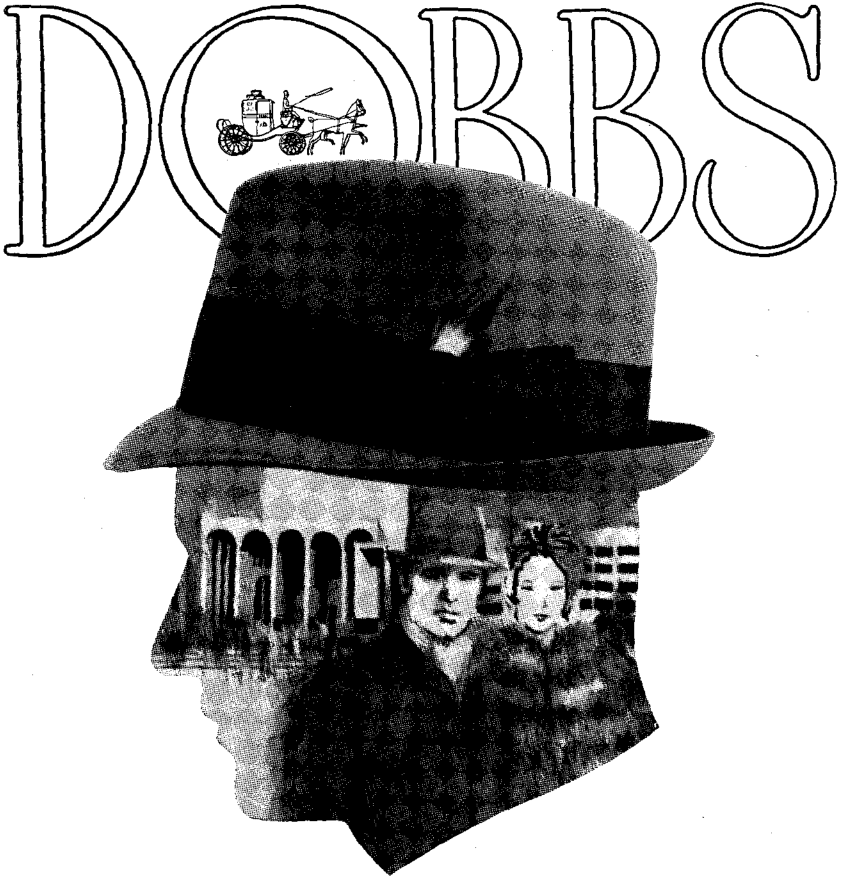
THE CONTOUR TIE BY DAMON

Establishment is composed of right-wing Republicans of the Presbyterian and Episcopalian faiths.

As an educated man successful in his profession, as an eminent Republican and church leader—even though of the Methodist church—Mr. Clutter was entitled to rank among the local patricians, but, just as he had never joined the Garden City Country Club, he had never sought to associate with the reigning coterie. Quite the contrary, for their pleasures were not his; he had no use for card games, golf, cocktails, or buffet suppers served at ten—or, indeed, for any pastime that he felt did not "accomplish something." Which is why, instead of being part of a golfing foursome on this shining Saturday, Mr. Clutter was acting as chairman of a meeting of the Finney County 4-H Club. (4-H stands for "Head, Heart, Hands, Health," and the club motto is "Learn to do by doing." It is a national organization, with overseas branches, whose purpose is to help those living in rural areas—and the children particularly—develop practical abilities and moral character. Nancy and Kenyon had been conscientious members from the age of six.) Toward the end of the meeting, Mr. Clutter said, "Now I have something to say concerning one of our adult members." His eyes singled out a chubby Japanese woman surrounded by four chubby Japanese children. "You all know Mrs. Hideo Ashida. Know how the Ashidas moved here from Colorado—started farming out to Holcomb two years ago. A fine family, the kind of people Holcomb's lucky to have. As anyone will tell you. Anyone who has been sick and had Mrs. Ashida walk nobody can calculate how many miles to bring them some of the wonderful soups she makes. Or the flowers she grows where you wouldn't expect a flower could grow. And last year at the county fair you will recall how much she contributed to the success of the 4-H exhibits. So I want to suggest we honor Mrs. Ashida with an award at our Achievement Banquet next Tuesday."

Her children tugged at her, punched her; the oldest boy shouted, "Hey, Ma, that's you!" But Mrs. Ashida was bashful; she rubbed her eyes with her baby-plump hands and laughed. She was the wife of a tenant farmer; the farm, an especially windswept and lonesome one, was halfway between Garden City and Holcomb. After 4-H meetings, Mr. Clutter usually drove the Ashidas home, and he did so today.

"Gosh, that was a jolt," said Mrs.



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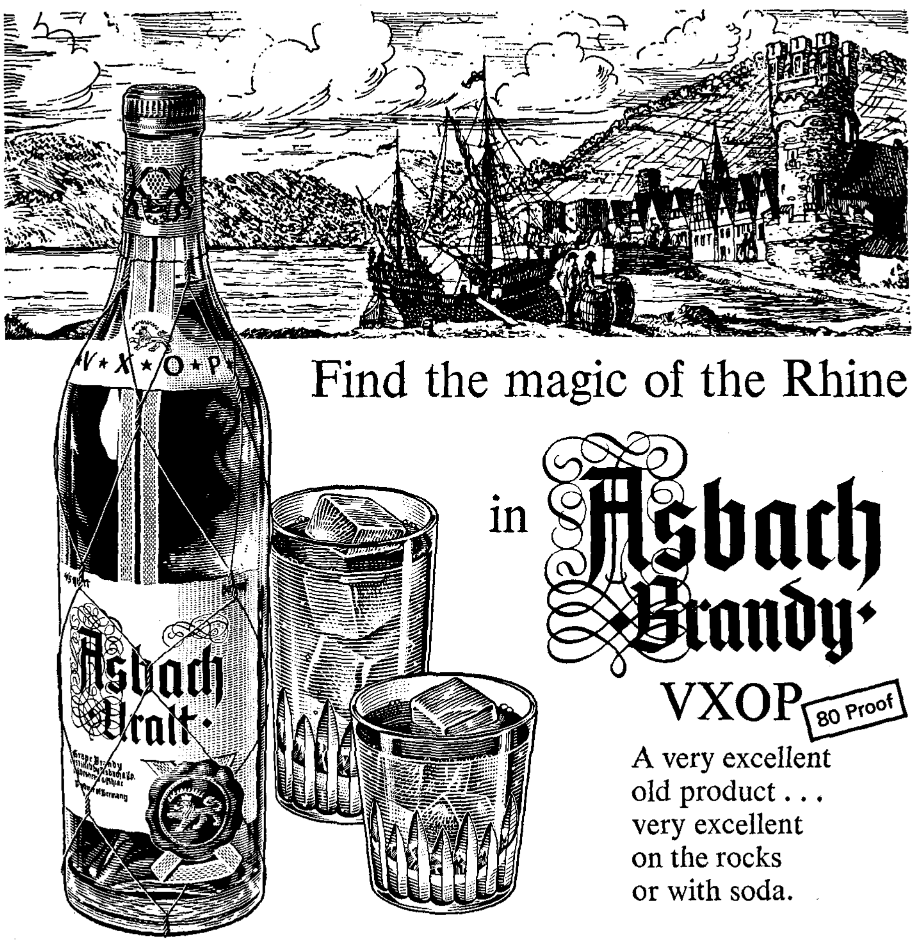

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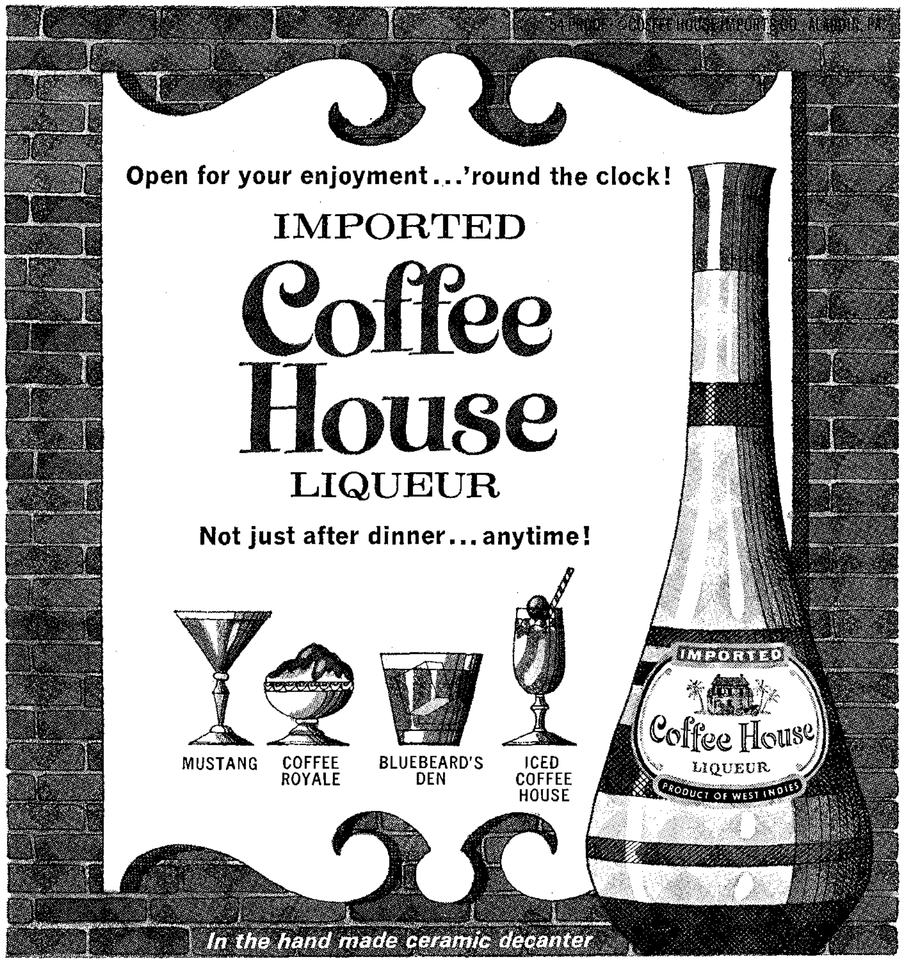

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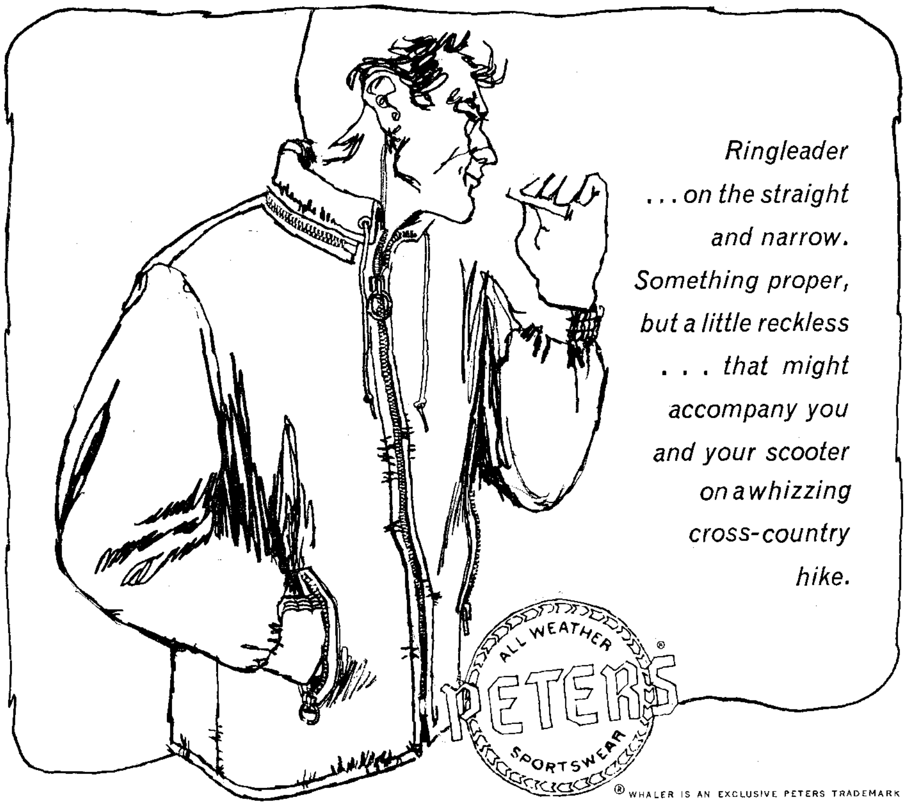

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Ashida as they rolled along Route 50 in Mr. Clutter's pickup truck. "Seems like I'm always thanking you, Herb. But thanks." She had met him on her second day in Finney County; it was the day before Halloween, and he and Kenyon had come to call, bringing a load of pumpkins and squash. All through that first hard year, gifts had arrived of produce that the Ashidas had not yet planted—baskets of asparagus, lettuce. And Nancy often brought Babe by for the children to ride. "You know, in most ways, this is the best place we've ever lived. Hideo says the same. We sure hate to think about leaving. Starting all over again."

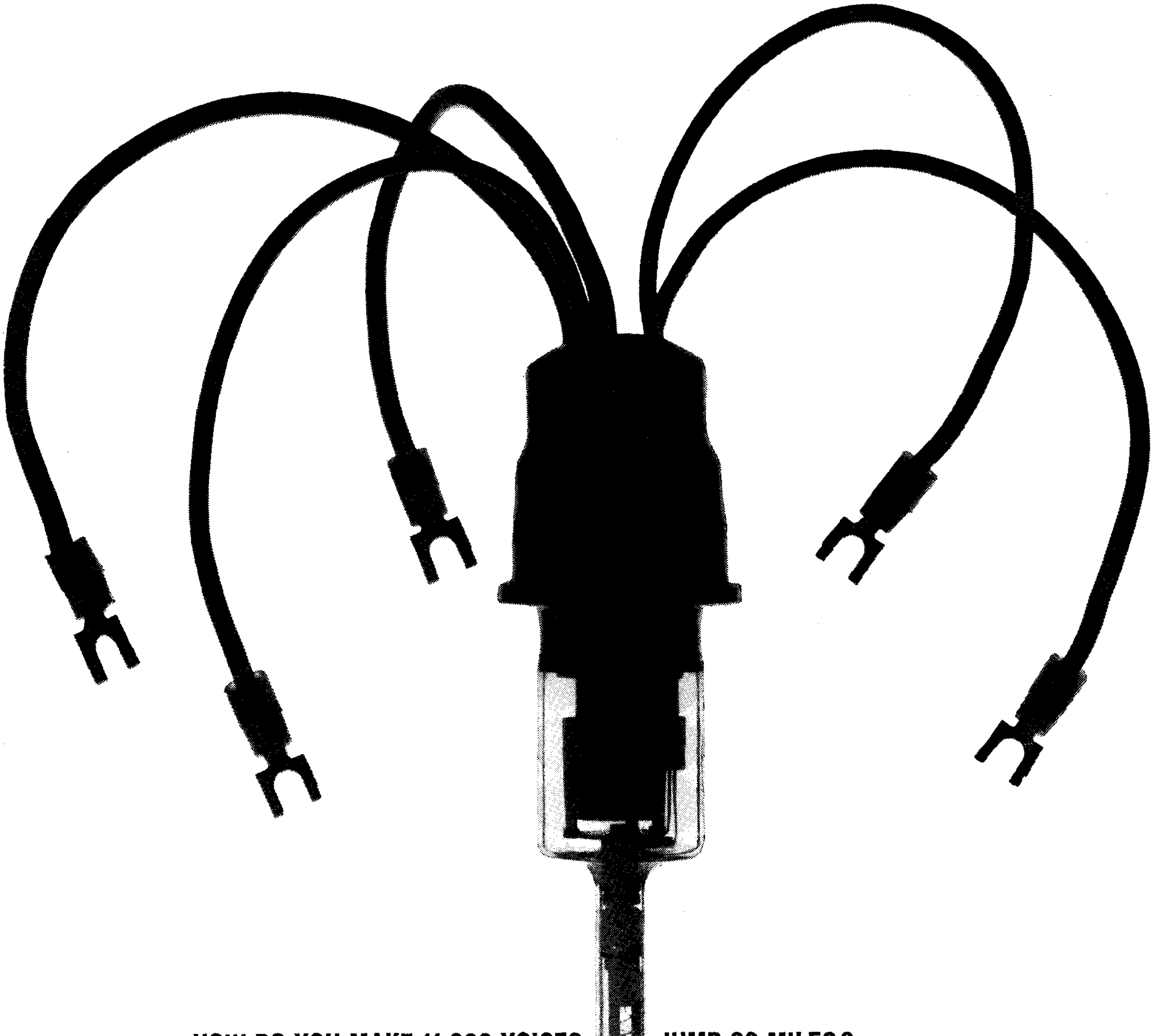
"Leaving?" protested Mr. Clutter, and slowed the truck.

"Well, Herb. The farm here, the people we're working for—Hideo thinks we could do better. Maybe in Nebraska. But nothing's settled. It's just talk so far." Her hearty voice, always on the verge of laughter, made the melancholy news sound somehow cheerful, but, seeing that she had saddened Mr. Clutter, she turned to other matters. "Herb, give me a man's opinion," she said. "Me and the kids, we've been saving up, we want to give Hideo something on the grand side for Christmas. What he needs is teeth. Now, if your wife was to give you three gold teeth, would that strike you as a wrong kind of present? I mean asking a man to spend Christmas in the dentist's chair?"

"You beat all. Don't ever try to get away from here. We'll hog-tie you," said Mr. Clutter. "Yes, yes, by all means gold teeth. Was me, I'd be tickled."

His reaction delighted Mrs. Ashida, for she knew he would not approve her plan unless he meant it; he was a gentleman. She had never known him to "act the squire," or to take advantage or break a promise. She ventured to obtain a promise now. "Look, Herb. At the banquet—no speeches, huh? Not for me. You, you're different. The way you can stand up and talk to hundreds of people. Thousands. And be so easy—convince anybody about whatever. Just nothing scares you," she said, commenting upon a generally recognized quality of Mr. Clutter's: a fearless self-assurance that set him apart, and, while it created respect, also limited the affections of others a little. "I can't imagine you afraid. No matter what happened, you'd talk your way out of it."

BY midafternoon, the black Chevrolet had reached Emporia, Kansas—a large town, almost a city, and a



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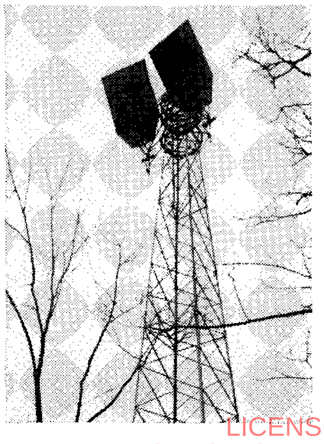

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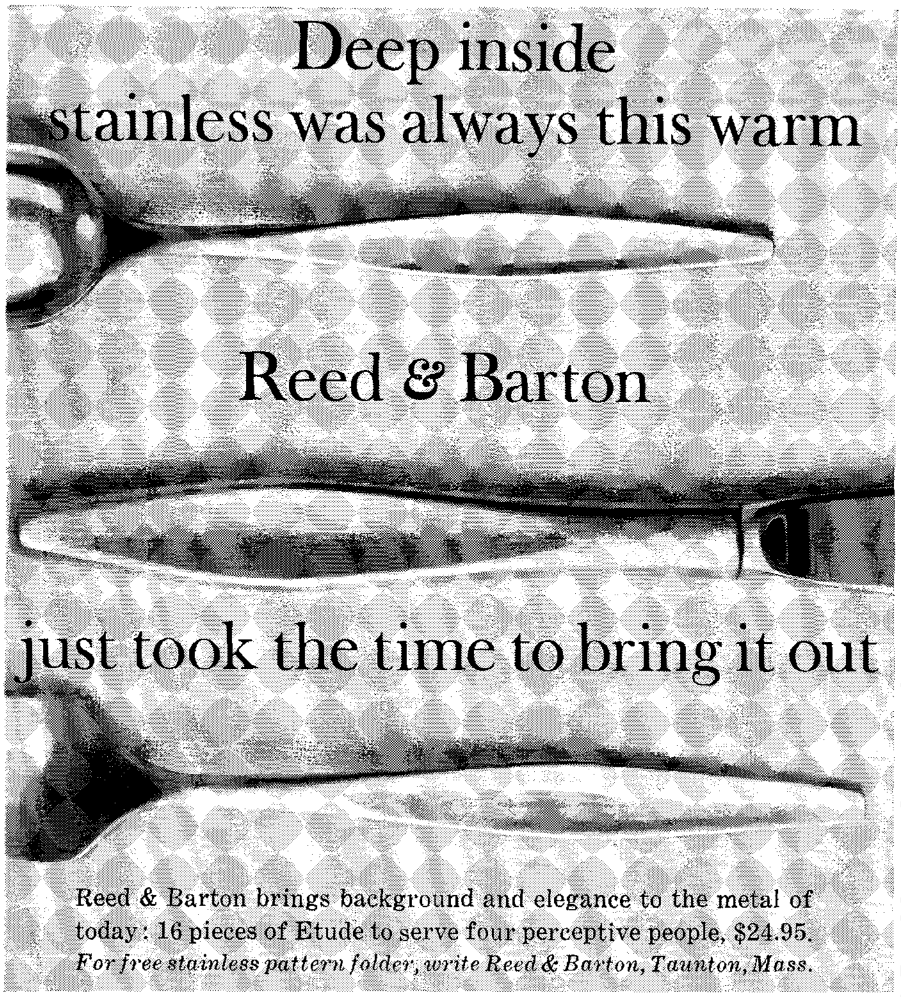

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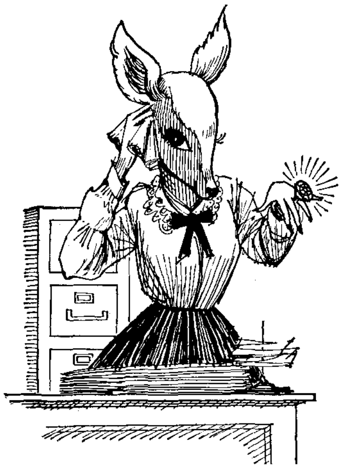

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THE DOE AND HER DAZZLER

A recently engaged Doe, eager to impress her office associates, kept flashing an egg-sized diamond in their faces. No response. Finally, in desperation, the Doe exclaimed, "It's so hot in here I think I'll take off my ring!"

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safe place, so the occupants of the car had decided, to do a bit of shopping. They parked on a side street, then wandered about until a suitably crowded variety store presented itself.

The first purchase was a pair of rubber gloves; these were for Perry, who, unlike Dick, had neglected to bring old gloves of his own.

They moved on to a counter displaying women's hosiery. After a spell of indecisive quibbling, Perry said, "I'm for it."

Dick was not. "What about my eye? They're all too light-colored to hide that."

"Miss," said Perry, attracting a salesgirl's attention. "You got any black stockings?" When she told him no, he proposed that they try another store. "Black's foolproof."

But Dick had made up his mind: stockings of any shade were unnecessary, an encumbrance, a useless expense ("I've already invested enough money in this operation"), and, after all, anyone they encountered would not live to bear witness. "*No* witnesses," he reminded Perry, for what seemed to Perry the millionth time. It rankled in him, the way Dick mouthed those two words, as though they solved every problem; it was stupid not to admit that there might be a witness they hadn't seen. "The ineffable happens, things *do* take a turn," he said. But Dick, smiling boastfully, boyishly, did not agree: "Get the bubbles out of your blood. Nothing can go wrong." No. Because the plan was Dick's, and, from first footfall to final silence, flawlessly devised.

Next, they were interested in rope. Perry studied the stock, tested it. Having once served in the merchant marine, he understood rope and was clever with knots. He chose a white nylon cord, as strong as wire and not much thicker. They discussed how many yards of it they required. The question irritated Dick, for it was part of a greater quandary, and he could not, despite the alleged perfection of his over-all design, be certain of the answer. Eventually, he said, "Christ, how the hell should I know?"

"You damn well better."

Dick tried. "There's him. Her. The kid and the girl. And maybe the other two. But it's Saturday. They might have guests. Let's count on eight, or even twelve. The only *sure* thing is every one of them has got to go."

"Seems like a lot of it. To be so sure about."

"Ain't that what I promised you,

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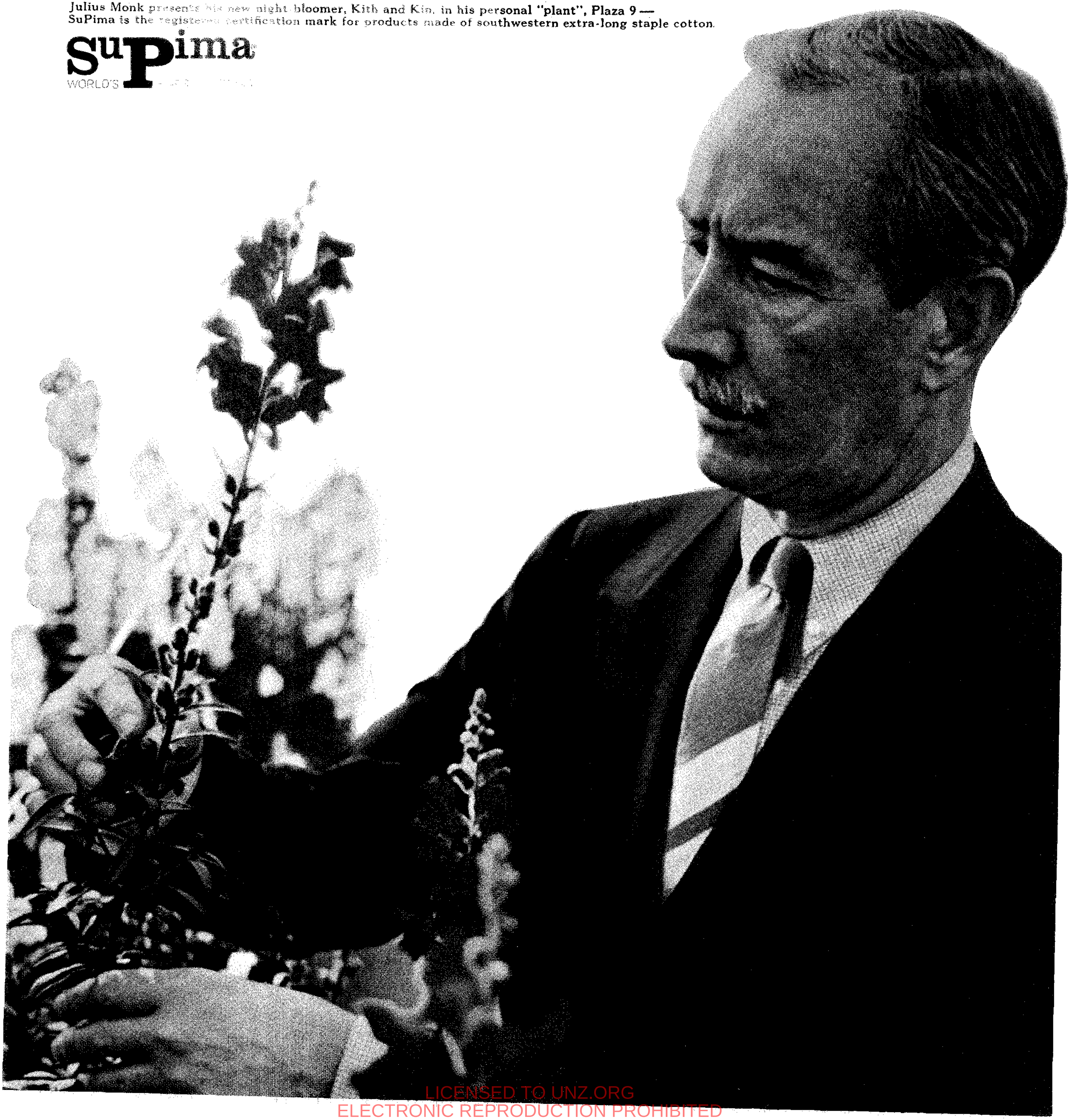

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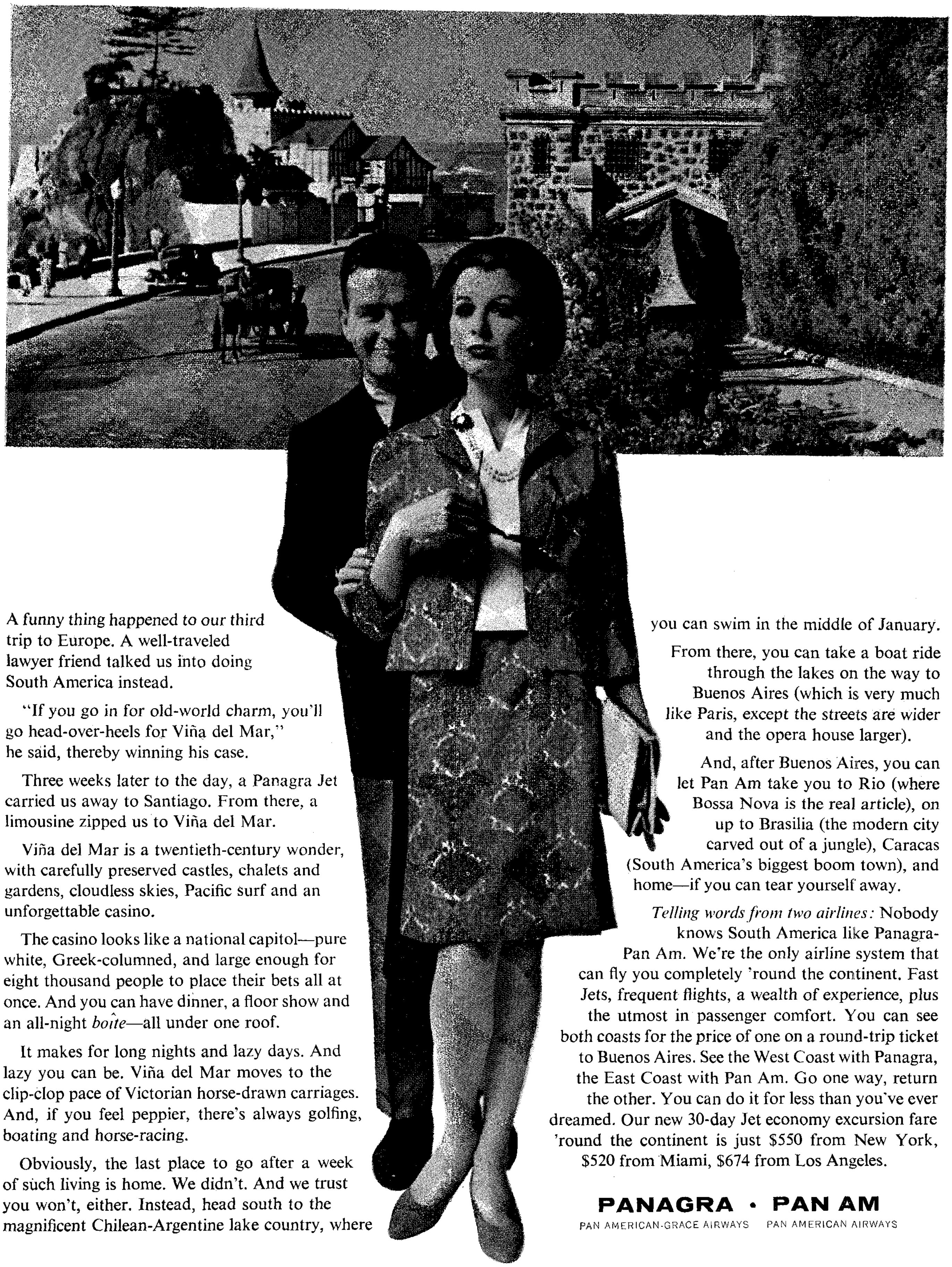

A funny thing happened to our third trip to Europe. A well-traveled lawyer friend talked us into doing South America instead.

"If you go in for old-world charm, you'll go head-over-heels for Viña del Mar," he said, thereby winning his case.

Three weeks later to the day, a Panagra Jet carried us away to Santiago. From there, a limousine zipped us to Viña del Mar.

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Obviously, the last place to go after a week of such living is home. We didn't. And we trust you won't, either. Instead, head south to the magnificent Chilean-Argentine lake country, where you can swim in the middle of January.

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PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS   PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS honey—plenty of hair on them-those walls?"

Perry shrugged. "Then we'd better buy the whole roll."

It was a hundred yards long—quite enough for twelve.

KENYON had built the chest himself: a mahogany hope chest, lined with cedar, which he intended to give Beverly as a wedding present. Now, working on it in the so-called den in the basement, he applied a last coat of varnish. The furniture in the den, a cement-floored room that ran the length of the house, consisted almost entirely of examples of his carpentry (shelves, tables, stools, a ping-pong table) and Nancy's needlework (chintz slipcovers that rejuvenated a decrepit couch, curtains, pillows bearing legends: "HAPPY?" and "YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO LIVE HERE BUT IT HELPS"). Together Kenyon and Nancy had made a paint-splattered attempt to deprive the basement room of its unremovable dourness, and neither was aware of failure. In fact, they both thought their den a triumph and a blessing—Nancy because it was a place where she could entertain "the gang" without disturbing her mother, and Kenyon because here he could be alone, free to bang, saw, and mess with his "inventions," the newest of which was an electric deep-dish frying pan. Adjoining the den was a furnace room, which contained a tool-littered table piled with some of his other works-in-progress—an amplifying unit, an elderly wind-up Victrola that he was restoring to service.

Kenyon resembled neither of his parents physically; his crew-cut hair was hemp-colored, and he was six feet tall and lanky, though hefty enough to have once rescued a pair of full-grown sheep by carrying them two miles through a blizzard—sturdy, strong, but cursed with a lanky boy's lack of muscular coördination. This defect, aggravated by an inability to function without glasses, prevented him from taking more than a token part in those team sports (basketball, baseball) that were the main occupation of most of the boys who might have been his friends. He had only one close friend—Bob Jones, the son of Taylor Jones, whose ranch was a mile west of the Clutter home. Out in rural Kansas, boys start driving cars very young; Kenyon was eleven when his father allowed him to buy, with money he had earned raising sheep, an old truck with a Model A engine—the "coyote wagon," he and Bob called it. Not far from River Valley Farm

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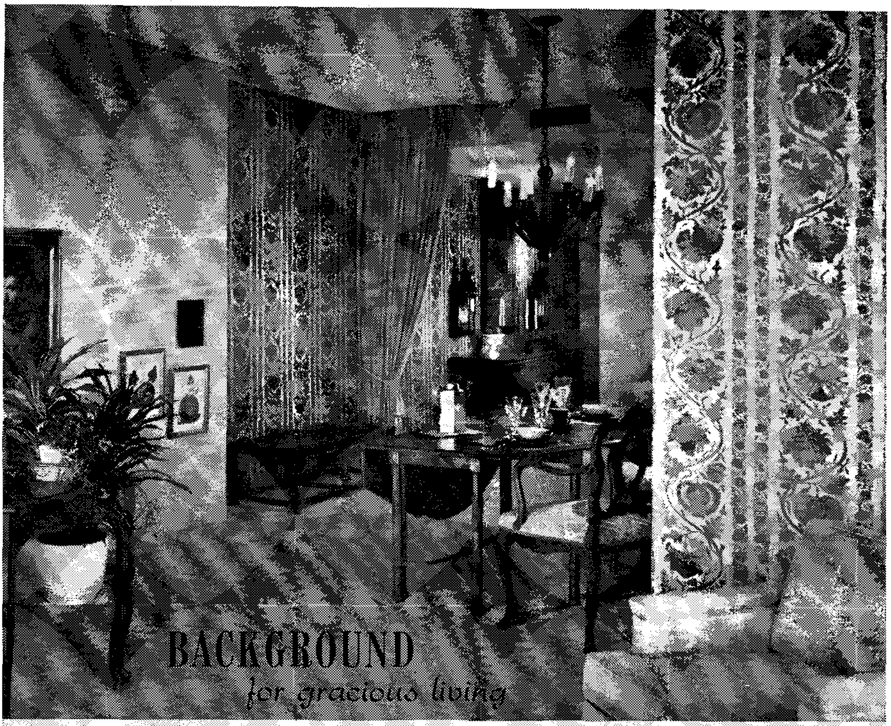

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there is a mysterious stretch of countryside known as the Sand Hills; it is like a beach without an ocean, and at night coyotes slink among the dunes, assembling in hordes to howl. On moonlit evenings, the boys would descend upon them, set them running, and try to outrace them in the wagon; they seldom did, for the scrawniest coyote can hit fifty miles an hour, whereas the wagon's top speed was thirty-five, but it was a wild and beautiful kind of fun, the wagon skidding across the sand, the fleeing coyotes framed against the moon—as Bob said, it sure made your heart hurry.

Equally intoxicating, and more profitable, were the rabbit roundups the two boys conducted. Kenyon was a good shot and his friend a better one, and between them they sometimes delivered half a hundred rabbits to the "rabbit factory"—a Garden City processing plant that paid ten cents a head for the animals, which were then quick-frozen and shipped to mink growers. But what meant most to Kenyon—and Bob, too—was their weekends, overnight hunting hikes along the shores of the river: wandering, wrapping up in blankets, listening at sunrise for the noise of wings, moving toward the sound on tiptoe, and then, sweetest of all, swaggering homeward with a dozen duck dinners swinging from their belts. But lately things had changed between Kenyon and his friend. They had not quarrelled, there had been no overt falling out, nothing had happened except that Bob, who was sixteen, had started "going with a girl," which meant that Kenyon, a year younger and still very much the adolescent bachelor, could no longer count on his companionship. Bob told him, "When you're my age, you'll feel different. I used to think the same as you: Women—so what? But then you get to talking to some woman, and it's *mighty* nice. You'll see." Kenyon doubted it; he could not conceive of ever wanting to waste an hour on any girl that might be spent with guns, horses, tools, machinery, even a book. If Bob was unavailable, then he would rather be alone, for in temperament he was not the least Mr. Clutter's son but rather Bonnie's child, a sensitive and reticent boy. His contemporaries thought him "standoffish," yet forgave him, saying, "Oh, *Ken*yon. It's just that he lives in a world of his own."

Leaving the varnish to dry, he went on to another chore—one that took him out-of-doors. He wanted to tidy up his mother's flower garden, a treasured patch of dishevelled foliage that grew beneath her bedroom window. When

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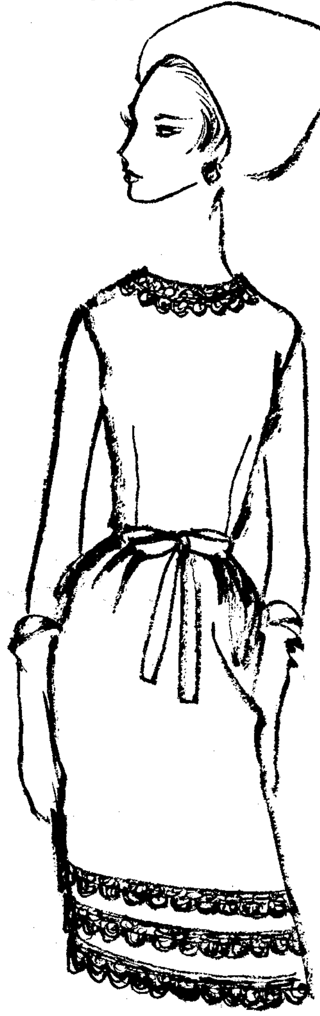

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he got there, he found one of the hired men loosening earth with a spade—Paul Helm, the husband of the housekeeper.

"Seen that car?" Mr. Helm asked.

Yes, Kenyon had seen a car in the driveway—a gray Buick, standing outside the entrance to his father's office.

"Thought you might know who it was."

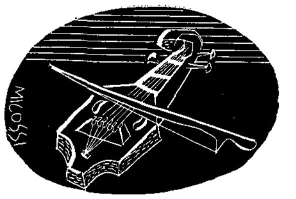
"Not unless it's Mr. Johnson. Dad said he was expecting him."

Mr. Helm (the late Mr. Helm; he died of a stroke the following March) was a sombre man in his late fifties whose withdrawn manner veiled a nature keenly curious and watchful; he liked to know what was going on. "Which Johnson?"

"The insurance fellow."

Mr. Helm grunted. "Your dad must be laying in a stack of it. That car's been here I'd say three hours."

The chill of oncoming dusk shivered through the air, and though the sky was still deep blue, lengthening shadows emanated from the garden's tall chrysanthemum stalks; Nancy's cat frolicked among them, catching its paws in the twine with which Kenyon and Mr. Helm were now tying plants. Suddenly, Nancy herself came jogging across the fields aboard fat Babe—Babe, returning from her Saturday treat, a bathe in the river. Teddy, the dog, accompanied them, and all three were water-splashed and shining.



"You'll catch cold," Mr. Helm said.

Nancy laughed; she had never been ill—not once. Sliding off Babe, she sprawled on the grass at the edge of the garden and seized her cat, dangled him above her, and kissed his nose and whiskers.

Kenyon was disgusted. "*Kissing* animals on the mouth."

"You used to kiss Skeeter," she reminded him.

"Skeeter was a *horse*." A beautiful horse, a strawberry stallion he had raised from a foal. How that Skeeter could take a fence! "You use a horse too hard," his father had cautioned him. "One day you'll ride the life out of Skeeter." And he had; while Skeeter was streaking down a road with his master astride him, his heart failed, and he stumbled and was dead. Now, a year later, Kenyon still mourned him, even though his father, taking pity on him, had promised him the pick of next spring's foals.

"Kenyon?" Nancy said. "Do you think Tracy will be able to talk? By Thanksgiving?" Tracy, not yet a year old, was her nephew, the son of Eveanna, the sister to whom she felt particularly close. (Beverly was Kenyon's favorite.) "It would thrill me to pieces to hear him say 'Aunt Nancy.' Or 'Uncle Kenyon.' Wouldn't you like to hear him say that? I mean, don't you *love* being an uncle? Kenyon? Good grief, why can't you *ever* answer me?"

"Because you're silly," he said, tossing her the head of a flower, a wilted dahlia, which she jammed into her hair.

Mr. Helm picked up his spade. Crows cawed, sundown was near, but his home was not; the lane of Chinese elms had turned into a tunnel of darkening green, and he lived at the end of it, half a mile away. "Evening," he said, and started his journey. But once he looked back. "And that," he was to testify the next day, "was the last I seen them. The boy rooting around in the garden. Nancy leading old Babe off to the barn. Like I said, nothing out of the ordinary."

THE black Chevrolet was again parked, this time in front of a Catholic hospital on the outskirts of Emporia. Under continued needling ("That's your trouble. You think there's only one right way—Dick's way"), Dick had surrendered. While Perry waited in the car, he had gone into the hospital to try and buy a pair of black stockings from a nun. This rather unorthodox method of obtaining them had been Perry's inspiration; nuns, he had argued, were certain to have a supply. The notion presented one drawback, of course: nuns, and anything pertaining to them, were bad luck, and Perry was most respectful of his superstitions. (Some others were the number 15, red hair, white flowers, priests crossing a road, snakes appearing in a dream.) Still, it couldn't be helped. The compulsively superstitious person is also very often a serious believer in fate; that was the case with Perry. He was here, and embarked on the present errand, not because he wished to be but because fate had arranged the matter; he could *prove* it—though he had no intention of doing so, at least within Dick's hearing, for the proof would involve his confessing the true and secret motive behind his return to Kansas, a piece of parole violation he had decided upon for a reason quite unrelated to Dick's "score" or Dick's summoning letter. The reason was that several weeks earlier he had learned that on Thursday, November 12th, another of his former cellmates was being released from Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing, and, "more than anything in the world," he desired a reunion with this man, his "real and only friend," the "brilliant" Willie-Jay.

During the first of his three years in prison, Perry had observed Willie-Jay from a distance, with interest but with apprehension; if one wished to be thought a tough specimen, intimacy with Willie-Jay seemed unwise. He was the chaplain's clerk, a slender Irishman with prematurely gray hair and gray, melancholy eyes. His tenor voice was the glory of the prison's choir. Even Perry, though he was contemptuous of any exhibition of piety, felt "upset" when he heard Willie-Jay sing "The Lord's Prayer;" the hymn's grave language sung in so credulous a spirit moved him, made him wonder a little at the justice of his contempt. Eventually, prodded by a slightly alerted religious curiosity, he approached Willie-Jay, and the chaplain's clerk, at once responsive, thought he divined in the cripple-legged body builder with the misty gaze and the prim, smoky voice "a poet, something rare and savable." An ambition to "bring this boy to God" engulfed him. His hopes of succeeding accelerated when, one day, Perry produced a pastel drawing he had made—a large, in no way technically naïve portrait of Jesus. Lansing's Protestant chaplain, the Reverend James E. Post, so valued it that he hung it in his office, where it hangs still: a slick and pretty Saviour, with Willie-Jay's full lips and grieving eyes. The picture was the climax of Perry's never very earnest spiritual quest, and, ironically, the termination of it; he adjudged his Jesus "a piece of hypocrisy," an attempt to "fool and betray" Willie-Jay, for he was as unconvinced of God as ever. Yet should he admit this and risk forfeiting the one friend who had ever "truly understood" him? (Hod, Joe, Jesse, travellers straying through a world where last names were seldom exchanged, these had been his "buddies"—never anyone like Willie-Jay, who was, in Perry's opinion, "way above average intellectually, perceptive as a *well*-trained psychologist." How was it possible that so gifted a man had wound up in Lansing? That was what amazed Perry. The answer, which he knew but rejected as "an evasion of the deeper, the human question," was plain to simpler minds: the chaplain's clerk, then thirty-eight, was a thief, a small-scale robber, who, over

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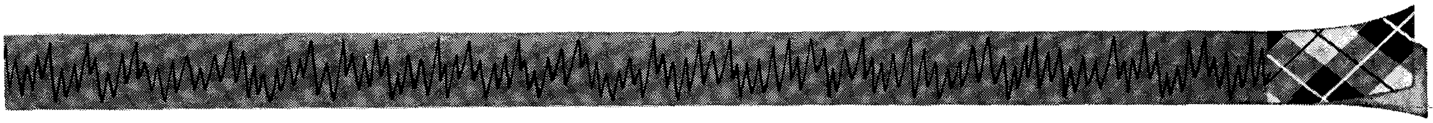

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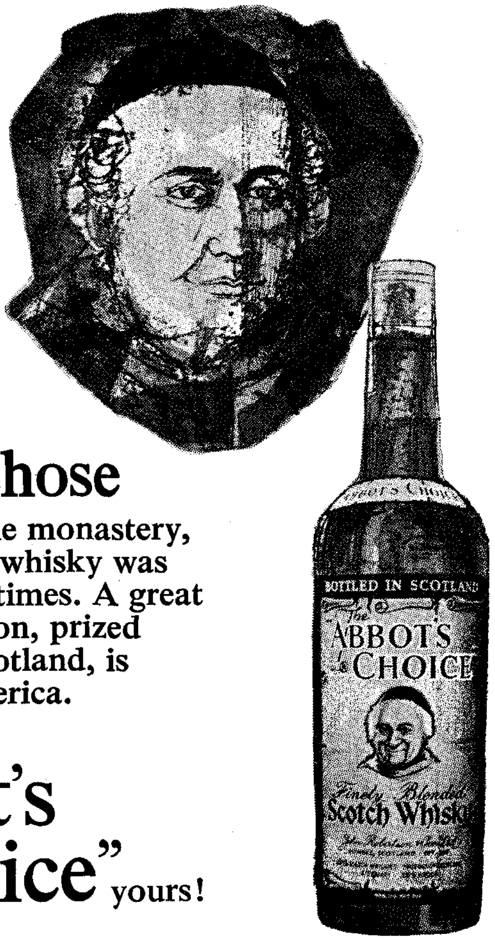

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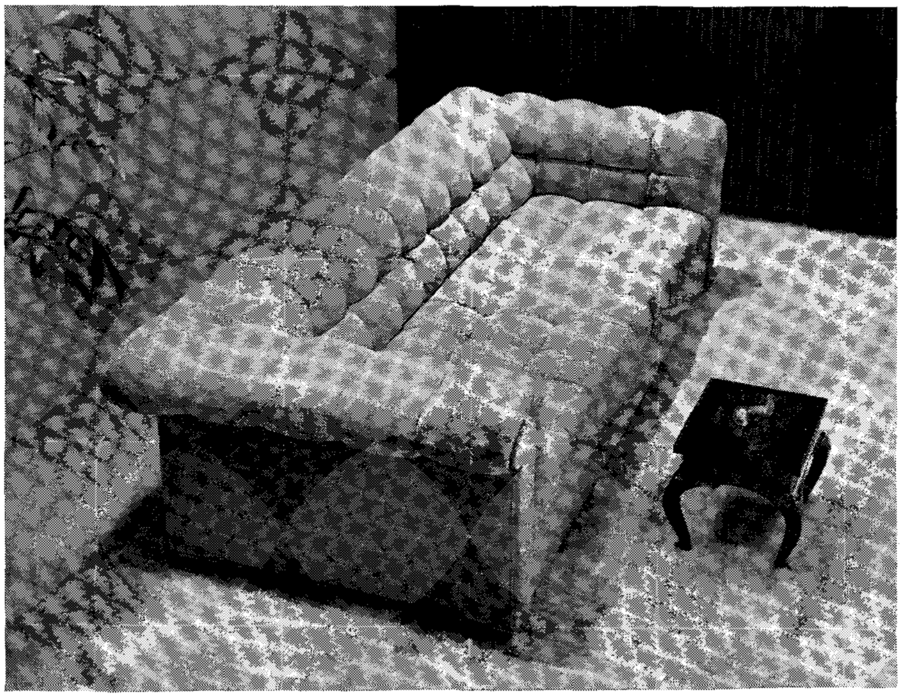

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a period of twenty years, had served sentences in five different states.) Perry decided to speak out: he was sorry, but it was not for him—Heaven, Hell, saints, divine mercy—and if Willie-Jay's affection was founded on the prospect of Perry's someday joining him at the foot of the Cross, then he was deceived and their friendship false, a counterfeit, like the portrait. As usual, Willie-Jay understood; disheartened but not disenchanted, he had persisted in courting Perry's soul until the day of its possessor's parole and departure, on the eve of which he wrote Perry a farewell letter, whose last paragraph ran: "You are a man of extreme passion, a hungry man not quite sure where his appetite lies, a deeply frustrated man striving to project his individuality against a backdrop of rigid conformity. You exist in a half-world suspended between two superstructures, one self-expression and the other self-destruction. You are strong, but there is a flaw in your strength, and unless you learn to control it the flaw will prove stronger than your strength and defeat you. The flaw? *Explosive emotional reaction out of all proportion to the occasion.* Why? Why this unreasonable anger at the sight of others who are happy or content, this growing contempt for people and the desire to hurt them? All right, you think they're fools, you despise them because their morals, their happiness is the source of *your* frustration and resentment. But these are dreadful enemies you carry within yourself—in time destructive as bullets. Mercifully, a bullet kills its victim. This other bacteria, permitted to age, does not kill a man but leaves in its wake the hulk of a creature torn and twisted; there is still fire within his being but it is kept alive by casting upon it faggots of scorn and hate. He may successfully accumulate, but he does not accumulate success, for he is his own enemy and is kept from truly enjoying his achievements."

Perry, flattered to be the subject of this sermon, had let Dick read it, and Dick, who took a dim view of Willie-Jay, had called the letter "just more of Billy Graham-cracker's hooey," adding, " 'Faggots of scorn'! *He's* the faggot." Of course, Perry had expected this reaction, and secretly he welcomed it, for his friendship with Dick, whom he had scarcely known until his final few months in Lansing, was an outgrowth of, and counterbalance to, the intensity of his admiration for the chaplain's clerk. Perhaps Dick was "shallow," or even, as Willie-Jay claimed, "a vicious blus-

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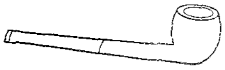
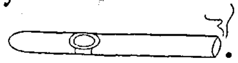
He starts right in with "Buon giorno" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between una pipa  and un sigaro . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Io preferisco la pipa al sigaro."

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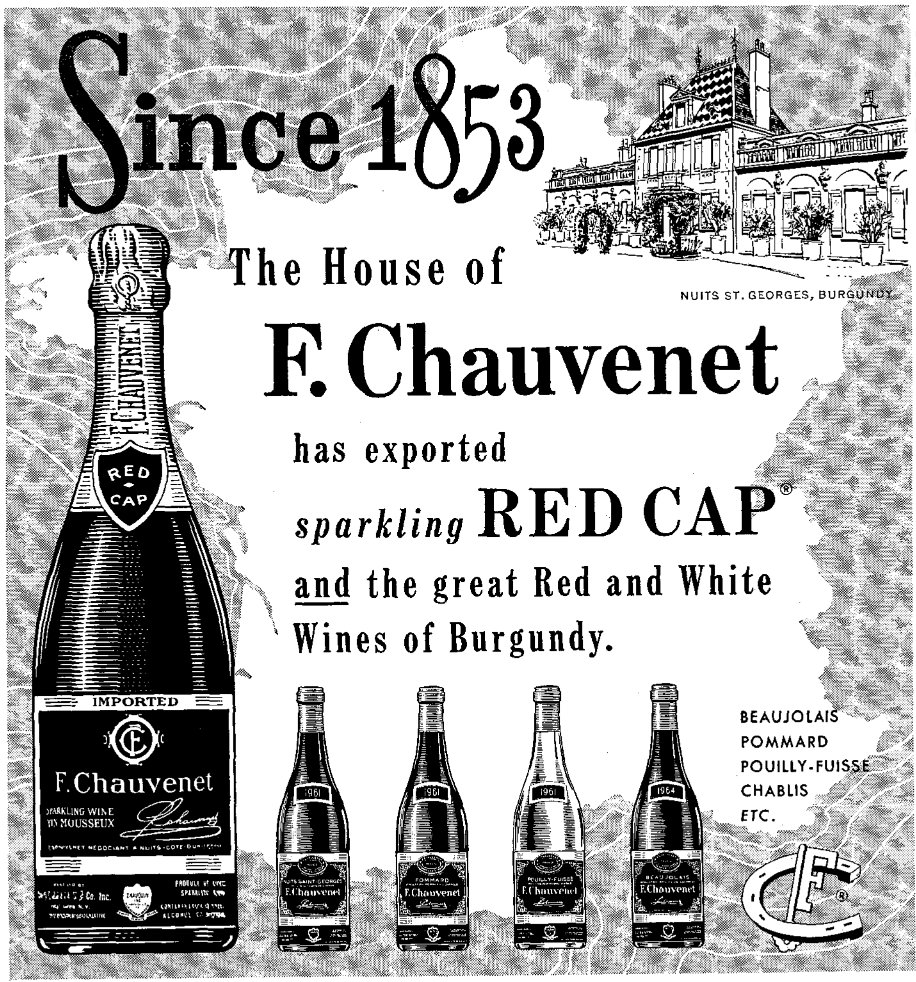

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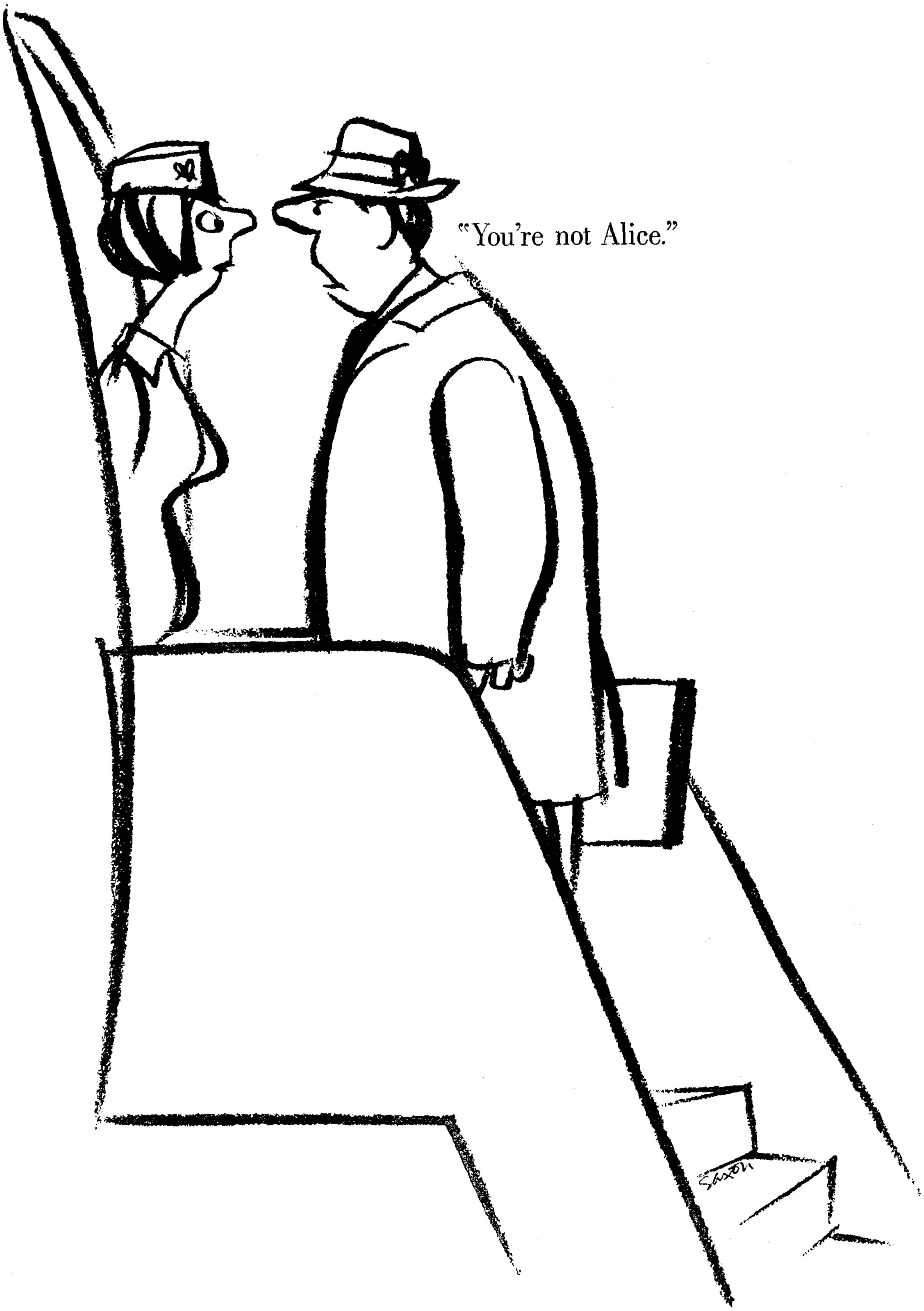
terer." All the same, Dick was full of fun, and he was shrewd, a realist, he "cut through things," there were no clouds in his head or straw in his hair. Moreover, unlike Willie-Jay, he was not critical of Perry's exotic aspirations; he was willing to listen, catch fire, share with him those visions of "guaranteed treasure" lurking in Mexican seas, Brazilian jungles.

After Perry's parole, four months elapsed, months of rattling around in a fifth-hand, hundred-dollar Ford, rolling from Reno to Las Vegas, from Bellingham, Washington, to Buhl, Idaho, and it was in Buhl, where he had found temporary work as a truck driver, that Dick's letter reached him: "Friend P., Came out in August, and after you left I Met Someone, you do not know him, but he put me on to Something we could bring off Beautiful. A cinch, the Perfect score. . . ." Until then, Perry had not imagined that he would ever see Dick again. *Or* Willie-Jay. But they had both been much in his thoughts, and especially the latter, who in memory had grown ten feet tall, a gray-haired wise man haunting the hallways of his mind. "You pursue the negative," Willie-Jay had informed him once, in one of his lectures. "You want not to give a damn, to exist without responsibility, without faith or friends or warmth."

In the solitary, comfortless course of his recent driftings, Perry had over and over again reviewed this indictment, and had decided it was unjust. He *did* give a damn—but who had ever given a damn about him? His father? Yes, up to a point. A girl or two—but that was "a long story." No one else except Willie-Jay himself. And only Willie-Jay had ever recognized his worth, his potentialities, had acknowledged that he was not just an undersized, overmuscled half-breed, had seen him, for all the moralizing, as he saw himself—"exceptional," "rare," "artistic." In Willie-Jay his vanity had found support, his sensibility shelter, and the four-month exile from this high-carat appreciation had made it more alluring than any dream of buried gold. So when he received Dick's invitation, and realized that the date Dick proposed for his coming to Kansas more or less coincided with the time of Willie-Jay's release, he knew what he must do. He drove to Las Vegas, sold his junk-heap car, packed his collection of maps, old letters, manuscripts, and books, and bought a ticket for a Greyhound bus. The journey's aftermath was up to fate; if things didn't "work out with Willie-Jay," then he might "consider Dick's



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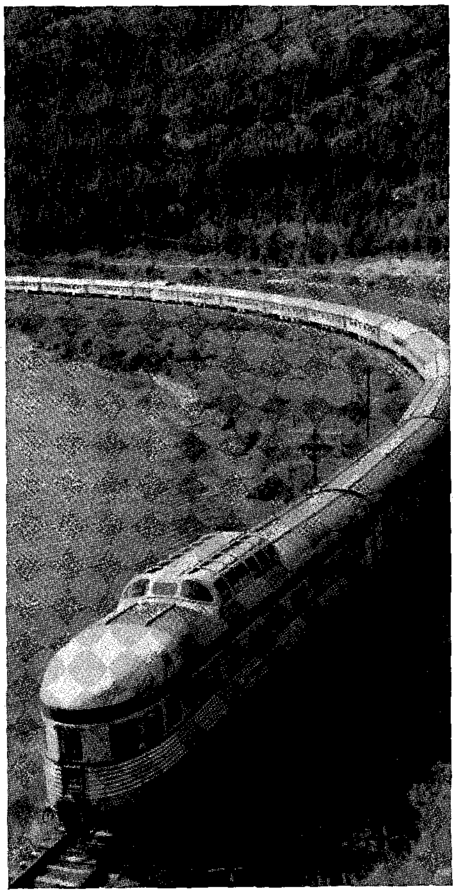

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proposition." As it turned out, the choice was between Dick and nothing, for when Perry's bus reached Kansas City, on the evening of November 12th, Willie-Jay, whom he'd been unable to inform of his coming, had already left town—left, in fact, only five hours earlier, from the same terminal at which Perry arrived. That much he had learned by telephoning the Reverend Mr. Post, who further discouraged him by declining to reveal his former clerk's exact destination. "He's headed East," the chaplain said. "To fine opportunities. A decent job, and a home with some good people who are willing to help him." And Perry, hanging up, had felt "dizzy with anger and disappointment."

But what, he wondered when the anguish subsided, had he really expected from a reunion with Willie-Jay? Freedom had separated them; as free men, they had nothing in common, were opposites, who could never have formed a "team"—certainly not one capable of embarking on the skin-diving south-of-the-border adventures he and Dick had plotted. Nevertheless, if he had not missed Willie-Jay, if they could have been together for even an hour, Perry was quite convinced—just "knew"—that he would not now be loitering outside a hospital waiting for Dick to emerge with a pair of black stockings.

Dick returned empty-handed. "No go," he announced, with a furtive casualness that made Perry suspicious.

"Are you sure? Sure you even asked?"

"Sure I did."

"I don't believe you. I think you went in there, hung around a couple of minutes, and came out."

"O.K., sugar—whatever you say." Dick started the car. After they had travelled in silence awhile, Dick patted Perry on the knee. "Aw, come on," he said. "It was a puky idea. What the hell would they have thought? Me barging in there like it was a goddam five-'n'-dime . . ."

Perry said, "Maybe it's just as well. Nuns are a bad-luck bunch."

THE Garden City representative of the New York Life Insurance Company smiled as he watched Mr. Clutter uncap a Parker pen and open a checkbook. He was reminded of a local jest: "Know what they say about you, Herb? Say, 'Since haircuts went to a dollar-fifty, Herb writes the barber a check.' " "That's correct," replied Mr. Clutter. Like royalty, he was famous for

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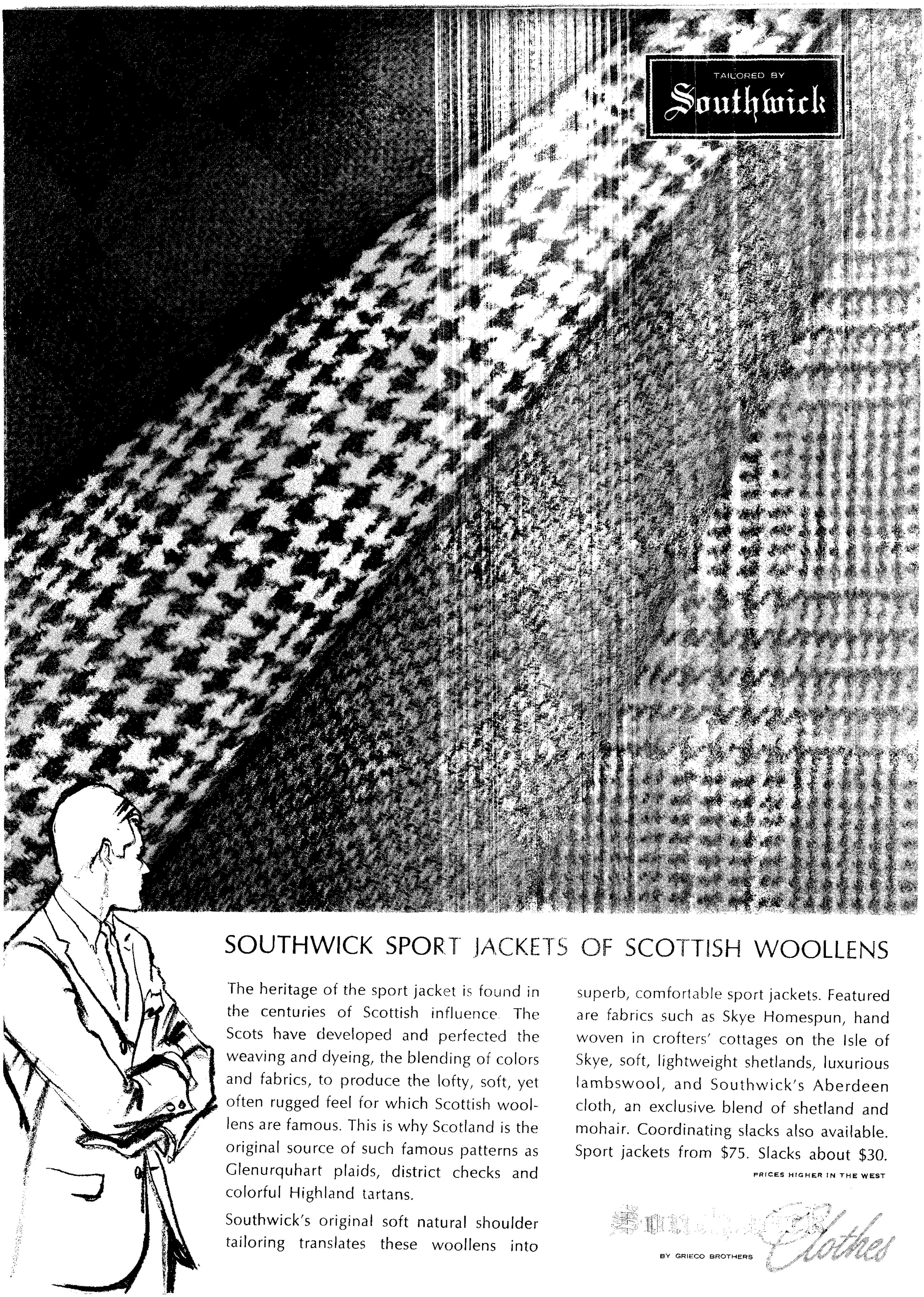

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With the check written but not yet signed, he swivelled back in his desk chair and seemed to ponder. The agent, a stocky, somewhat bald, rather informal man named Bob Johnson, hoped his client wasn't having last-minute doubts. Herb was hardheaded, a slow man to make a deal; Johnson had worked over a year to clinch this sale. But, no, his customer was merely experiencing what Johnson called the Solemn Moment—a phenomenon familiar to insurance salesmen. The mood of a man insuring his life is not unlike that of a man signing his will; thoughts of mortality must occur.

"Yes. Yes," said Mr. Clutter, as though conversing with himself. "I've plenty to be grateful for—wonderful things in my life." Framed documents commemorating milestones in his career gleamed against the walnut walls of his office: a college diploma, a map of River Valley Farm, agricultural awards, an ornate certificate bearing the signatures of Dwight D. Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles, which cited his services to the Federal Farm Credit Board. "The kids. We've been lucky there. Shouldn't say it, but I'm real proud of them. Take Kenyon. Right now he kind of leans toward being an engineer, or a scientist, but you can't tell me my boy's not a born rancher. God willing, he'll run this place someday. You ever met Eveanna's husband? Don Jarchow? Veterinarian. I can't tell you how much I think of that boy. Vere, too. Vere English—the boy my girl Beverly had the good sense to settle on. If anything ever happened to me, I'm sure I could trust those fellows to take responsibility; Bonnie by herself—Bonnie wouldn't be able to carry on an operation like this. . . ."

Johnson, a veteran at listening to ruminations of this sort, knew it was time to intervene. "Why, Herb," he said. "You're a *young* man. Forty-eight. And from the looks of you, from what the medical report tells us, we're likely to have you around a couple of weeks more."

Mr. Clutter straightened, reached again for his pen. "Tell the *truth*, I feel pretty good. And pretty optimistic. I've got an idea a man could make some real money around here the next few years." While outlining his schemes for future financial betterment, he signed the check and pushed it across his desk.

The time was ten past six, and the

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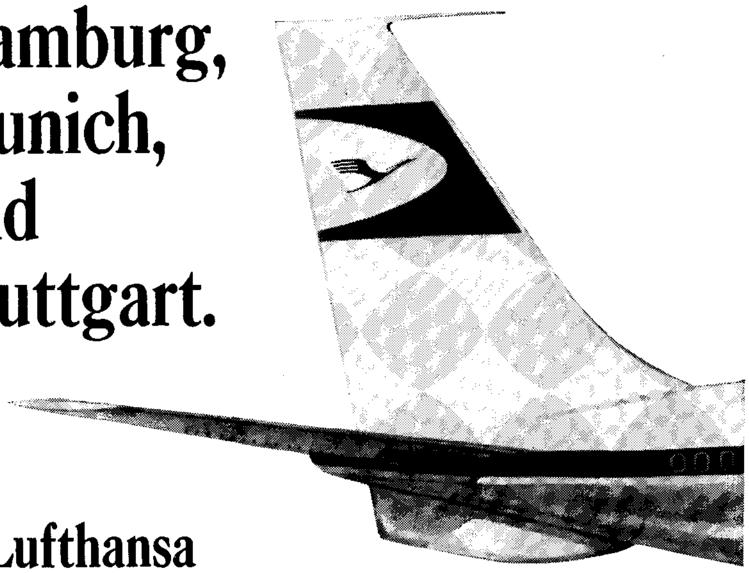

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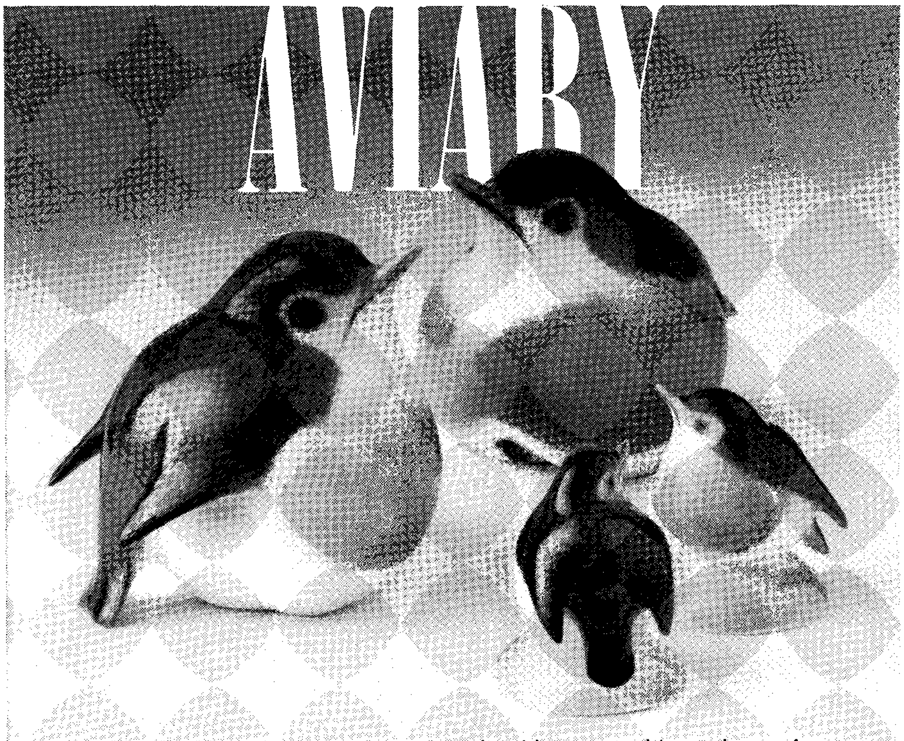

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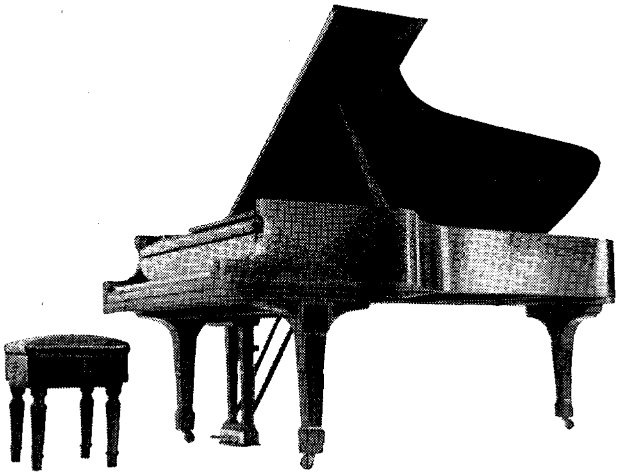

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agent was anxious to go; his wife would be waiting supper. "It's been a pleasure, Herb."

"Same here, fellow."

They shook hands. Then, with a merited sense of victory, Johnson picked up Mr. Clutter's check and deposited it in his billfold. It was the first payment on a forty-thousand-dollar policy that, in the event of death by accidental means, paid double indemnity.

"AND He walks with me, and He talks
with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known. . . ."

With the aid of his guitar, Perry had sung himself into a happier humor. He knew the lyrics of some two hundred hymns and ballads—a repertoire ranging from "The Old Rugged Cross" to Cole Porter—and, in addition to the guitar, he could play the harmonica, the accordion, the banjo, and the xylophone. In one of his favorite theatrical fantasies, his stage name was Perry O'Parsons, a star who billed himself as "The One-Man Symphony."

Dick said, "How about a cocktail?"

Personally, Perry didn't care what he drank, for he was not much of a drinker. Dick, however, was choosy, and in bars his usual choice was an Orange Blossom. From the car's glove compartment Perry fetched a pint bottle containing a ready-mix compound of orange flavoring and vodka. They passed the bottle to and fro. Though dusk had established itself, Dick, doing a steady sixty miles an hour, was still driving without headlights, but then the road was straight, the country was as level as a lake, and other cars were seldom sighted. This was "out there"—or getting near it.

"Christ!" said Perry, glaring at the landscape, flat and limitless under the sky's cold, lingering green—empty and lonesome, except for the far-between flickerings of farmhouse lights. He hated it, as he hated the Texas plains, the Nevada desert; spaces horizontal and sparsely inhabited had always induced in him a depression accompanied by agoraphobic sensations. Seaports were his heart's ideal—crowded, clanging, ship-clogged, sewage-scented cities, like Yokohama, where, as an American Army private, he'd spent a summer during the Korean War. "Christ—and they told me to keep away from Kansas! Never set my pretty foot here again. As though they were barring me from Heaven. And just look at it. Just feast your eyes."

Dick handed him the bottle, the con-

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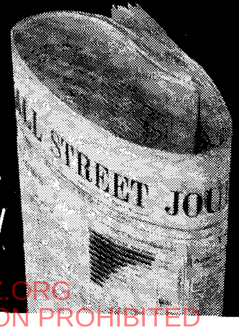

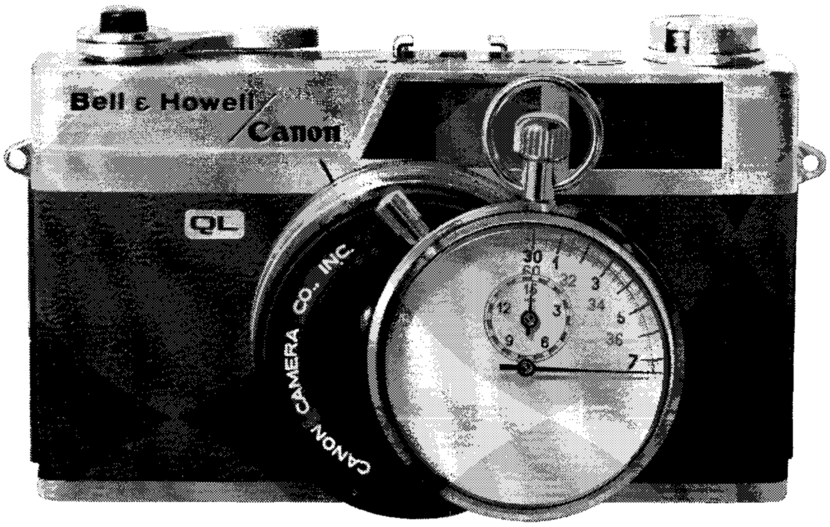

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tents reduced by half. "Save the rest," Dick said. "We may need it."

"Remember, Dick? All that talk about getting a boat? I was thinking—we could buy a boat in Mexico. Something cheap but sturdy. And we could go to Japan. Sail right across the Pacific. It's been done—thousands of people have done it. I'm not conning you, Dick—you'd go for Japan. Wonderful, gentle people, with manners like flowers. Really considerate—not just out for your dough. And the women. You've never met a real woman. . . ."

"Yes, I have," said Dick, who claimed still to be in love with his honey-blond first wife though she had remarried.

"There are these baths. One place called the Dream Pool. You stretch out, and beautiful, knockout-type girls come and scrub you head to toe."

"You told me." Dick's tone was curt.

"So? Can't I repeat myself?"

"Later. Let's talk about it later. Hell, man, I've got plenty on my mind."

Dick switched on the radio; Perry switched it off. Ignoring Dick's protest, he strummed his guitar:

"I come to the garden alone,
  While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear,
Falling on my ear,
  The Son of God discloses. . . ."

A full moon was forming at the edge of the sky.

THE following Monday, while giving evidence prior to taking a lie-detector test, young Bobby Rupp described his last visit to the Clutter home: "There was a full moon, and I thought maybe, if Nancy wanted to, we might go for a drive—drive out to McKinney Lake. Or go to the movies in Garden City. But when I called her—it must have been about ten of seven—she said she'd have to ask her father. Then she came back, and said the answer was no—because we'd stayed out so late the night before. But she said, Why didn't I come over and watch television. I've spent a lot of time at the Clutters' watching television. See, Nancy's the only girl I ever dated. I'd known her all my life; we'd gone to school together from the first grade. Always, as long as I can remember, she was pretty and popular—a *person*, even when she was a little kid. I mean, she just made everybody feel good about themselves. The first time I dated her was when we were in the eighth grade. Most of the boys in our class wanted to take her to the eighth-grade graduation dance, and I was surprised—I was pretty proud—

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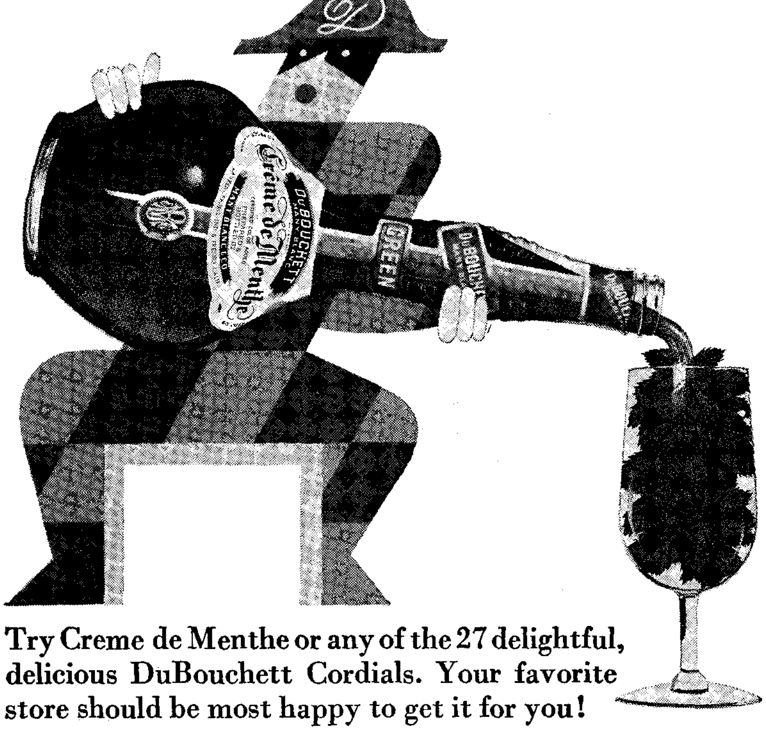

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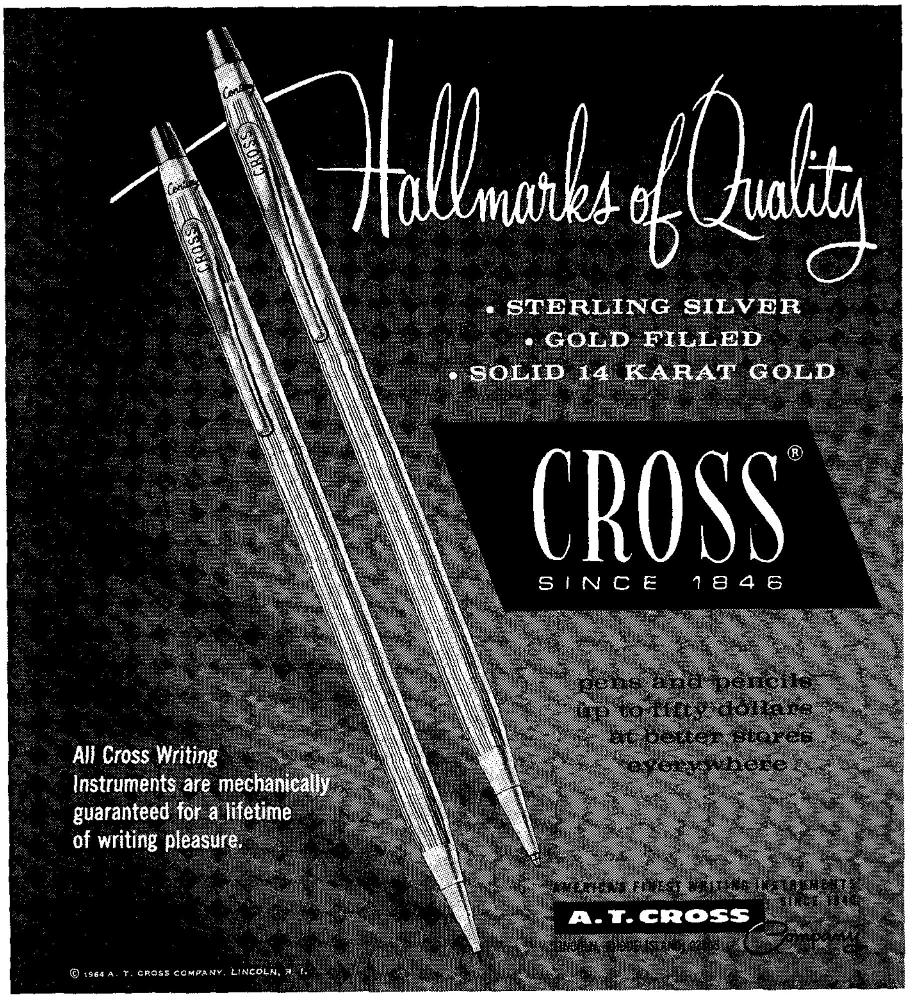

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when she said she would go with me. We were both twelve. My dad lent me the car, and I drove her to the dance. The more I saw her, the more I liked her; the whole family, too—there wasn't any other family like them, not around here, not that I know of. Mr. Clutter may have been more strict about some things—religion, and so on—but he never tried to make you feel he was right and you were wrong.

"We live three miles west of the Clutter place. I used to walk it back and forth, but I always worked summers, and last year I'd saved enough to buy my own car, a '55 Ford. So I drove over there, got there a little after seven. I didn't see anybody on the road or on the lane that leads up to the house, or anybody outside. Just old Teddy. He barked at me. The lights were on downstairs—in the living room and in Mr. Clutter's office. The second floor was dark, and I figured Mrs. Clutter must be asleep—if she was home. You never knew whether she was or not, and I never asked. But I found out I was right, because later in the evening Kenyon wanted to practice his horn—he played baritone horn in the school band—and Nancy told him not to, because he would wake up Mrs. Clutter. Anyway, when I got there they had finished supper and Nancy had cleaned up, put all the dishes in the dishwasher, and the three of them—the two kids and Mr. Clutter—were in the living room. So we sat around like any other night—Nancy and I on the couch, and Mr. Clutter in his chair, that stuffed rocker. He wasn't watching the television so much as he was reading a book—a 'Rover Boy,' one of Kenyon's books. Once, he went out to the kitchen and came back with two apples; he offered one to me, but I didn't want it, so he ate them both. He had very white teeth; he said apples were why. Nancy—Nancy was wearing socks and soft slippers, blue jeans, I think a green sweater; she was wearing a gold wristwatch and an I.D. bracelet I gave her last January for her sixteenth birthday—with her name on one side and mine on the other—and she had on a ring, some little silver thing she bought a summer ago, when she went to Colorado with the Kidwells. It wasn't my ring—*our* ring. See, a couple of weeks back she got sore at me and said she was going to take off our ring for a while. When your girl does that, it means you're on probation. I mean, sure, we had fusses—everybody does, all the kids that go steady. What happened was I went to this friend's wedding, the reception, and drank a beer, one bottle of beer, and

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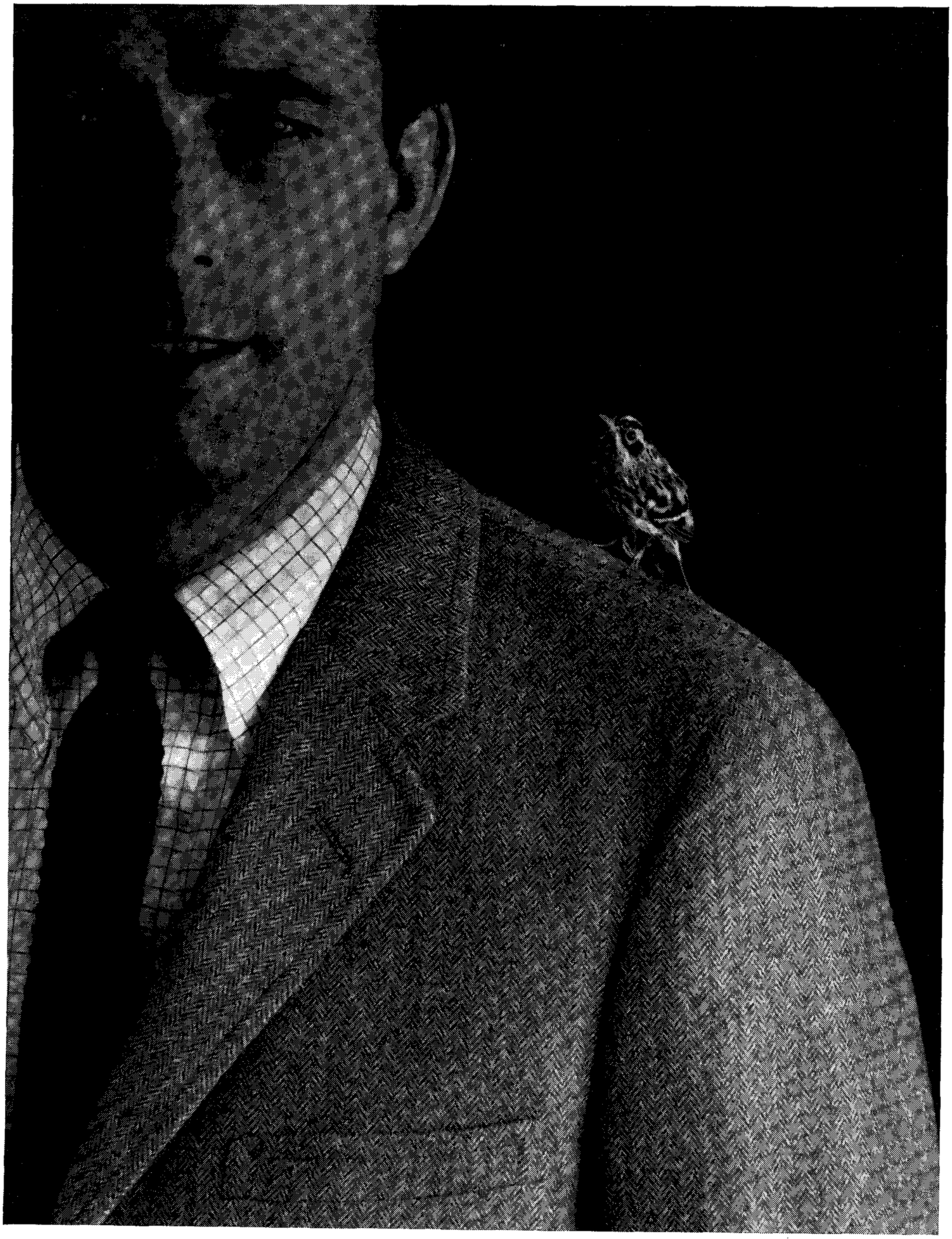

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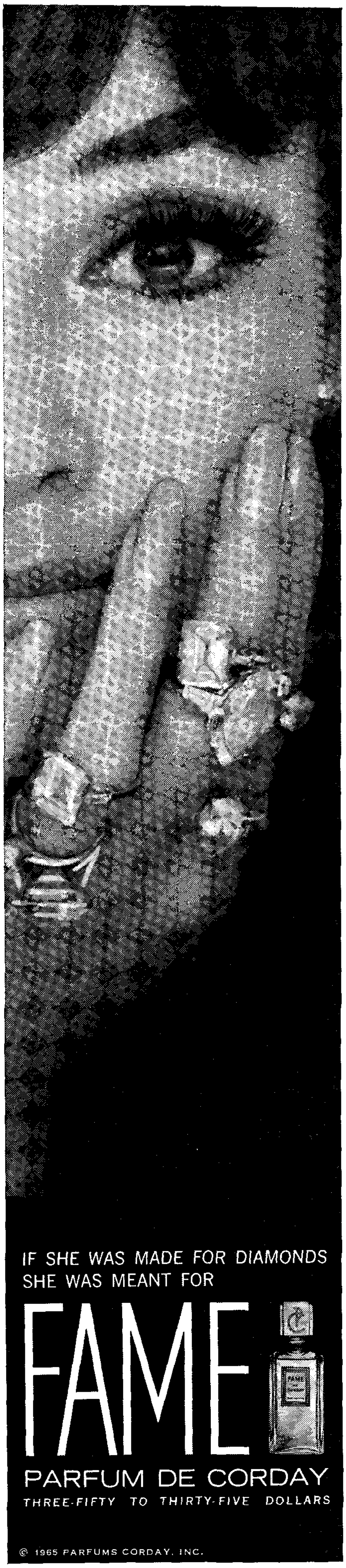

IF SHE WAS MADE FOR DIAMONDS
SHE WAS MEANT FOR
FAME
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THREE-FIFTY TO THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS
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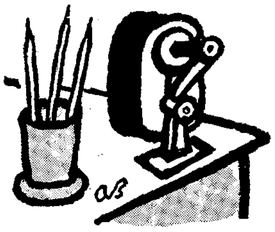
Nancy got to hear about it. Some tattle told her I was roaring drunk. Well, she was stone, wouldn't say hello for a week. But lately we'd been getting on good as ever, and I believe she was about ready to wear our ring again.

"O.K. The first show was called 'The Man and the Challenge.' Channel 11. About some fellows in the Arctic. Then we saw a Western, and after that a spy adventure—'Five Fingers.' 'Mike Hammer' came on at nine-thirty. Then the news. But Kenyon didn't like anything, mostly because we wouldn't let him pick the programs. He criticized everything, and Nancy kept telling him to hush up. They always quibbled, but actually they were very close—closer than most brothers and sisters. I guess partly it was because they'd been alone together so much, what with Mrs. Clutter away and Mr. Clutter gone to Washington, or wherever. I know Nancy loved Kenyon very specially, but I don't think even she, or anybody, exactly understood him. He seemed to be off somewhere. You never knew what he was thinking, never even knew if he was looking at you—on account of he was slightly cockeyed. Some people said he was a genius, and maybe it was true. He sure did read a lot. But, like I say, he was restless; he didn't want to watch the TV, he wanted to practice his horn, and when Nancy wouldn't let him, I remember Mr. Clutter told him why didn't he go down to the basement, the recreation room, where nobody could hear him. But he didn't want to do that, either.



"The phone rang once. Twice? Gosh, I can't remember. Except that once the phone rang and Mr. Clutter answered it in his office. The door was open—that sliding door between the living room and the office—and I heard him say 'Van,' so I knew he was talking to his partner, Mr. Van Vleet, and I heard him say that he had a headache but that it was getting better. And he said he'd see Mr. Van Vleet on Monday. When he came back— Yes, the 'Mike Hammer' was just over. Five minutes of news. Then the weather report. Mr. Clutter always perked up when the weather report came on. It's all he ever really waited for. Like the only thing that interested me was the sports—which came on next. After the sports ended, that was ten-thirty, and I got up to go. Nancy walked me out. We talked awhile, and made a date to go to the movies Sunday night—a picture all the girls were looking forward to, 'Blue Denim.' Then she ran back in the house, and I drove away. It was as clear as day—the moon was so bright—and cold and kind of windy; a lot of tumbleweed blowing about. But that's all I saw. Only, now when I think back, I think somebody must have been hiding there. Maybe down among the trees. Somebody just waiting for me to leave."

THE travellers stopped for dinner at a restaurant in Great Bend. Perry, down to his last fifteen dollars, was ready to settle for root beer and a sandwich, but Dick said no, they needed a solid "tuck-in," and never mind the cost, the tab was his. They ordered two steaks medium rare, baked potatoes, French fries, fried onions, succotash, side dishes of macaroni and hominy, salad with Thousand Island dressing, cinnamon rolls, apple pie with ice cream, and coffee. To top it off, they visited a drugstore and selected cigars; in the same drugstore, they also bought two thick rolls of adhesive tape.

As the black Chevrolet regained the highway and hurried on across a countryside imperceptibly ascending toward the colder, cracker-dry climate of the high wheat plains, Perry closed his eyes and dozed off into a food-dazed semi-slumber, from which he woke to hear a voice reading the eleven-o'clock news. He rolled down a window and bathed his face in the flood of frosty air. Dick told him they were in Finney County. "We crossed the line ten miles back," he said. The car was going very fast. Signs, their messages ignited by the car's headlights, flared up, flew by: "See the Polar Bears," "Burtis Motors," "World's Largest FREE Swimpool," "Wheat Lands Motel," and, finally, a bit before street lamps began, "Howdy, Stranger! Welcome to Garden City. A Friendly Place."

They skirted the southern rim of the town. No one was abroad at this nearly midnight hour, and nothing was open except a string of desolately brilliant service stations. Dick turned into one—Hurd's Phillips 66. A youngster appeared, and asked, "Fill her up?" Dick nodded, and Perry, getting out of the car, went inside the station, where he locked himself in the men's room. His legs pained him, as they often did; they hurt as though his old accident had happened five minutes before. He shook three aspirin out of a bottle, chewed

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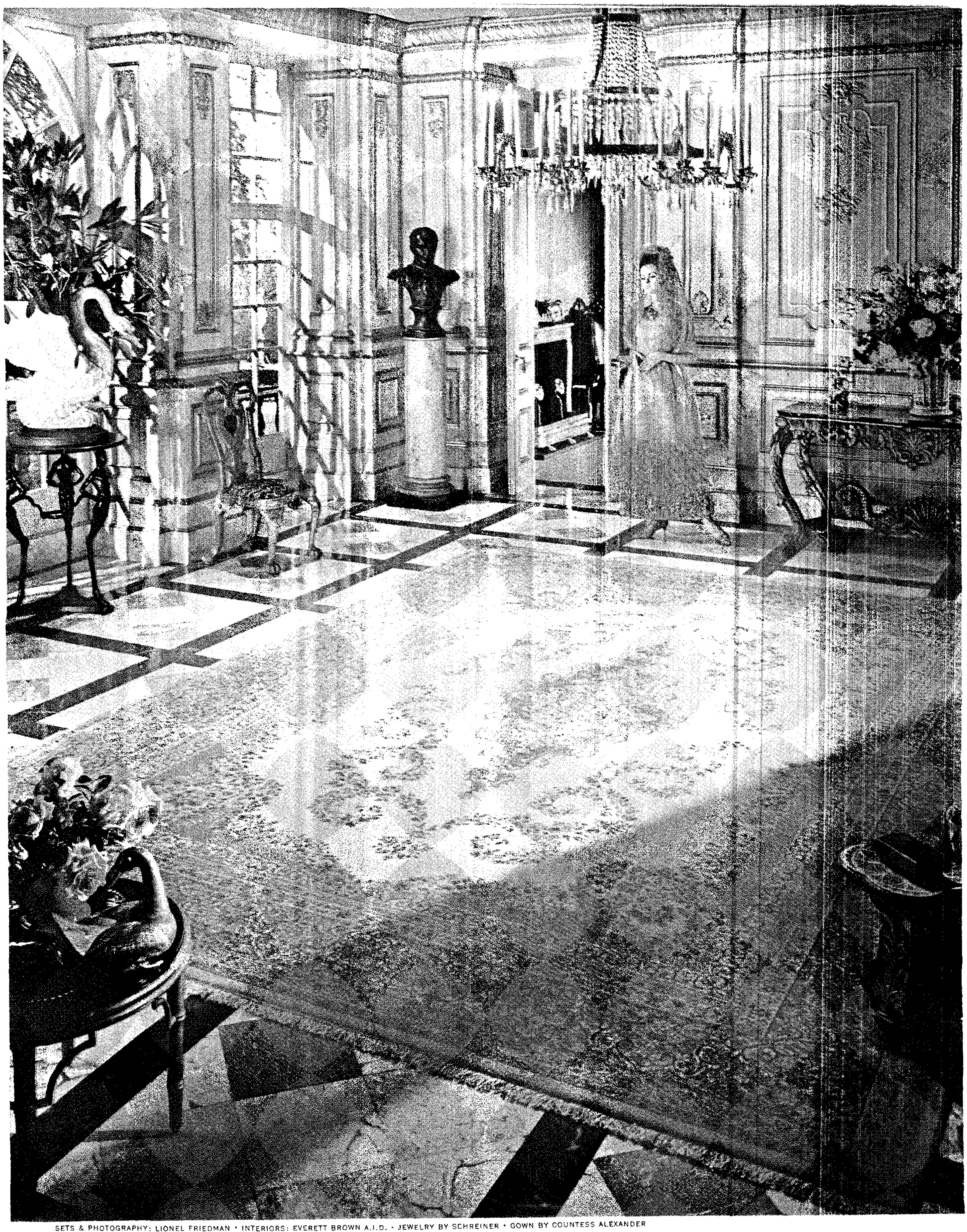

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them slowly (for he liked the taste), and then drank water from the basin tap. He sat down on the toilet, stretched out his legs, and rubbed them, massaging the almost unbendable knees. Dick had said they were almost there—“only seven miles more.” He unzipped a pocket of his windbreaker and brought out a paper sack; inside it were the recently purchased rubber gloves. They were glue-colored, sticky, and thin, and as he inched them on, one tore—not a dangerous tear, just a split between the fingers, but it seemed to him an omen.

The doorknob turned, rattled. Dick said, “Want some candy? They got a candy machine out here.”

“No.”

“You O.K.?”

“I'm fine.”

“Don't be all night.”

Dick dropped a dime in a vending machine, pulled the lever, and picked up a bag of jelly beans; munching, he wandered back to the car and lounged there watching the young attendant's efforts to rid the windshield of Kansas dust and the slime of battered insects. The attendant, whose name was James Spor, felt uneasy. Dick's eyes and sullen expression and Perry's strange, prolonged sojourn in the lavatory disturbed him. (The next day, he reported to his employer, “We had some tough customers in here last night,” but he did not think, then or for the longest while, to connect the visitors with the tragedy in Holcomb.)

Dick said, “Kind of slow around here.”

“Sure is,” James Spor said. “You're the only body stopped here since two hours. Where you coming from?”

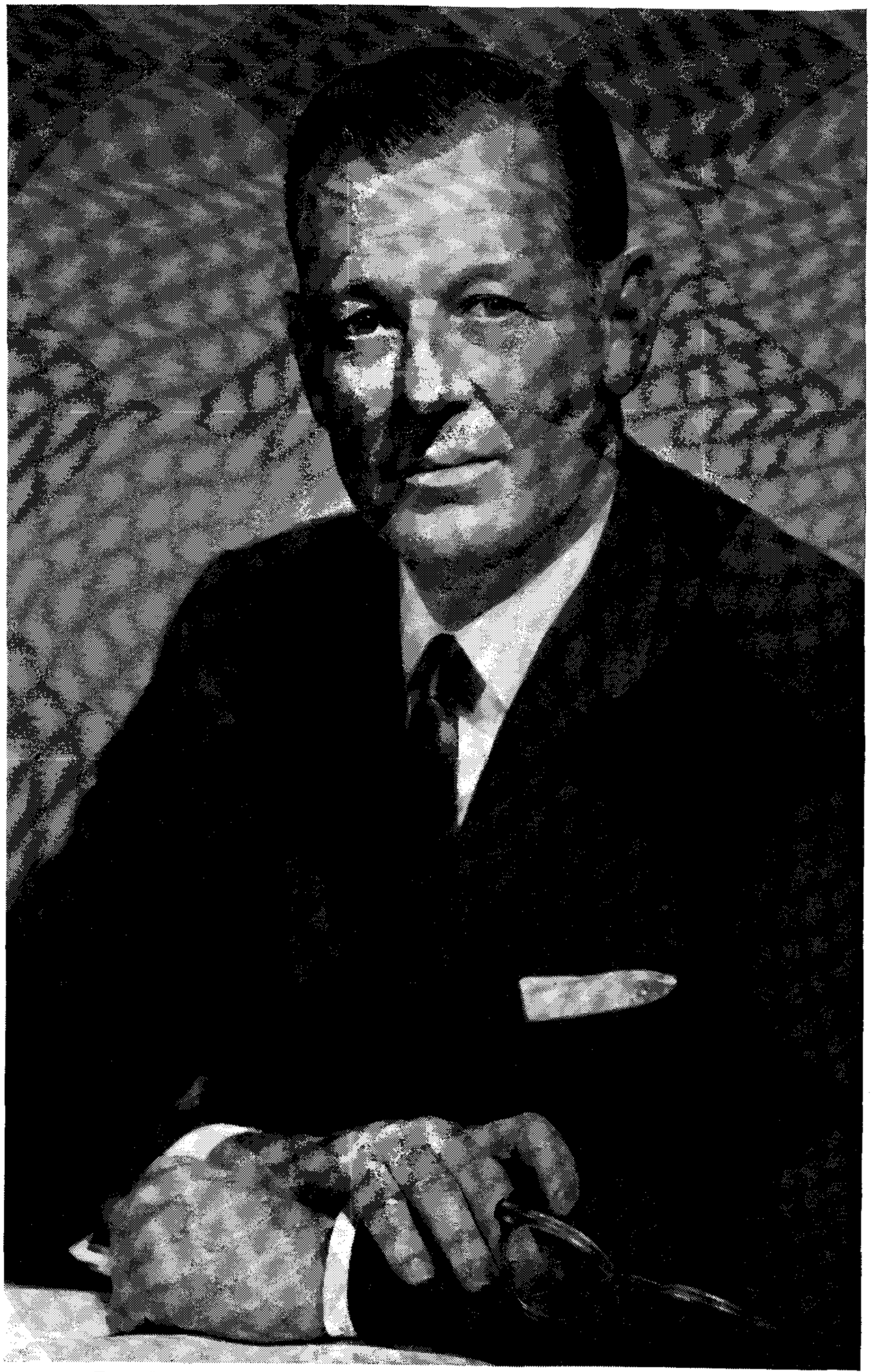
“Kansas City.”

“Here to hunt?”

“Just passing through. On our way to Arizona. We got jobs waiting there. Construction work. Any idea the mileage between here and Tucumcari, New Mexico?”

“Can't say I do. Three dollars six cents.” He accepted Dick's money, made change, and said, “You'll excuse me, sir? I'm doing a job. Putting a bumper on a truck.”

Dick waited, ate some jelly beans, impatiently gunned the motor, sounded the horn. Was it possible that he had misjudged Perry's character? That Perry, of all people, was suffering a sudden case of “blood bubbles”? A year ago, when they first encountered each other, he'd thought Perry “a good guy,” if a bit “stuck on himself,” “sentimental,” too much “the dreamer.” He had liked him but not considered him espe-



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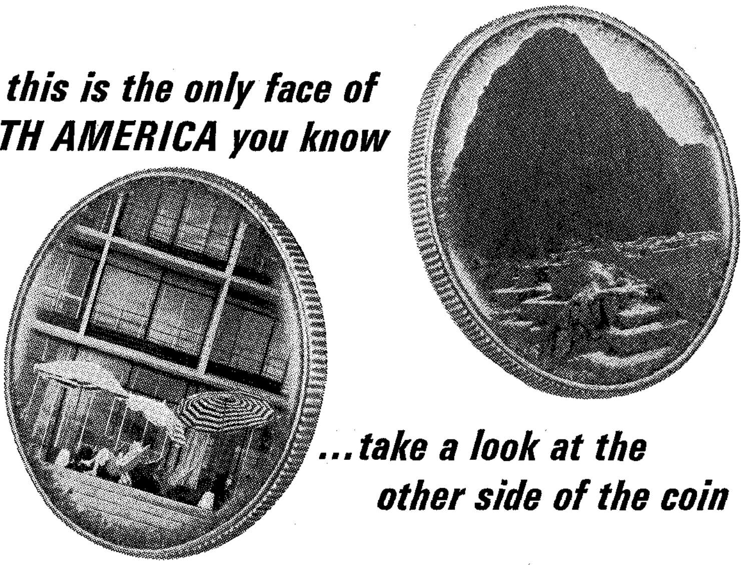

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cially worth cultivating until, one day, Perry described a murder, telling how, simply for "the hell of it," he had killed a colored man in Las Vegas—beaten him to death with a bicycle chain. The anecdote elevated Dick's opinion of Little Perry; he began to see more of him, and, like Willie-Jay, though for dissimilar reasons, gradually decided that Perry possessed unusual and valuable qualities. Several murderers, or men who boasted of murder or their willingness to commit it, circulated inside Lansing, but Dick became convinced that Perry was that rarity, "a natural killer"—absolutely sane, but conscienceless, and capable of dealing, with or without motive, the coldest-blooded deathblows. It was Dick's theory that such a gift could, under his supervision, be profitably exploited. Having reached this conclusion, he had proceeded to woo Perry, flatter him—pretend, for example, that he believed all the buried-treasure stuff and shared his beachcomber yearnings and seaport longings, none of which appealed to Dick, who wanted "a regular life," with a business of his own, a house, a horse to ride, a new car, and "plenty of blond chicken." It was important, however, that Perry not suspect this—not until Perry, with his gift, had helped further Dick's ambitions. But perhaps it was Dick who had miscalculated, been duped; if so—if it developed that Perry was, after all, only an "ordinary punk"—then "the party" was over, the months of planning were wasted, there was nothing to do but turn and go. It mustn't happen; Dick returned to the station.

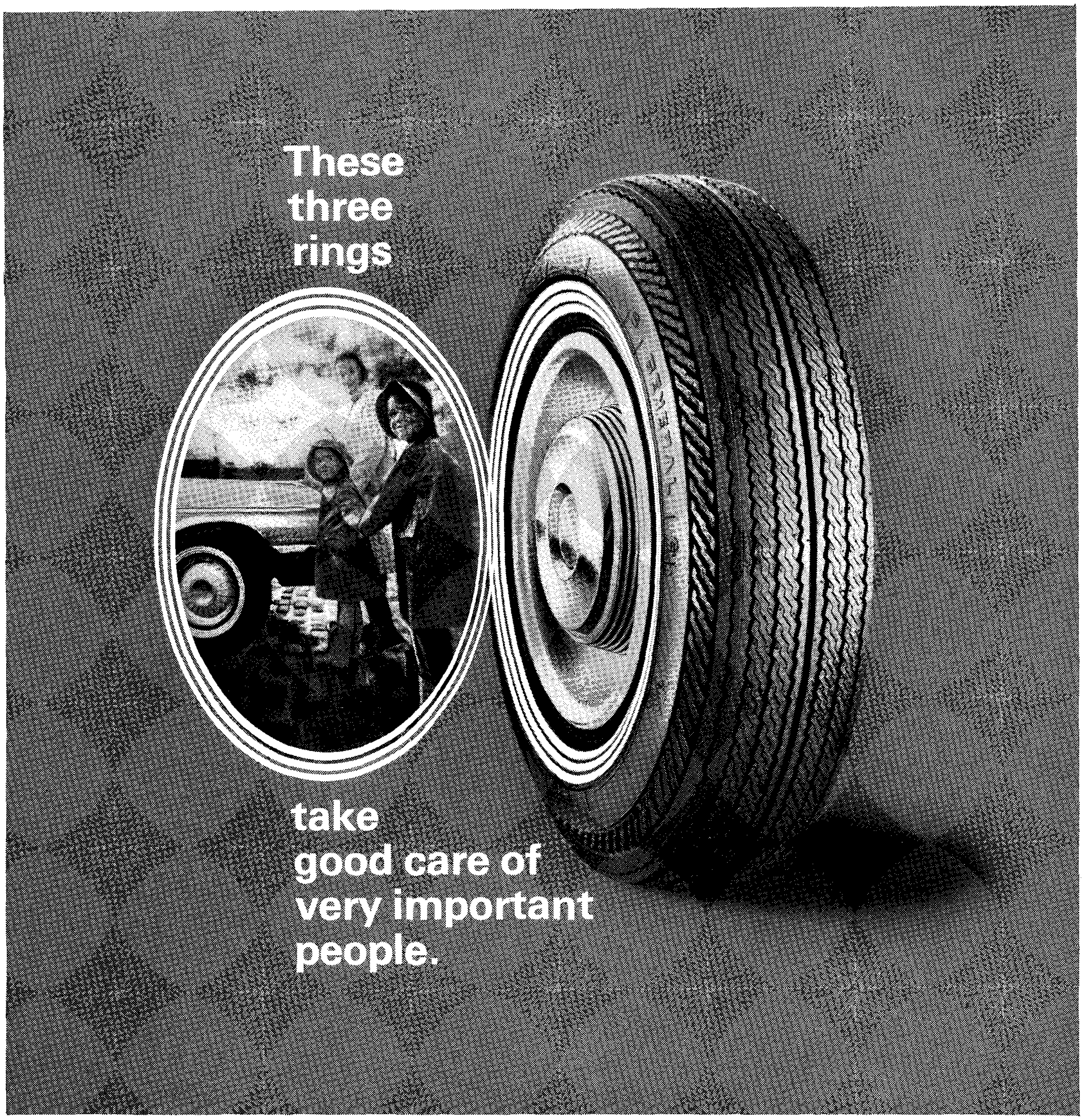
The door to the men's room was still bolted. He banged on it: "For Christsake, Perry!"

"In a minute."

"What's the matter? You sick?"

Perry gripped the edge of the washbasin and hauled himself to a standing position. His legs trembled; the pain in his knees made him perspire. He wiped his face with a paper towel. He unlocked the door and said, "O.K. Let's go."

NANCY's bedroom was the smallest, most personal room in the house—girlish, and as frothy as a ballerina's tutu. Walls, ceiling, and everything else except a bureau and a writing desk were pink or blue or white. The white-and-pink bed, piled with blue pillows, was dominated by a big pink-and-white Teddy bear—a shooting-gallery prize that Bobby had won at the county fair. A cork bulletin board, painted pink, hung above a white-skirted dressing table; dry gardenias, the remains of some ancient corsage, were



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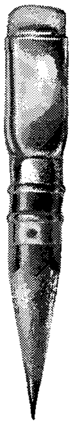

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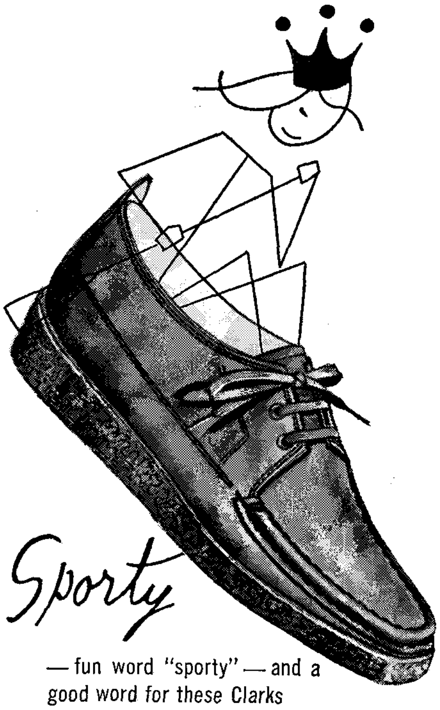
attached to it, and old valentines, newspaper recipes, and snapshots of her baby nephew and of Susan Kidwell and of Bobby Rupp, Bobby caught in a dozen actions—swinging a bat, dribbling a basketball, driving a tractor, wading, in bathing trunks, at the edge of McKinney Lake (which was as far as he dared go, for he had never learned to swim). And there were photographs of the two together—Nancy and Bobby. Of these, she liked best one that showed them sitting in a leaf-dappled light amid picnic debris and looking at one another with expressions that, though unsmiling, seemed mirthful and full of delight. Other pictures, of horses, of cats deceased but unforgotten—like "poor Boobs," who had died not long ago and most mysteriously (she suspected poison)—encumbered her desk.

Nancy was invariably the last of the family to retire; as she had once informed her friend and home-economics teacher, Mrs. Polly Stringer, the midnight hours were her "time to be selfish and vain." It was then that she went through her beauty routine, a cleansing, creaming ritual, which on Saturday nights included washing her hair. Tonight, having dried and brushed her hair and bound it in a gauzy bandanna, she set out the clothes she intended to wear to church the next morning: nylons, black pumps, a red velvet dress—her prettiest, which she herself had made. It was the dress in which she was to be buried.

Before saying her prayers, she always recorded in a diary a few occurrences ("Summer here. Forever, I hope. Sue over and we rode Babe down to the river. Sue played her flute. Fireflies") and an occasional outburst ("I love him, I do"). It was a five-year diary; in the four years of its existence she had never neglected to make an entry, though the splendor of several events (Eveanna's wedding, the birth of her nephew) and the drama of others (her "first REAL quarrel with Bobby"—a page literally tear-stained) had caused her to usurp space allotted to the future. A different tinted ink identified each year: 1956 was green and 1957 a ribbon of red, replaced the following year by bright lavender, and now, in 1959, she had decided upon a dignified blue. But, as in every manifestation, she continued to tinker with her handwriting, slanting it to the right or to the left, shaping it roundly or steeply, loosely or stingily—as though she were asking, "Is this Nancy? Or that? Or that? Which is me?" (Once, Mrs. Riggs, her English teacher, had returned a theme with the scribbled comment "Good. But why written in three



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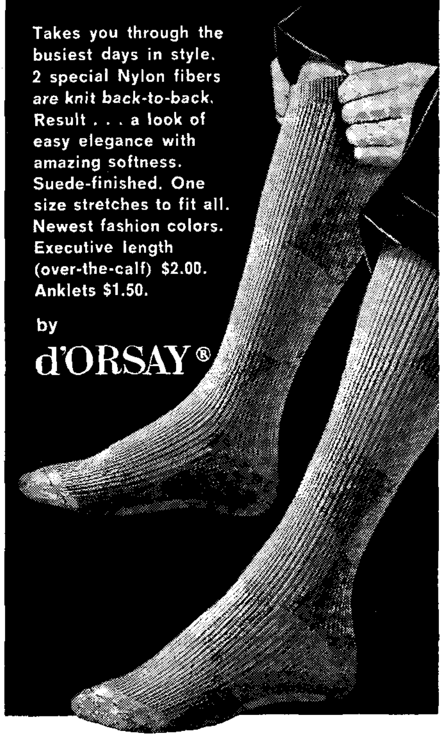

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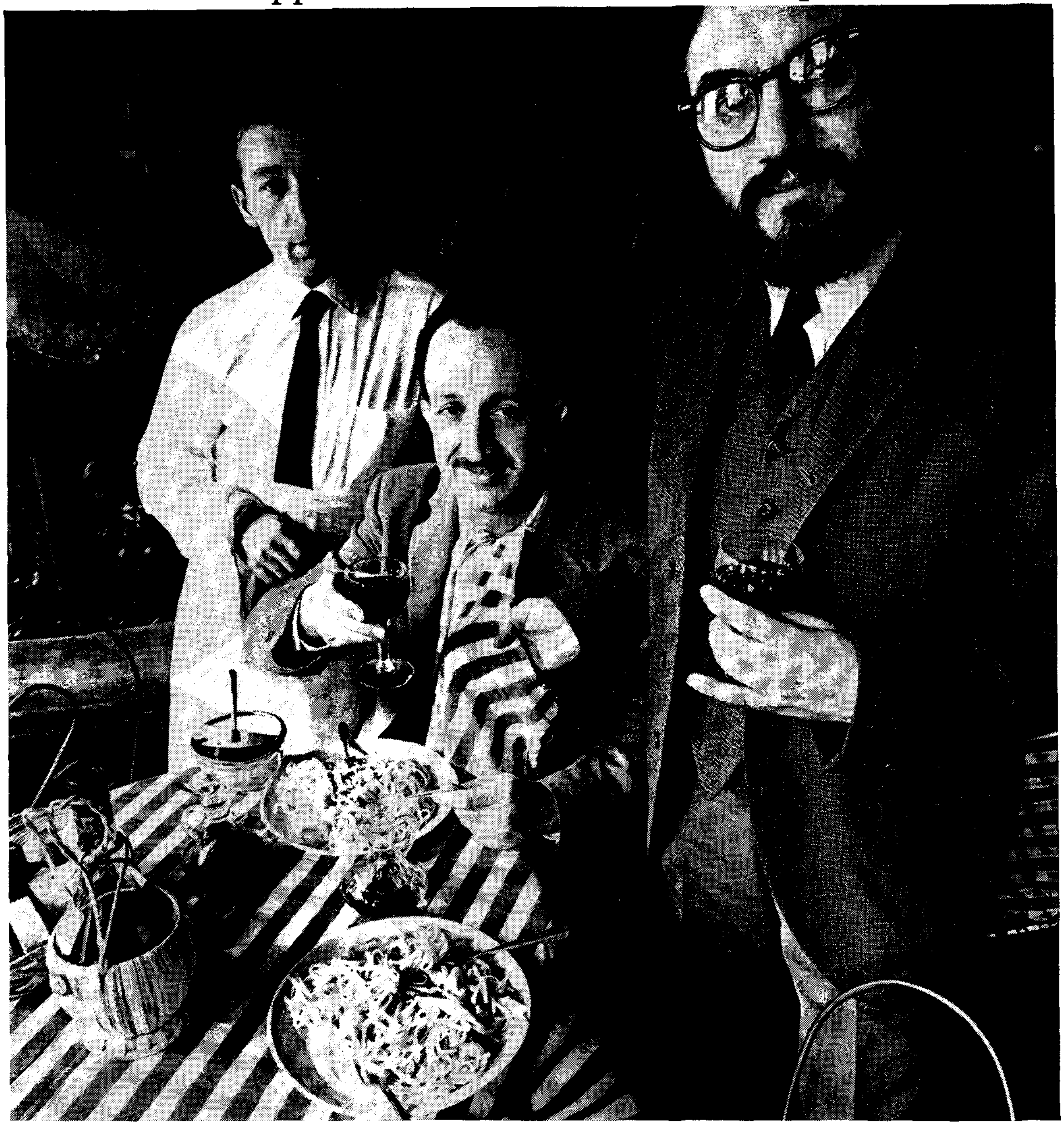

(The Holbrook Version)

Manny hung the "Out to Lunch" sign on his sewing machine. He could almost taste crusty Italian bread, Scaloppine Pizzaiola, a little green salad, a nice red wine.

The annual meeting of The Holbrook Company stockholders was being held today at Toni's Little Venice. Manny hoped Ira Katz, the other stockholder, wouldn't make a big deal of it. He wanted to get done with business and down to lunch.

The meeting called to order, Manny was elected president since Ira had been the year before. Manny read the year-end financial report. It was comfortably in the black. The meeting adjourned, they ordered.

Manny tucked a napkin under his chin, ready to eat, but Ira rambled on about business....."We're doing fine with white shirts in both the Prince Albert and Country Squire collar styles, but we have to find something else to make, something everybody else doesn't have." Preoccupied, he stared at Manny as if the answer might be written on his face. Then a wonderous light came over him. Patterns in shirts. Patterns exactly like the patterned napkin tucked under Manny's chin would be the thing.

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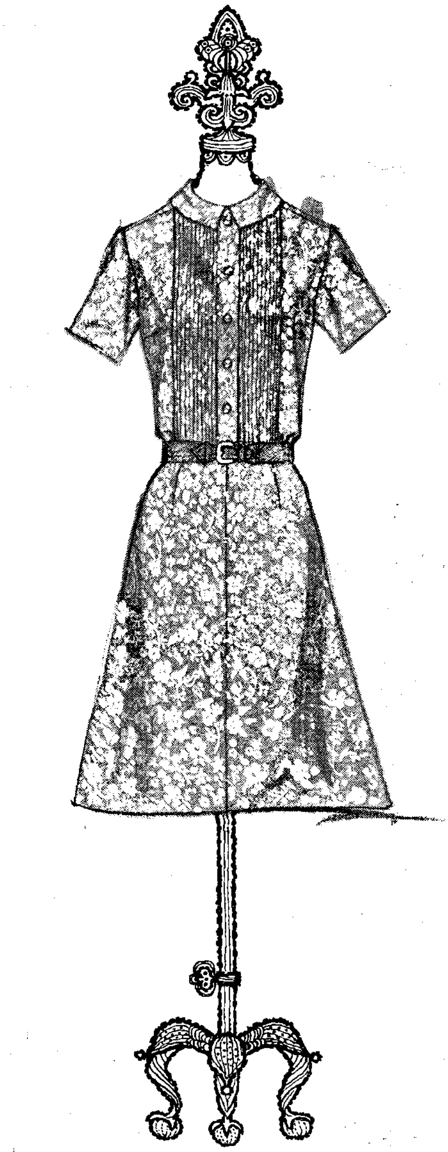

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1407 Broadway, New York

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styles of script?" To which Nancy had replied, "Because I'm not grown-up enough to be one person with one kind of signature.") Still, she had progressed in recent months, and it was in a handwriting of emerging maturity that she wrote, "Jolene K. came over and I showed her how to make a cherry pie. Practiced with Roxie. Bobby here and we watched TV. Left at 11:00."

"THIS is it, this is it, this has to be it, there's the school, there's the garage, now we turn south." To Perry, it seemed as though Dick were muttering jubilant mumbo-jumbo. They left the highway, sped through a deserted Holcomb, and crossed the Santa Fe tracks. "The bank, that must be the bank, now we turn west—see the trees? This is it, this has to be it." The headlights disclosed a lane of Chinese elms; bundles of wind-blown thistle scurried across it. Dick doused the headlights, slowed down, and stopped until his eyes were adjusted to the moon-illuminated night. Presently, the car crept forward.

HOLCOMB is twelve miles east of the Mountain Time zone, a circumstance that causes some grumbling, for it means that at seven in the morning, and in winter at eight or after, the sky is still dark, and the stars, if any, are still shining—as they were when the two sons of Vic Irsik arrived to do their Sunday-morning chores. But by nine, when the boys finished work—during which they noticed nothing amiss—the sun had risen, delivering another day of pheasant-season perfection. As they left the property and ran along the lane, they waved at an incoming car, and a girl waved back. She was a classmate of Nancy Clutter's, and her name was also Nancy—Nancy Ewalt. She was the only child of the man who was driving the car, Mr. Clarence Ewalt, a middle-aged sugar-beet farmer. Mr. Ewalt was not himself a churchgoer, nor was his wife, but every Sunday he dropped his daughter at River Valley Farm in order that she might accompany the Clutter family to Methodist services in Garden City. The arrangement saved him "making two back-and-forth trips to town." It was his custom to wait until he had seen his daughter safely admitted to the house. Nancy, a clothes-conscious girl with a film-star figure, a bespectacled countenance, and a coy, tiptoe way of walking, crossed the lawn and pressed the front-door bell. The house had four entrances, and when, after repeated knockings, there was no response at this one, she moved on to the next—that of Mr.

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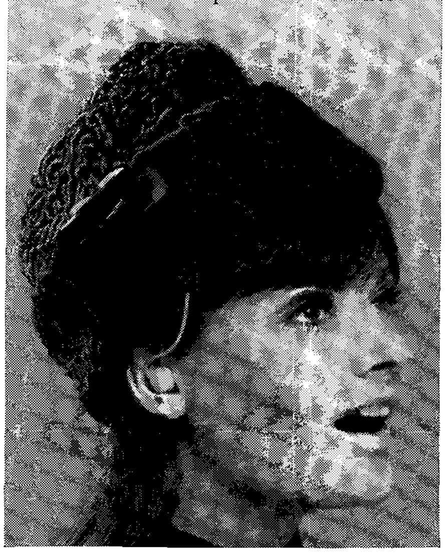

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Clutter's office. Here the door was partly open; she opened it somewhat more—enough to ascertain that the office was filled only with shadow—but she did not think the Clutters would appreciate her "barging right in." She rang, knocked, and at last walked around to the back of the house. The garage was there, and she noted that both cars were in it: two Chevrolet sedans. Which meant they *must* be home. However, having applied unavailingly at a third door, which led into a "utility room," and a fourth, the door to the kitchen, she rejoined her father, who said, "Maybe they're asleep."

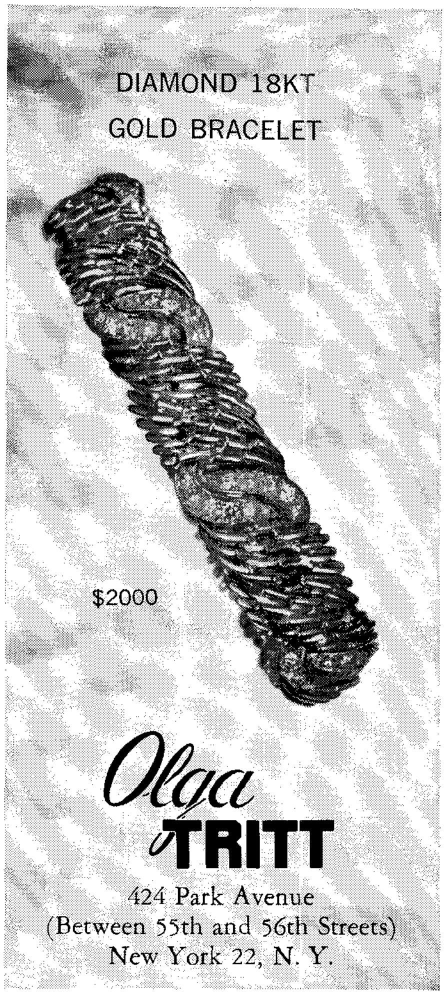
"But that's *im*possible. Can you imagine Mr. Clutter missing church? Just to *sleep*?"

"Come on, then. We'll drive down to the Teacherage. Susan ought to know what's happened."

The Teacherage, which stands opposite the Holcomb School, is an out-of-date edifice, drab and poignant. Its twenty-odd rooms are separated into grace-and-favor apartments for those members of the faculty unable to find, or afford, other quarters. Nevertheless, Susan Kidwell and her mother had managed to sugar the pill and install a cozy atmosphere in their apartment—three rooms on the ground floor. The very small parlor incredibly contained—aside from things to sit on—an organ, a piano, a garden of flowering flowerpots, and usually a darting little dog and a large, drowsy cat. Susan, on this Sunday morning, stood at the window of this room watching the street. She is a tall, languid young lady with a pallid, oval face and beautiful pale-blue-gray eyes; her hands are extraordinary—long-fingered, flexible, nervously elegant. She was dressed for church, and expected momentarily to see the Clutters' Chevrolet, for she, too, always attended services chaperoned by the Clutter family. Instead, the Ewalts arrived to tell their peculiar tale.

But Susan knew no explanation, nor did her mother, who said, "If there was some change of plan, why, I'm sure they would have telephoned. Susan, why don't you call the house? They *could* be asleep—I suppose."

"So I did," said Susan, in a statement made at a later date. "I called the house and let the phone ring—at least, I had the *impression* it was ringing—oh, a minute or more. Nobody answered, so Mr. Ewalt suggested that we go to the house and try to 'wake them up.' But when we got there— I didn't want to do it. Go inside the house. I was frightened, and I don't know why, because it never occurred to me— Well, some-



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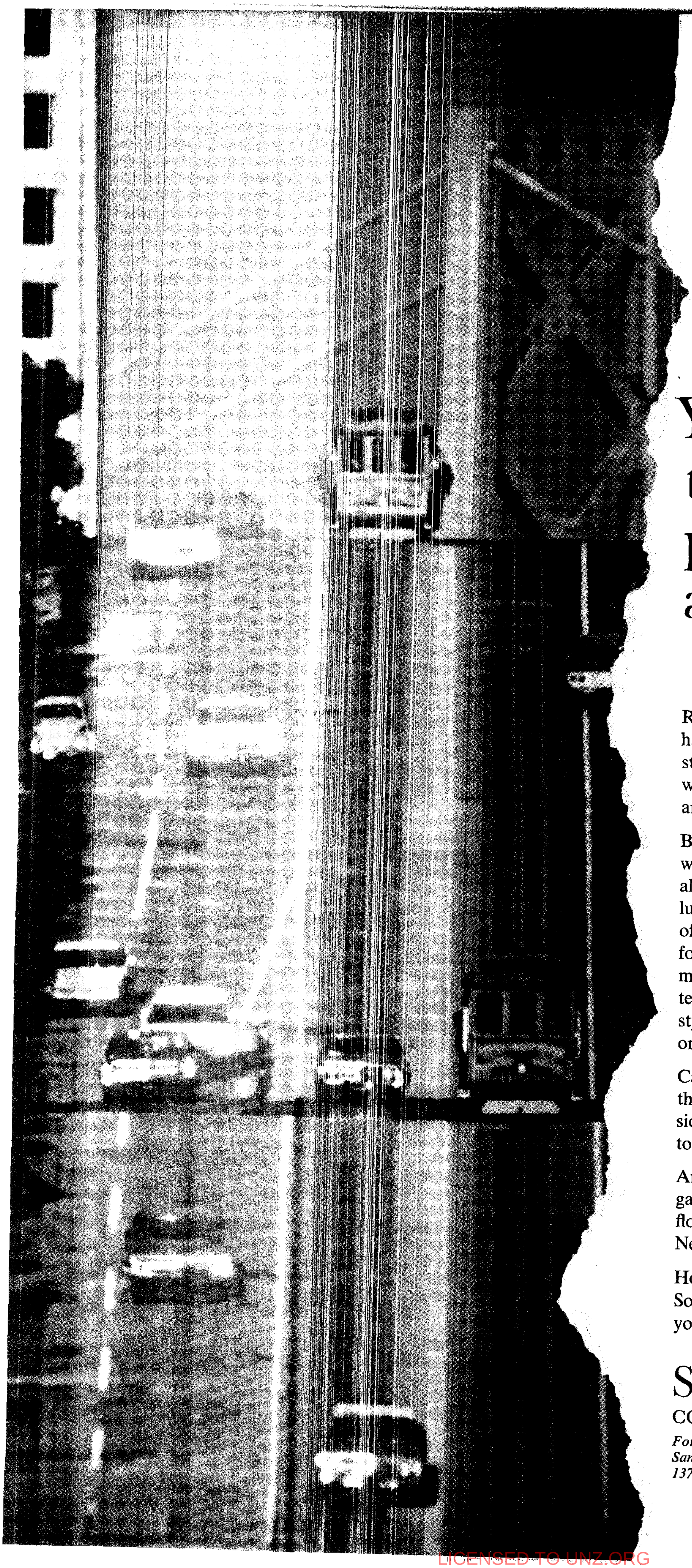

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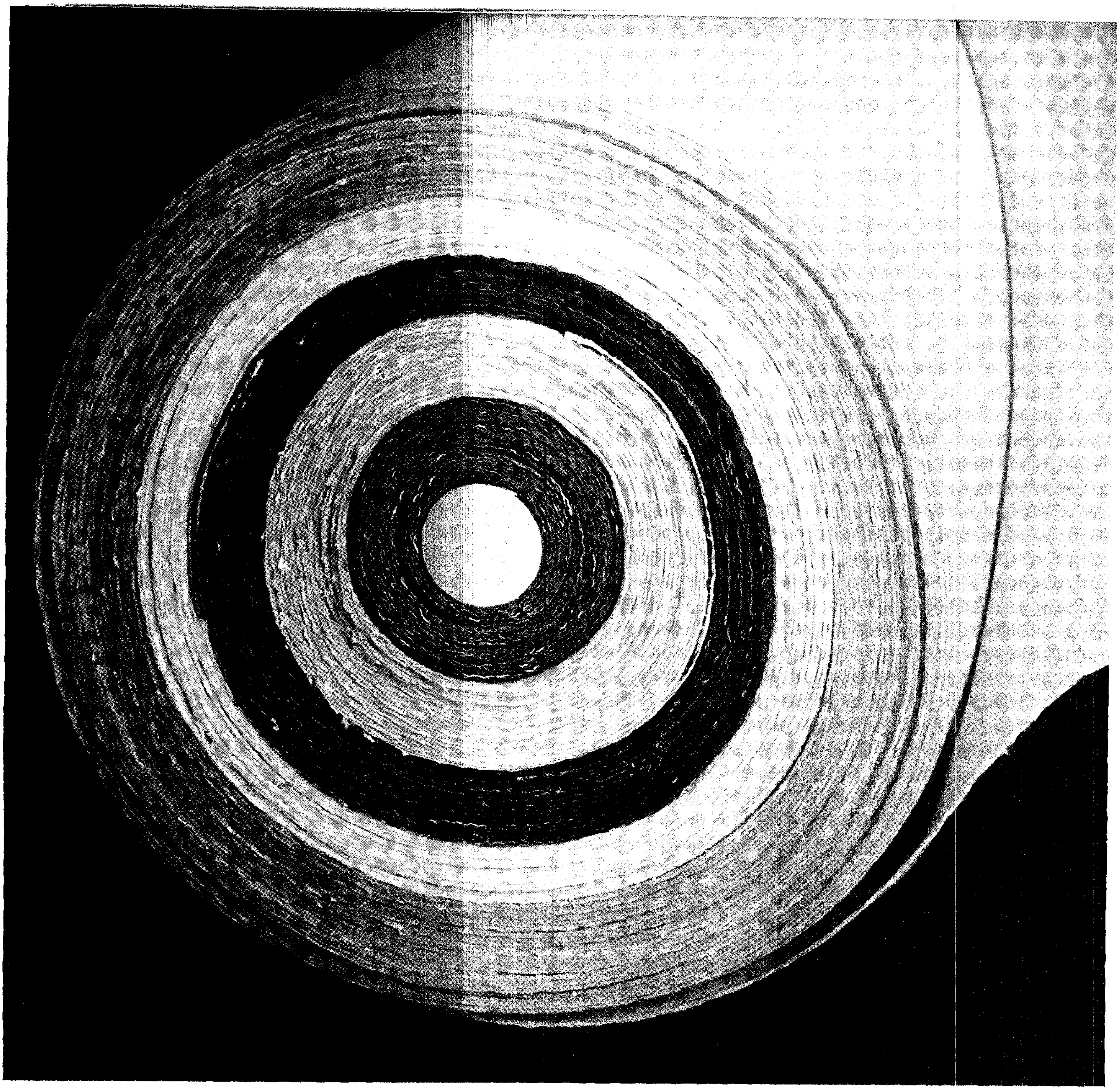

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thing like that just doesn't. But the sun was so bright, everything looked too bright and quiet. And then I saw that all the cars were there, even Kenyon's old coyote wagon. Mr. Ewalt was wearing work clothes; he had mud on his boots; he felt he wasn't properly dressed to go calling on the Clutters. Especially since he never had. Been in the house, I mean. Finally, Nancy said she would go with me. We went around to the kitchen door, and, of course, it wasn't locked; the only person who ever locked doors around there was Mrs. Helm—the family never did. We walked in, and I saw right away that the Clutters hadn't eaten breakfast; there were no dishes, nothing on the stove. Then I noticed something funny: Nancy's purse. It was lying on the floor, sort of open. We passed on through the dining room, and stopped at the bottom of the stairs. Nancy's room is just at the top. I called her name, and started up the stairs, and Nancy Ewalt followed. The sound of our footsteps frightened me more than anything, they were so loud and everything else was so silent. Nancy's door was open. The curtains hadn't been drawn, and the room was full of sunlight. I don't remember screaming. Nancy Ewalt says I did—screamed and screamed. I only remember Nancy's Teddy bear staring at me. And Nancy. And running . . ."

In the interim, Mr. Ewalt had decided that perhaps he ought not to have allowed the girls to enter the house alone. He was getting out of the car to go after them when he heard the screams, but before he could reach the house, the girls were running toward him. His daughter shouted, "She's dead!" and flung herself into his arms. "It's true, Daddy! Nancy's dead!"

Susan turned on her. "No, she isn't. And don't you say it. Don't you dare. It's only a nosebleed. She has them all the time, terrible nosebleeds, and that's all it is."

"There's too much blood. There's blood on the walls. You didn't really look."

"I couldn't make head nor tails," Mr. Ewalt subsequently testified. "I thought maybe the child was hurt. It seemed to me the first thing to do was call an ambulance. Miss Kidwell—Susan—she told me there was a telephone in the kitchen. I found it, right where she said. But the receiver was off the hook, and when I picked it up, I saw the line had been cut."

LARRY HENDRICKS, a teacher of English, aged twenty-seven, lived on the top floor of the Teacherage. He

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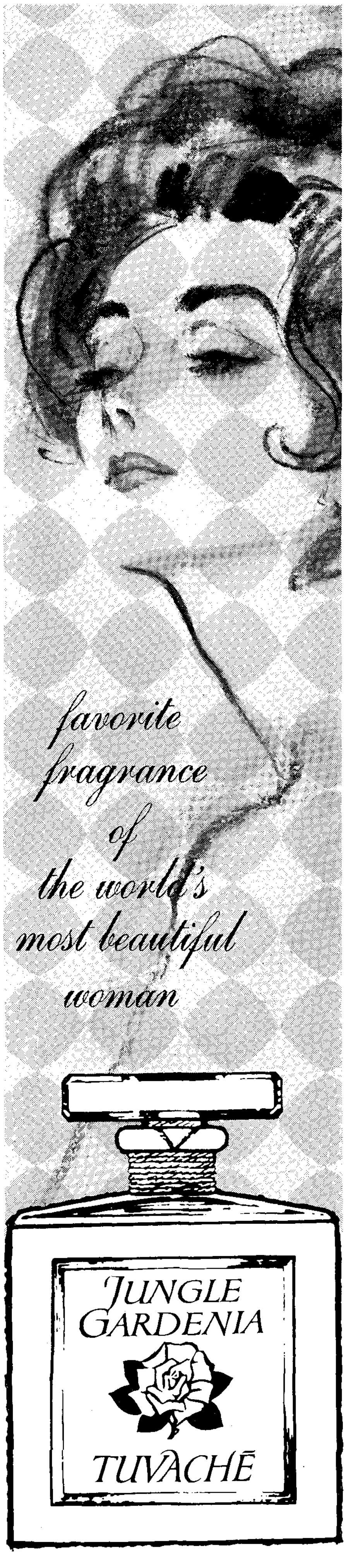
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wanted to write, but his apartment was not the ideal lair for a would-be author. It was smaller than the Kidwells', and, moreover, he shared it with a wife, three active children, and a perpetually functioning television set. ("It's the only way we can keep the kids pacified.") Though as yet unpublished, young Hendricks, a he-mannish ex-sailor from Oklahoma who smokes a pipe and has a mustache and a crop of untamed black hair, at least looks literary—in fact, remarkably like youthful photographs of the writer he most admires, Ernest Hemingway. To supplement his teacher's salary, he also drove a school bus.

"Sometimes I cover sixty miles a day," he said to an acquaintance. "Which doesn't leave much time for writing. Except Sundays. Now, *that* Sunday, November 15th, I was sitting up here in the apartment going through the papers. Most of my ideas for stories, I get them out of newspapers—you know? Well, the TV was on and the kids were kind of lively, but even so I could hear *voices*. From downstairs. Down at Mrs. Kidwell's. But I didn't figure it was my concern, since I was new here—only came to Holcomb when school began. But then Shirley—she'd been out hanging up some clothes—my wife, Shirley, rushed in and said, 'Honey, you better go downstairs. They're all hysterical.' The two girls—now, they really were hysterical. Susan never has got over it. Never will, ask me. And poor Mrs. Kidwell. Her health's not too good; she's high-strung to begin with. She kept saying—but it was only later I understood what she meant—she kept saying, 'Oh, Bonnie, Bonnie, what happened? You were so happy, you told me it was all over, you said you'd never be sick again.' Words to that effect. Even Mr. Ewalt, he was about as worked up as a man like that ever gets. He had the sheriff's office on the phone—the Garden City sheriff—and he was telling him that there was 'something *radically* wrong over at the Clutter place.' The sheriff promised to come straight out, and Mr. Ewalt said fine, he'd meet him on the highway. Shirley came downstairs to sit with the women, try and calm them—as if anybody could. And I went with Mr. Ewalt—drove with him out to the highway to wait for Sheriff Robinson. On the way, he told me what had happened. When he came to the part about finding the wires cut, right then I thought, Uh-uh, and decided I'd better keep my eyes open. Make a note of every detail. In case I was ever called on to testify in court.

"The sheriff arrived; it was nine-

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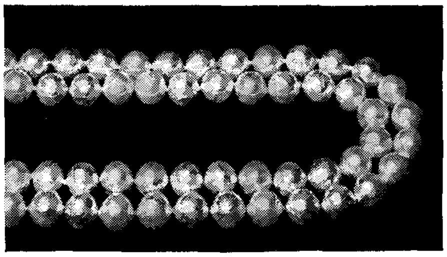

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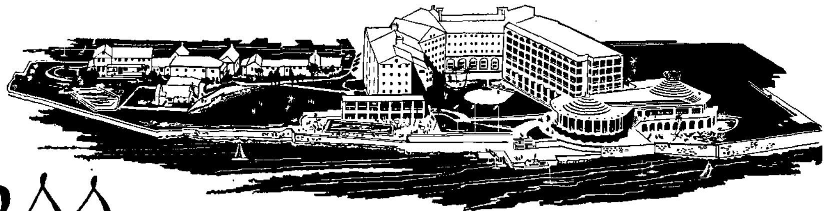

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thirty-five—I looked at my watch. Mr. Ewalt waved at him to follow our car, and we drove out to the Clutters'. I'd never been there before, only seen it from a distance. Of course, I knew the family. Kenyon was in my sophomore English class, and I'd directed Nancy in the 'Tom Sawyer' play. But they were such exceptional, unassuming kids you wouldn't have known they were rich or lived in such a big house—and the trees, the lawn, everything so tended and cared for. After we got there, and the sheriff had heard Mr. Ewalt's story, he radioed his office and told them to send reinforcements, and an ambulance. Said, 'There's been some kind of accident.' Then we went in the house, the three of us. Went through the kitchen and saw a lady's purse lying on the floor, and the phone where the wires had been cut. The sheriff was wearing a hip pistol, and when we started up the stairs, going to Nancy's room, I noticed he kept his hand on it, ready to draw.

"Well, it was pretty bad. That wonderful girl— But you would never have known her. She'd been shot in the back of the head with a shotgun held maybe two inches away. She was lying on her side, facing the wall, and the wall was covered with blood. The bedcovers were drawn up to her shoulders. Sheriff Robinson, he pulled them back, and we saw that she was wearing a bathrobe, pajamas, socks, and slippers—like, whenever it happened, she hadn't gone to bed yet. Her hands were tied behind her, and her ankles were roped together with the kind of cord you see on Venetian blinds. Sheriff said, 'Is this Nancy Clutter?'—he'd never seen the child before. And I said, 'Yes. Yes, that's Nancy.'

"We stepped back into the hall, and looked around. All the other doors were closed. We opened one, and that turned out to be a bathroom. Something about it seemed wrong. I decided it was because of the chair—a sort of dining-room chair, that looked out of place in a bathroom. The next door—we all agreed it must be Kenyon's room. A lot of boy-stuff scattered around. And I recognized Kenyon's glasses—saw them on a bookshelf beside the bed. But the bed was empty, though it looked as if it had been slept in. So we walked to the end of the hall, the last door, and there, on her bed, that's where we found Mrs. Clutter. She'd been tied, too. But differently—with her hands in front of her, so that she looked as though she were praying—and in one hand she was holding, *gripping*, a handkerchief. Or was it Kleenex? The cord around her wrists

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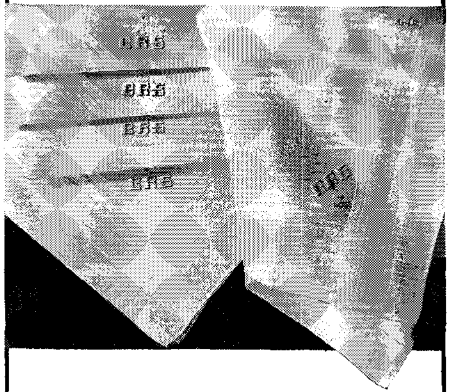

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ran down to her ankles, which were bound together, and then ran on down to the bottom of the bed, where it was tied to the footboard—a very complicated, artful piece of work. Think how long it took to do! And her lying there, scared out of her wits. Well, she was wearing some jewelry, two rings—which is one of the many reasons why I've always discounted robbery as a motive—and a robe, and a white nightgown, and white socks. Her mouth had been taped with adhesive, but she'd been shot point-blank in the side of the head, and the blast—the impact—had ripped the tape loose. Her eyes were open. Wide open. As though she were still looking at the killer. Because she must have had to watch him do it—aim the gun. Nobody said anything. We were too stunned. I remember the sheriff searched around to see if he could find the discharged cartridge. But whoever had done it was much too smart and cool to have left behind any clues like that.

"Naturally, we were wondering where was Mr. Clutter? And Kenyon? Sheriff said, 'Let's try downstairs.' The first place we tried was the master bedroom—the room where Mr. Clutter slept. The bedcovers were drawn back, and lying there, toward the foot of the bed, was a billfold with a mess of cards spilling out of it, like somebody had shuffled through them hunting something particular—a note, an I.O.U., who knows? The fact that there wasn't any money in it didn't signify one way or the other. It was Mr. Clutter's billfold, and he never did carry cash. Even I knew that, and I'd only been in Holcomb a little more than two months. Another thing I knew was that neither Mr. Clutter nor Kenyon could see a darn without his glasses. And there were Mr. Clutter's glasses sitting on a bureau. So I figured, wherever they were, they weren't there of their own accord. We looked all over, and everything was just as it should be—no sign of a struggle, nothing disturbed. Except the office, where the telephone was off the hook, and the wires cut, same as in the kitchen. Sheriff Robinson, he found some shotguns in a closet, and sniffed them to see if they had been fired recently. Said they hadn't, and—I never saw a more bewildered man—said, 'Where the devil can Herb *be*?' About then we heard footsteps. Coming up the stairs from the basement. 'Who's that?' said the sheriff, like he was ready to shoot. And a voice said, 'It's me. Wendle.' Turned out to be Wendle Meier, the under-sheriff. Seems he had come to [illegible] house and hadn't seen us, so he'd

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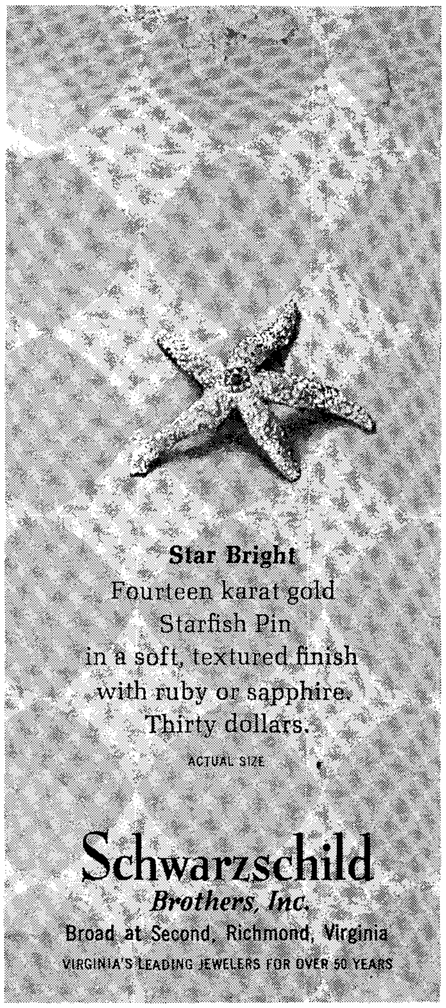
gone investigating down in the basement. The sheriff told him—and it was sort of pitiful: 'Wendle, I don't know what to make of it. There's two bodies upstairs.' 'Well,' he said, Wendle did, 'there's another one down here.' So we followed him down to the basement. Or playroom, I guess you'd call it. It wasn't dark—there were windows that let in plenty of light. Kenyon was over in a corner, lying on a couch. He was gagged with adhesive tape, and bound hand and foot, like the mother—the same intricate process of the cord leading from the hands to the feet, and finally tied to an arm of the couch. Somehow, he haunts me the most, Kenyon does. I think it's because he was the most recognizable, the one that looked the most like himself—even though he'd been shot in the face, directly, head on. He was wearing a T shirt and blue jeans, and he was barefoot—as though he'd dressed in a hurry, just put on the first thing that came to hand. His head was propped by a couple of pillows, like they'd been stuffed under him to make an easier target.

"Then the sheriff said, 'Where's this go to?' Meaning another door there in the basement. Sheriff led the way, but inside you couldn't see your hand until Mr. Ewalt found the light switch. It was a furnace room, and very warm. Around here, people just install a gas furnace and pump the gas smack out of the ground. Doesn't cost them a nickel—that's why all the houses are overheated. Well, I took one look at Mr. Clutter, and it was hard to look again. I knew plain shooting couldn't account for that much blood. And I wasn't wrong. He'd been shot, all right, the same as Kenyon—with the gun held right in front of his face. But probably he was dead before he was shot. Or anyway, dying. Because his throat had been cut, too. He was wearing striped pajamas—nothing else. His mouth was taped; the tape had been wound plumb around his head. His ankles were tied together, but not his hands—or, rather, he'd managed, God knows how, maybe in rage or pain, to break the cord binding his hands. He was sprawled in front of the furnace. On a big cardboard box that looked as though it had been laid there specially. A mattress box. Sheriff said, 'Look here, Wendle.' What he was pointing at was a bloodstained footprint. On the mattress box. A half-sole footprint with circles—two holes in the center, like a pair of eyes. Then one of us—Mr. Ewalt? I don't recall—pointed out something else. A thing I can't get out of my mind. There was a steampipe overhead, and knotted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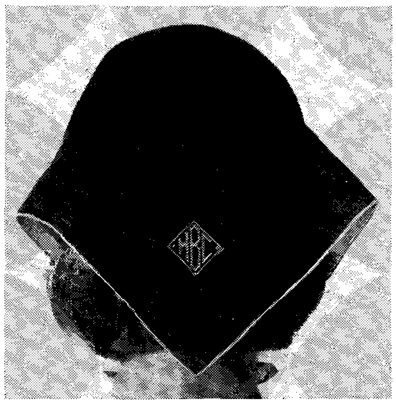
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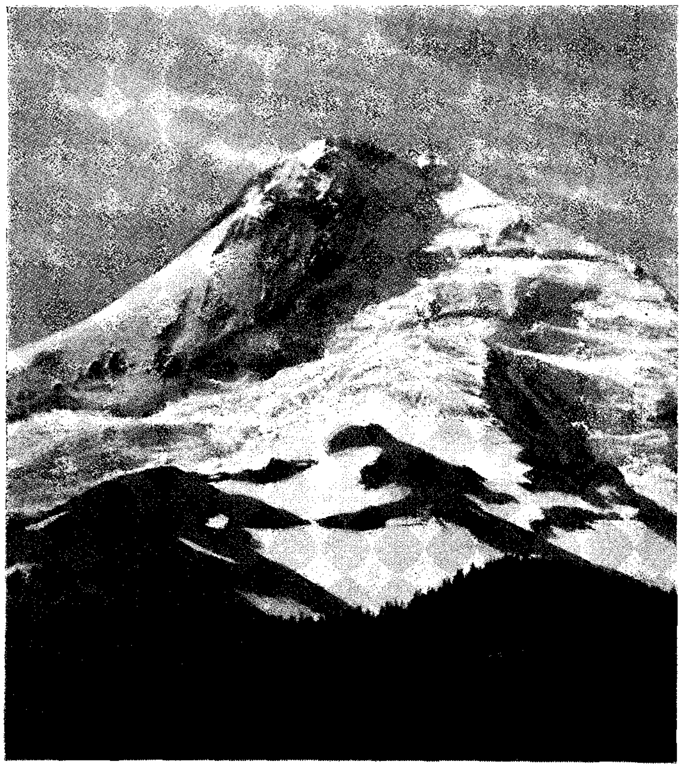

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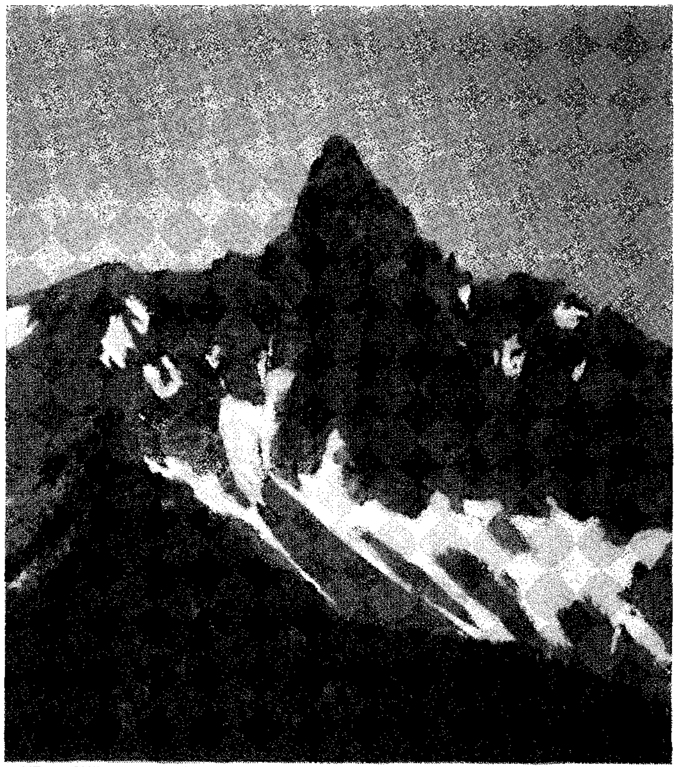

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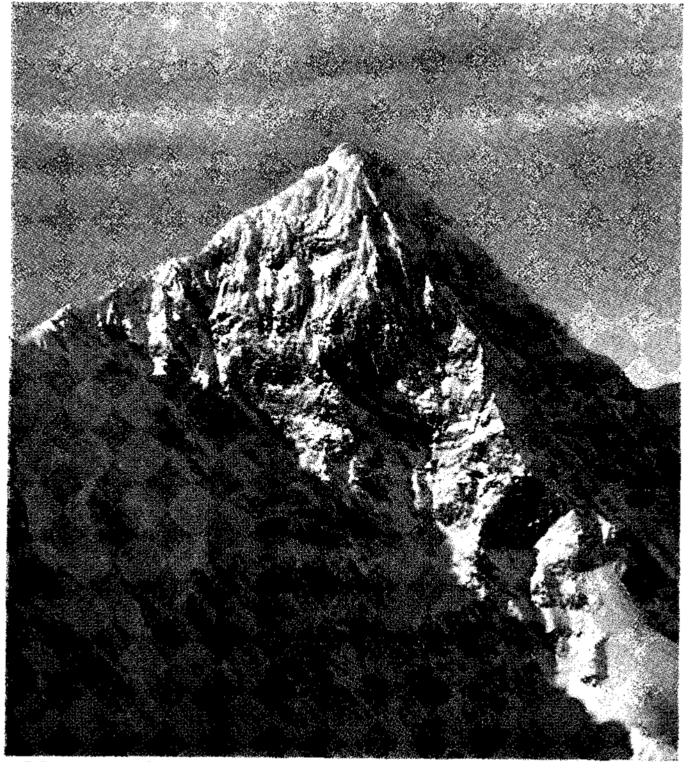

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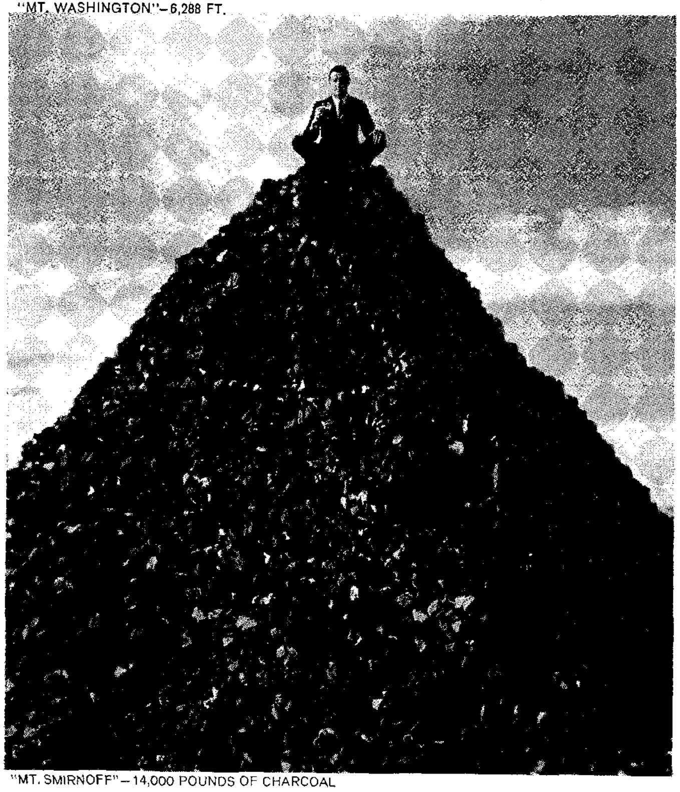

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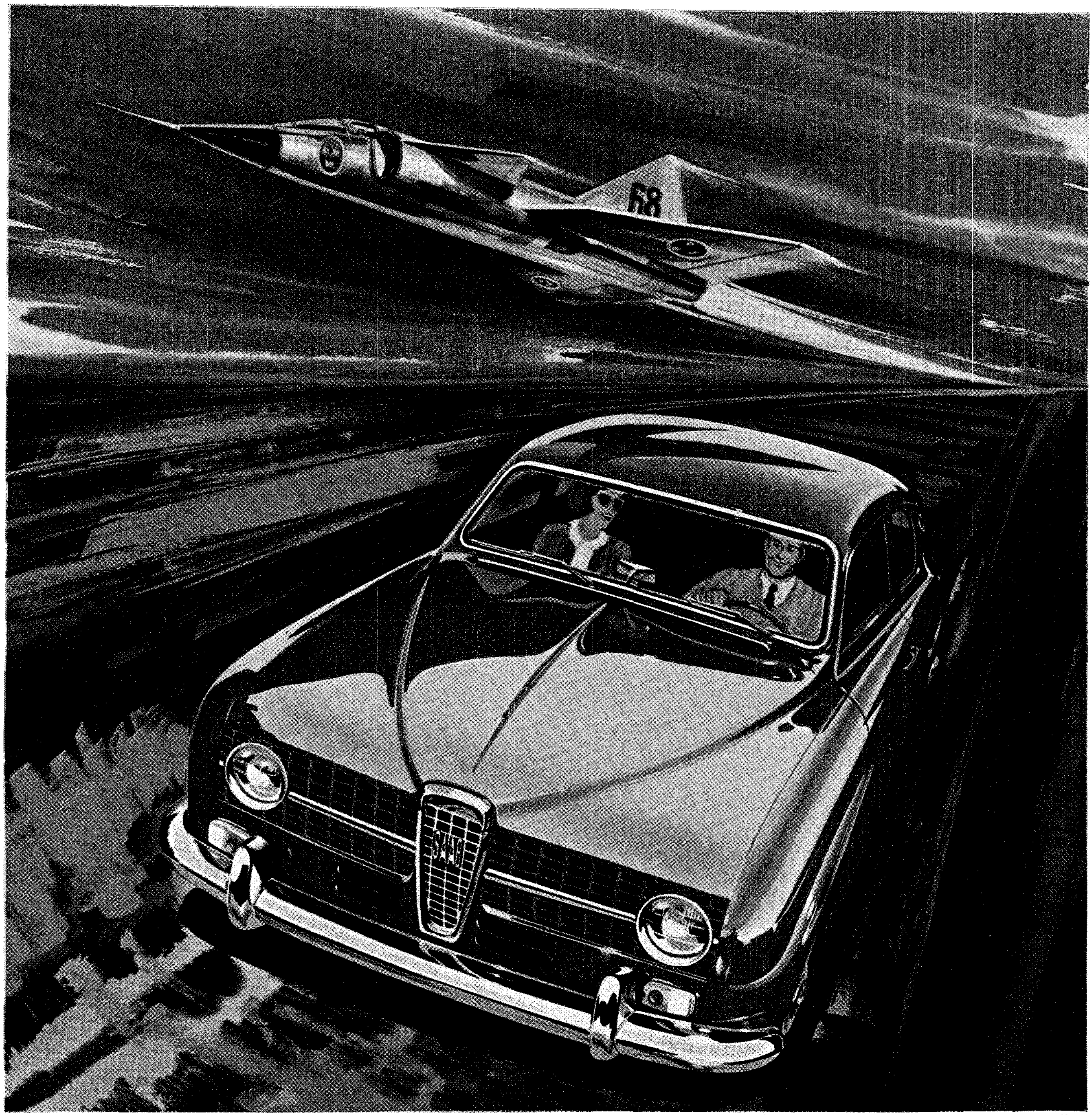

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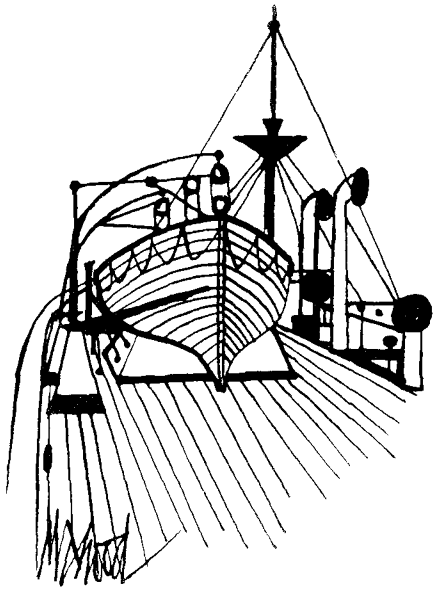
to it, dangling from it, was a piece of cord—the kind of cord the killer had used. Obviously, at some point Mr. Clutter had been tied there, strung up by his hands, and then cut down. But why? To torture him? I don't guess we'll ever know. Ever know who did it, or why, or what went on in that house that night.

"After a bit, the house began to fill up. Ambulances arrived, and the coroner, and the Methodist minister, a police photographer, state troopers, fellows from the radio and the newspaper. Oh, a bunch. Most of them had been called out of church, and acted as though they were still there. Very quiet. Whispery. It was like nobody could believe it. A state trooper asked me did I have any official business there, and said if not, then I'd better leave. Outside, on the lawn, I saw the under-sheriff talking to a man—Alfred Stoecklein, the hired man. Seems Stoecklein lived not a hundred yards from the Clutter house, with nothing between his place and theirs except a barn. But he was saying as to how he hadn't heard a sound—said, 'I didn't know a thing about it till five minutes ago, when one of my kids come running in and told us the sheriff was here. The Missis and me, we didn't sleep two hours last night, was up and down the whole time, on account of we got a sick baby. But the only thing we heard, about ten-thirty, quarter to eleven, I heard a car drive away, and I made the remark to Missis, "There goes Bob Rupp."'

"I started walking home, and on the way, about halfway down the lane, I saw Kenyon's old collie, and that dog was scared. Stood there with its tail between its legs, didn't bark or move. And seeing the dog—some-



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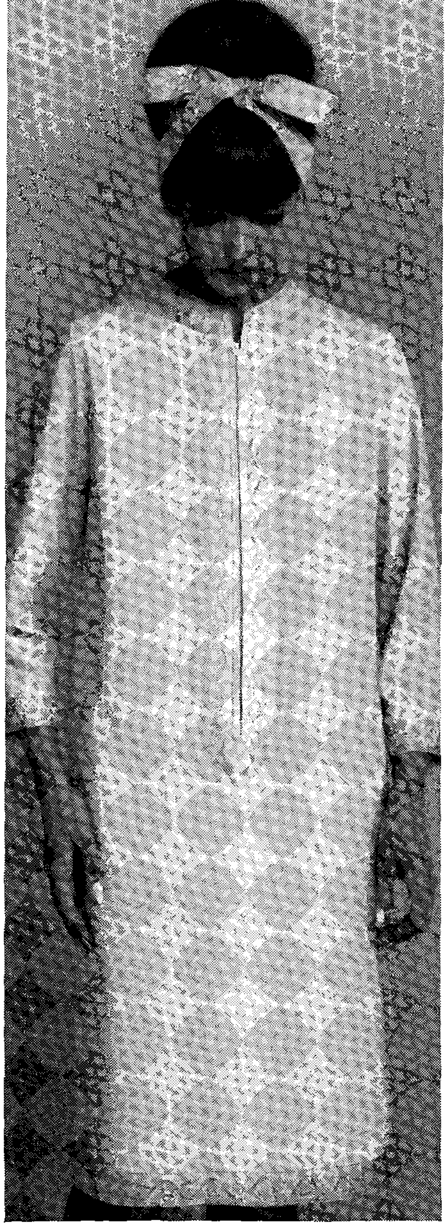

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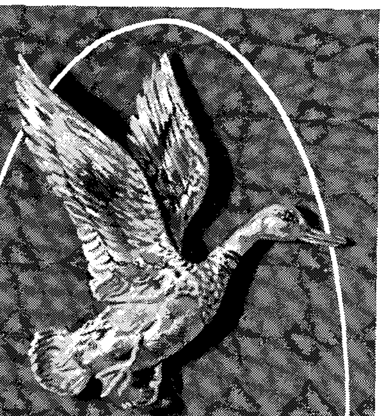
how, that made me *feel* again. I'd been too dazed, too numb, to feel the full viciousness of it. The suffering. The horror. They were dead. A whole family. Gentle, kindly people, people *I* knew—*murdered*. You had to believe it, because it was really true."

EIGHT non-stop passenger trains hurry through Holcomb every twenty-four hours. Of these, two pick up and deposit mail—an operation that, as the person in charge of it fervently explains, has its tricky side. "Yessir, you've got to keep on your toes. Them trains come through here, sometimes they're going a hundred miles an hour. The breeze alone, why, it's enough to knock you down. And when those mail sacks come flying out—sakes alive! It's like playing tackle on a football team: Wham! *Wham!* WHAM! Not that I'm complaining, mind you. It's honest work, *government* work, and it keeps me young." Holcomb's mail messenger, Mrs. Sadie Truitt—or Mother Truitt, as the townspeople call her—does seem younger than her years, which amount to seventy-five. A stocky, weathered widow who wears babushka bandannas and cowboy boots ("Most comfortable things you can put on your feet, soft as a loon feather"), Mother Truitt is the oldest native-born Holcombite. "Time was wasn't anybody here wasn't my kin. Them days, we called this place Sherlock. Then along came this stranger. By the name Holcomb. A *hog*-raiser, he was. Made money, and decided the town ought to be called after him. Soon as it was, what did he do? Sold out. Moved to California. Not us. I was born here, my children was born here. And! Here! We! Are!" One of her children is Mrs. Myrtle Clare, who happens to be the local postmistress. "Only, don't go thinking that's how I got this position with the government. Myrt didn't even want me to have it. But it's a job you *bid* for. Goes to whoever puts in the lowest bid. And I always do—so low a caterpillar could peek over it. Ha-ha! That sure does rile the boys. Lots of boys would like to be mail messenger, yes*sir*. But I don't know how much they'd like it when the snow's high as old Mr. Primo Carnera, and the wind's blowing blue-hard, and those sacks come sailing—Ugh! Wham!"

In Mother Truitt's profession, Sunday is a workday like any other. On November 15th, while she was waiting for the westbound ten-thirty-two, she was astonished to see two ambulances cross the railroad tracks and turn toward the Clutter property. The inci-



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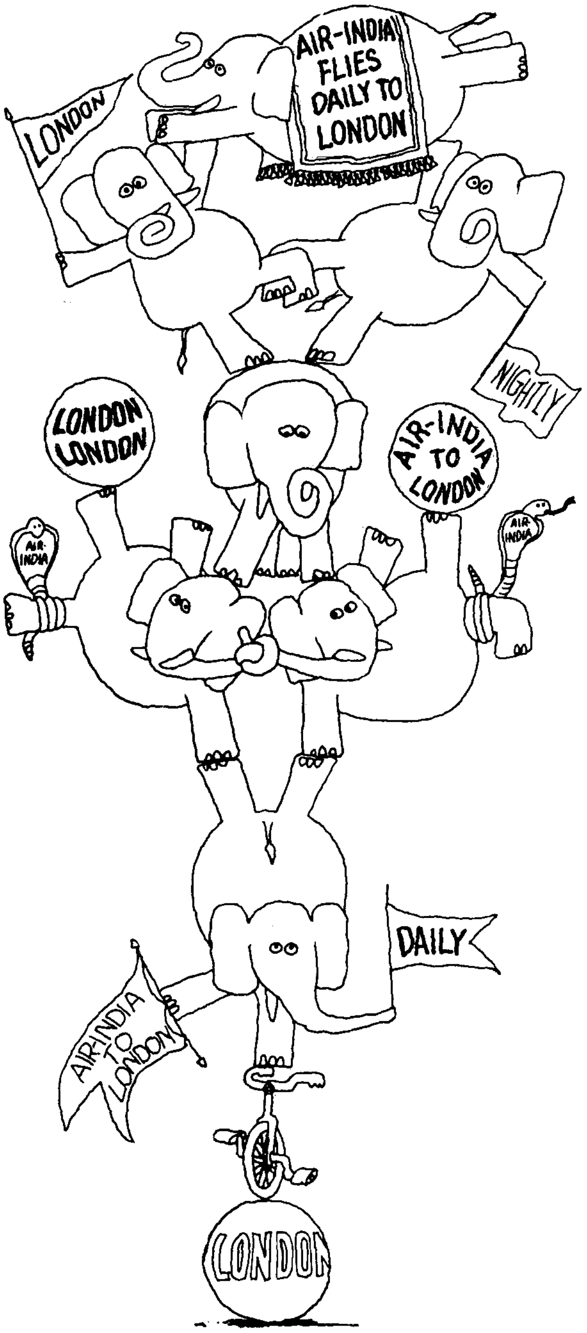
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dent provoked her into doing what she had never done before—abandon her duties. Let the mail fall where it may, this was news that Myrt must hear at once.

The people of Holcomb speak of their post office as "the Federal Building," which seems rather too substantial a title to confer on a drafty and dusty shed. The ceiling leaks, the floor boards wobble, the mailboxes won't shut, the light bulbs are broken, the clock has stopped. "Yes, it's a disgrace," agrees the caustic, somewhat original, and entirely imposing lady who presides over this litter. "But the stamps work, don't they? Anyhow, what do I care? Back here in *my* part is real cozy. I've got my rocker, and a nice wood stove, and a coffeepot, and plenty to read."

Mrs. Clare is a famous figure in Finney County. Her celebrity derives not from her present occupation but a previous one—dance-hall hostess, an incarnation not indicated by her appearance. She is a gaunt, trouser-wearing, woollen-shirted, cowboy-booted, ginger-colored, gingery-tempered woman of unrevealed age ("That's for me to know, and you to guess") but promptly revealed opinions, most of which are announced in a voice of rooster-crow altitude and penetration. Until 1955, she and her late husband operated the Holcomb Dance Pavilion, an enterprise that, owing to its uniqueness in the area, attracted from a hundred miles around a fast-drinking, fancy-stepping clientele, whose behavior, in turn, attracted the interest of the sheriff now and then. "We had some rough times, all right," says Mrs. Clare, reminiscing. "Some of those bowlegged country boys, you give 'em a little hooch and they're like redskins—want to scalp everything in sight. Course, we only sold setups, never the hard stuff itself. Wouldn't have, even if it was legal. My husband, Homer Clare, he didn't hold with it; neither did I. One day, Homer Clare—he passed on seven months and twelve days today, after a five-hour operation out in Oregon—he said to me, 'Myrt, we've lived all our lives in Hell, now we're going to die in Heaven.' The next day, we closed the dance hall. I've never regretted it. Oh, along at first I missed being a night owl—the tunes, the jollity. But now that Homer's gone, I'm just glad to do my work here at the Federal Building. Sit a spell. Drink a cup of coffee."

In fact, on that Sunday morning Mrs. Clare had just poured herself a cup of coffee from a freshly brewed pot when Mother Truitt returned.

"Myrt!" she said, but could say no

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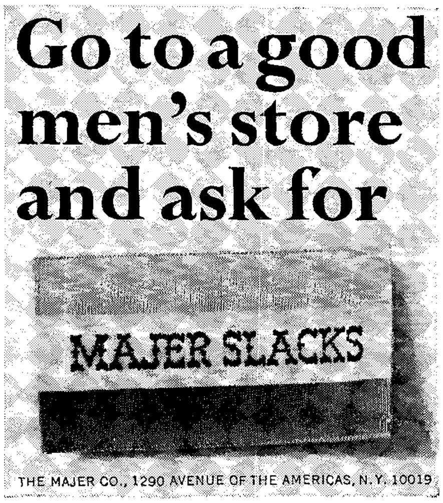

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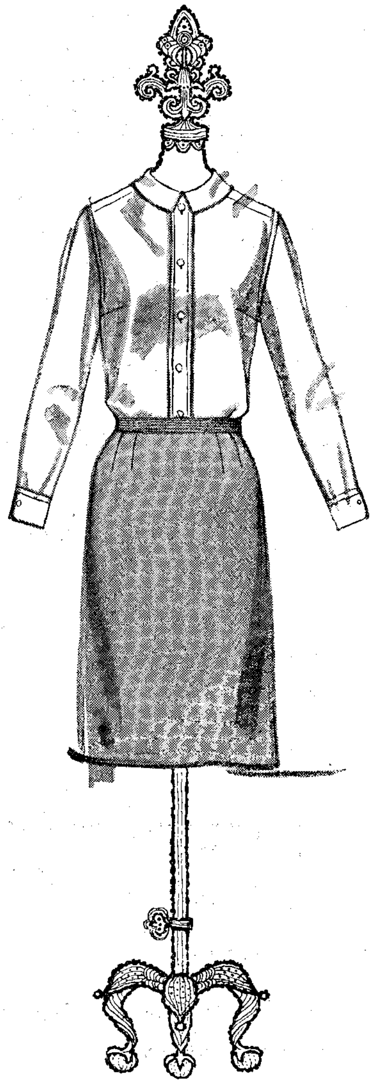

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more until she had caught her breath. "Myrt, there's two ambulances gone to the Clutters'."

Her daughter said, "Where's the ten-thirty-two?"

"Ambulances. Gone to the Clutters'—"

"Well, what about it? It's only Bonnie. Having one of her spells. Where's the ten-thirty-two?"

Mother Truitt subsided; as usual, Myrt knew the answer, was enjoying the last word. Then a thought occurred to her. "But Myrt, if it's only Bonnie, why would there be *two* ambulances?"

A sensible question, as Mrs. Clare, an admirer of logic, though a curious interpreter of it, was driven to admit. She said she would telephone the Clutters' housekeeper, Mrs. Helm. "Mabel will know," she said.

The conversation with Mrs. Helm lasted several minutes, and was most distressing to Mother Truitt, who could hear nothing of it except the noncommittal monosyllabic responses of her daughter. Worse, when the daughter hung up, she did not quench the old woman's curiosity; instead, she placidly drank her coffee, went to her desk, and began to postmark a pile of letters.

"Myrt," Mother Truitt said. "For heaven's sake. What did Mabel *say*?"

"I'm not surprised," Mrs. Clare said. "When you think how Herb Clutter spent his whole life in a hurry, rushing in here to get his mail with never a minute to say good-morning-and-thank-you-dog, rushing around like a chicken with its head off—joining clubs, running everything, getting jobs maybe other people wanted. And now look—it's all caught up with him. Well, he won't be rushing *any*more."

"Why, Myrt? Why won't he?"

Mrs. Clare raised her voice. "BECAUSE HE'S DEAD. And Bonnie, too. And Nancy. And the boy. Somebody shot them."

"Myrt—don't say things like that. Who shot them?"

Without a pause in her postmarking activities, Mrs. Clare replied, "The man in the airplane. The one Herb sued for crashing into his fruit trees. If it wasn't him, maybe it was you. Or somebody across the street. All the neighbors are rattlesnakes. Varmints looking for a chance to slam the door in your face. It's the same the whole world over. You know that."

"I don't," said Mother Truitt, who had put her hands over her ears. "I don't know any such thing."

"Varmints."

"I'm scared, Myrt."

"Of what? When your time comes,

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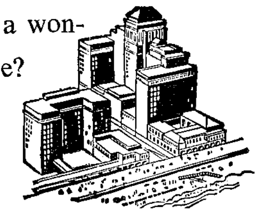

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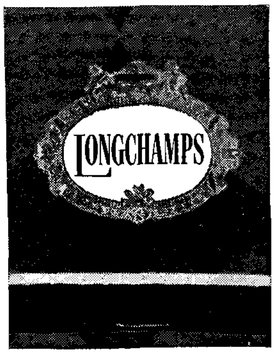

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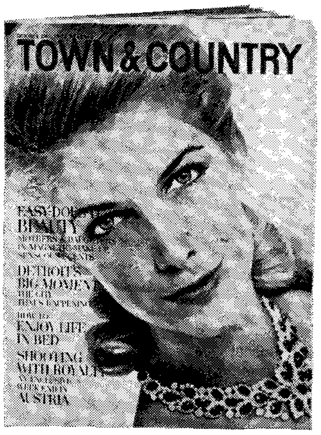
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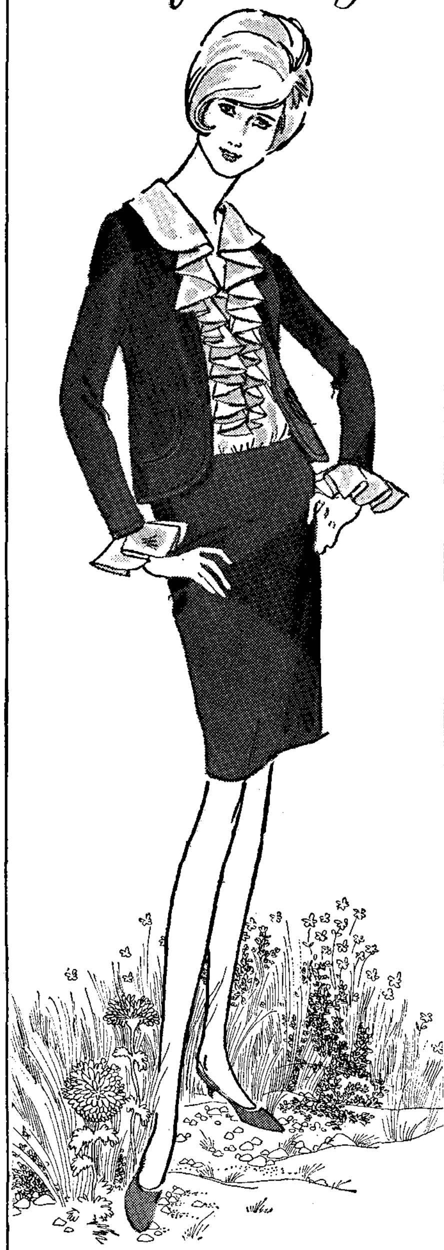

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it comes. And tears won't save you." She had observed that her mother had begun to shed a few. "When Homer died, I used up all the fear I had in me, and all the grief, too. If there's somebody loose around here that wants to cut my throat, I wish him luck. What difference does it make? It's all the same in eternity. Just remember: If one bird carried every grain of sand, grain by grain, across the ocean, by the time he got them all on the other side, that would only be the beginning of eternity. So blow your nose."

THE grim information, announced from church pulpits, distributed over telephone wires, publicized by Garden City's radio station, KIUL ("A tragedy, unbelievable and shocking beyond words, struck four members of the Herb Clutter family late Saturday night or early today. Death, brutal and without apparent motive . . ."), produced in the average recipient a reaction nearer that of Mother Truitt's than that of Mrs. Clare's: amazement, shading into dismay; a shallow horror sensation that cold springs of personal fear swiftly deepened.

Hartman's Café, which contains four roughly made tables and a lunch counter, could accommodate but a fraction of the frightened gossips, mostly male, who wished to gather there. The owner, Mrs. Bess Hartman, a sparsely fleshed, unfoolish lady with bobbed gray-and-gold hair and bright, authoritative green eyes, is a cousin of Postmistress Clare, whose style of candor Mrs. Hartman can equal, perhaps surpass. "Some people say I'm a tough old bird, but the Clutter business sure took the fly out of me," she later said to a friend. "Imagine anybody pulling a stunt like that! Time I heard it, when everybody was pouring in here talking all kinds of wild-eyed stuff, my first thought was Bonnie. Course, it was silly, but we didn't know the facts, and a lot of people thought *maybe*—on account of her spells. Now we don't know what to think. It must have been a grudge killing. Done by somebody who knew that house inside out. But who hated the Clutters? I never heard a word against them; they were about as popular as a family can be, and if something like this could happen to *them*, then who's safe, I ask you? One old man sitting here that Sunday, he put his finger right on it, the reason nobody can sleep; he said, 'All we've got out here are our friends. There isn't anything else.' In a way, that's the worst part of the crime. What a terrible thing

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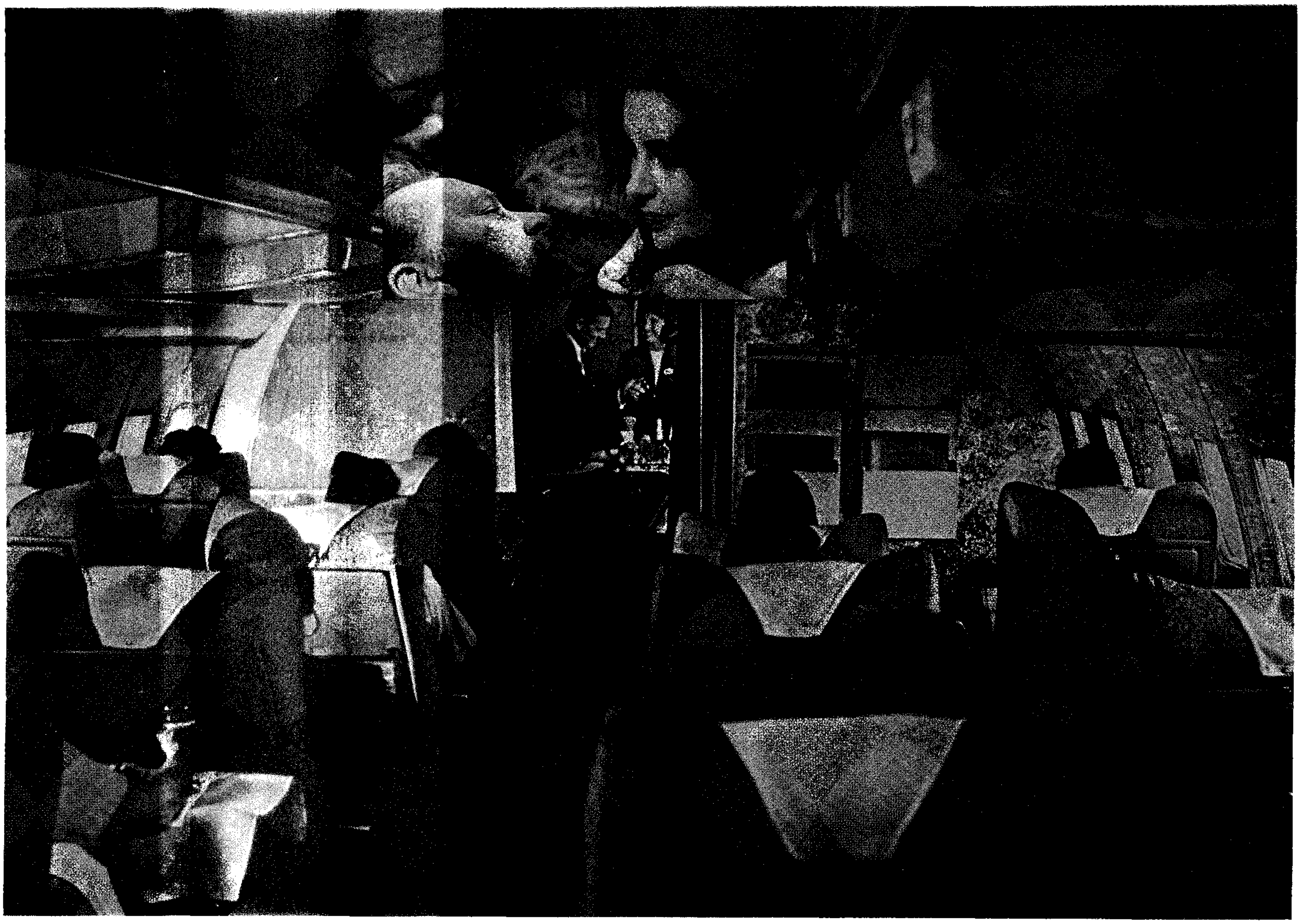

a-Mayer and Filmways present Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Eva Marie Saint in Martin [illegible]duction "The Sandpiper." Panavision and Metro Color. An Inflight Motion Pictures presentation.

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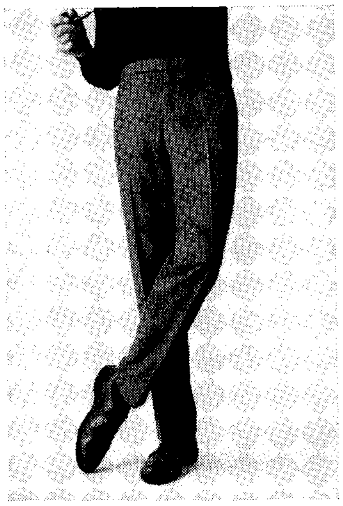
when neighbors can't look at each other without kind of wondering! Yes, it's a hard fact to live with, but if they ever do find out who done it, I'm sure it'll be a bigger surprise than the murders themselves."

Mrs. Bob Johnson, the wife of the New York Life Insurance agent, is an excellent cook, but the Sunday dinner she had prepared was not eaten—at least, not while it was warm—for just as her husband was plunging a knife into the roast pheasant, he received a telephone call from a friend. "And that," he recalls, rather ruefully, "was the first I heard of what had happened in Holcomb. I didn't believe it. I couldn't afford to. Lord, I had Clutter's check right there in my pocket. A piece of paper worth eighty thousand dollars. If what I'd heard was true. But I thought, It can't be, there must be some mistake, things like that don't happen, you don't sell a man a big policy one minute and he's dead the next. Murdered. Meaning double indemnity. I didn't know what to do. I called the manager of our office in Wichita. Told him how I had the check but hadn't put it through, and asked what was his advice? Well, it was a *del*icate situation. It appeared that *legally* we weren't obligated to pay. But *morally*—that was another matter. Naturally, we decided to do the moral thing."

The two persons who benefited by this honorable attitude—Eveanna Jarchow and her sister Beverly, sole heirs to their father's estate—were, within a few hours of the awful discovery, on their way to Holcomb, Beverly travelling from Winfield, Kansas, where she had been visiting her fiancé, and Eveanna from her home in Mount Carroll, Illinois. Gradually, in the course of the day, other relatives were notified, among them Mr. Clutter's father, his two brothers, Arthur and Clarence, and his sister Mrs. Harry Nelson, all of Larned, Kansas, and a second sister, Mrs. Elaine Selsor, of Palatka, Florida. Also, the parents of Bonnie Clutter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Fox, who live in Pasadena, California, and her three brothers—Harold, of Visalia, California; Howard, of Oregon, Illinois; and Glenn, of Kansas City, Kansas. Indeed, the better part of those on the Clutters' Thanksgiving guest list were either telephoned or telegraphed, and the majority set forth at once for what was to be a family reunion not around a groaning board but at the graveside of a mass burial.

At the Teacherage, Wilma Kidwell was forced to control herself in order to



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control her daughter, for Susan, puffy-eyed, sickened by spasms of nausea, argued, inconsolably insisted, that she must go—must run—the three miles to the Rupp farm. "Don't you see, Mother?" she said. "If Bobby just *hears* it? He loved her. We both did. I *have* to be the one to tell him."

But Bobby already knew. On his way home, Mr. Ewalt had stopped at the Rupp farm, and consulted with his friend Johnny Rupp, a father of eight, of whom Bobby is the third. Together, the two men went to the bunkhouse—a building separate from the farmhouse proper, which is too small to shelter all the Rupp children. The boys live in the bunkhouse, the girls "at home." They found Bobby making his bed. He listened to Mr. Ewalt, asked no questions, and thanked him for coming. Afterward, he stood outside in the sunshine. The Rupp property is on a rise, an exposed plateau, from which he could see the harvested, glowing land of River Valley Farm—scenery that occupied him for perhaps an hour. Those who tried to distract him could not. The dinner bell sounded, and his mother called to him to come inside—called until finally her husband said, "No. I'd leave him alone."

Larry, a younger brother, also refused to obey the summoning bell. He circled around Bobby, helpless to help but wanting to, even though he was told to "go away." Later, when his brother stopped standing and started to walk, heading down the road and across the fields toward Holcomb, Larry pursued him. "Hey, Bobby. Listen. If we're going somewhere, why don't we go in the car?" His brother wouldn't answer. He was walking with purpose—running, really—but Larry had no difficulty keeping stride. Though only fourteen, he was the taller of the two, the deeper-chested, the longer-legged, Bobby being, for all his athletic honors, rather less than medium-size—compact but slender, a finely made boy with an open, homely-handsome face. "Hey, Bobby. Listen. They won't let you see her. It won't do any good." Bobby turned on him, and said, "Go back. Go home." The younger brother fell behind, then followed at a distance. Despite the pumpkin-season temperature, the day's arid glitter, both boys were sweating as they approached a barricade that state troopers had erected at the entrance to River Valley Farm. Many friends of the Clutter family, and strangers from all over Finney County as well, had assembled at the site, but none were allowed past the barricade, which, soon after the arrival of the Rupp brothers,

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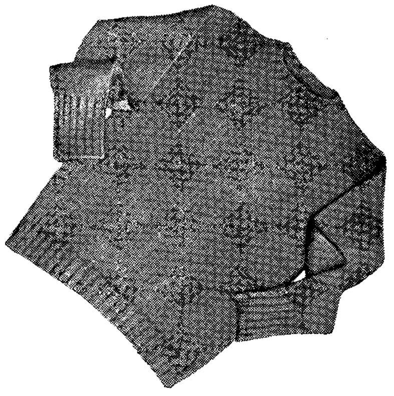

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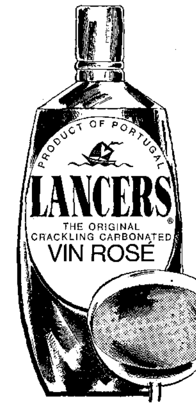

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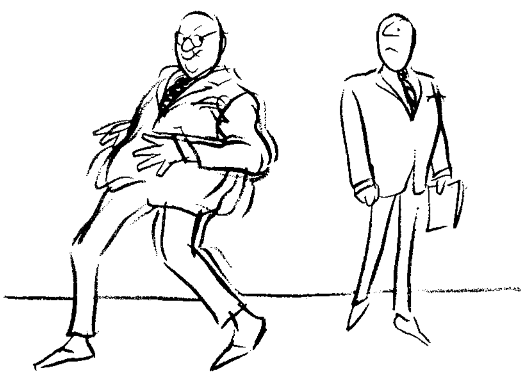


Pretty neat, huh?

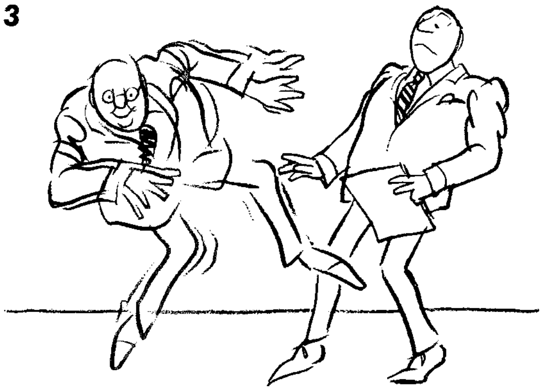
What on earth are you doing?

2

Practicing the Watusi.

The Watusi?

3



I already know the Cat and the Monkey.

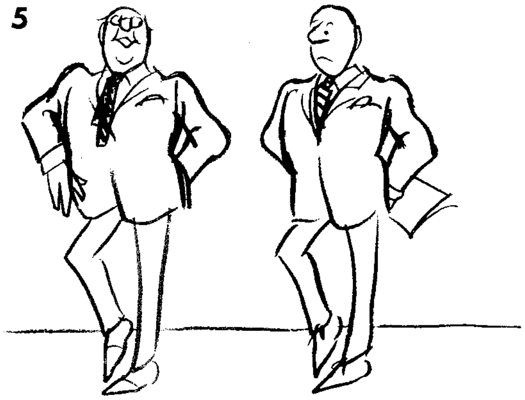
What's up with you?

4

Getting ready for retirement. You should see Emma do the Surf.

I thought you two were strictly two-steppers.

5



Not with the plans we've made. First thing we do is hit the discothèque circuit. Then there's the round-the-world cruise—and you know how they dance on those. And after that—

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was briefly lifted to permit the exit of four ambulances, the number finally required to remove the victims, and a car filled with men from the sheriff's office—men who, even at that moment, were mentioning the name of Bobby Rupp. For Bobby, as he was to learn before nightfall, was their principal suspect.

From her parlor window, Susan Kidwell saw the white cortege glide past, and watched until it had rounded the corner and the unpaved street's easily airborne dust had landed again. She was still contemplating the view when Bobby, shadowed by his large little brother, became a part of it, a wobbly figure headed her way. She went out on the porch to meet him. She said, "I wanted so much to tell you." Bobby began to cry. Larry lingered at the edge of the Teacherage yard, hunched against a tree. He couldn't remember ever seeing Bobby cry, and he didn't want to, so he lowered his eyes.

FAR off, in the town of Olathe, in a hotel room where window shades darkened the midday sun, Perry lay sleeping, with a gray portable radio murmuring beside him. Except for taking off his boots, he had not troubled to undress. He had merely fallen face first across the bed, as though sleep were a weapon that had struck him from behind. The boots, black and steel-buckled, were soaking in a washbasin filled with warm, vaguely pink-tinted water.

A few miles north, in the pleasant kitchen of a modest farmhouse, Dick was consuming a Sunday dinner. The others at the table—his mother, his father, his younger brother—were not conscious of anything uncommon in his manner. He had arrived home at noon, kissed his mother, readily replied to questions his father put concerning his supposed overnight trip to Fort Scott, and sat down to eat, seeming quite his ordinary self. When the meal was over, the three male members of the family settled in the parlor to watch a televised basketball game. The broadcast had only begun when the father was startled to hear Dick snoring; as he remarked to the younger boy, he never thought he'd live to see the day when Dick would rather sleep than watch basketball. But, of course, he did not understand how very tired Dick was, did not know that his dozing son had, among other things, driven over eight hundred miles in the past twenty-four hours.

—TRUMAN CAPOTE

(This is the first part of a four-part article.)

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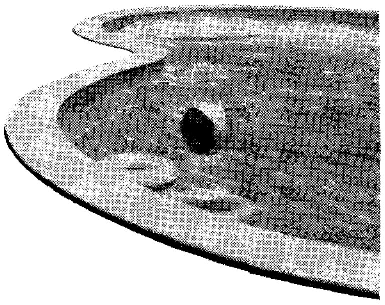

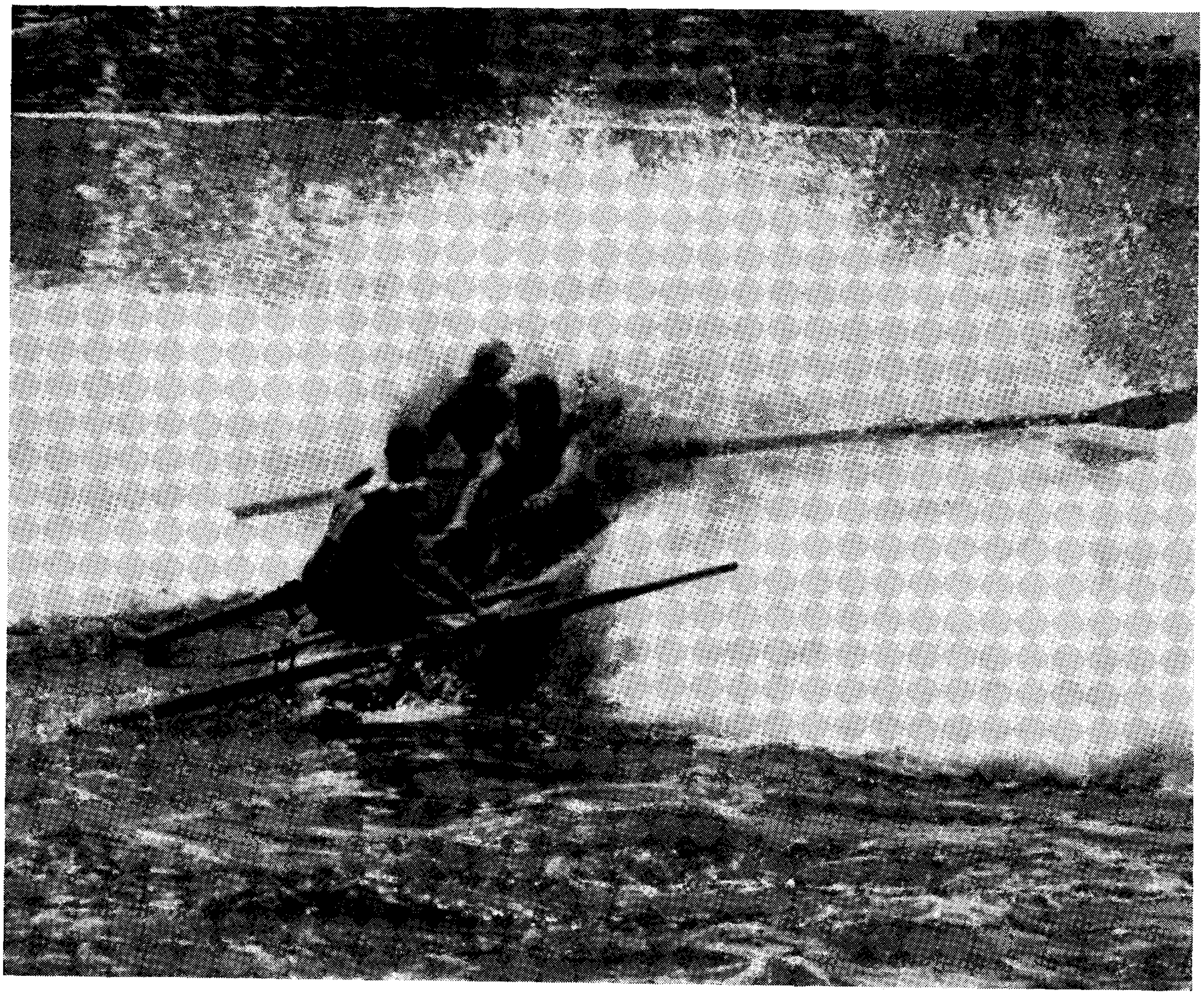

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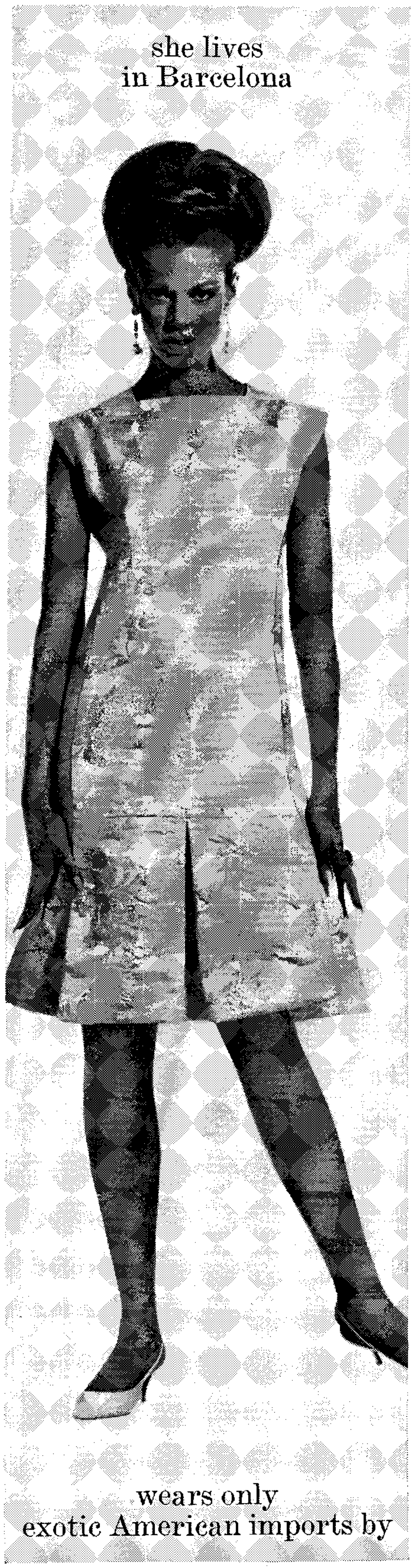

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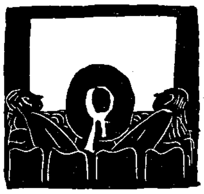
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Thirty Years After



THE Spanish Civil War began in the summer of 1936 and ended in the spring of 1939, a few months before the outbreak of the Second World War, and, if only by reason of chronology, has had to risk being seen as a mere prelude to the conflict that followed it. There are, of course, more cogent reasons for its being thrust into that depreciatory pigeonhole, among them the immense difference in scale between the two wars and the fact that several of the nations that were soon to be combatants in the bigger of them took care to edge into the smaller, improving their military skills on the practice ground provided for them by a luckless neighbor. There is also the fact that the social and political ideas that led to a war on the peninsula were the very ideas that later helped to turn most of the rest of the Continent into a battlefield (by which time, through circumstances ironic enough to satisfy the bitterest Iberian taste, the victorious Falange was able to keep Spain itself formally at peace). But how unjust it is that such a war—one in which ideas so grandly good and evil were debated in terms literally of life and death—should ever be described in purely theatrical terms! The Spanish Civil War was no curtain-raiser, no overture, but a great and terrible event, with great and terrible consequences, and I can assure you that a documentary account of that war called "To Die in Madrid" is not a bit less worth our patronage because it has arrived here so tardily. Almost thirty years have passed since the beginning of the war, but the city battles and farmyard skirmishes, the civilians running for cover under a pitilessly open sky, the strafed fields and olive groves, and the wounded lying sprawled on dusty rubble retain on film a heart-scalding immediacy; after a few minutes, we feel that an insect crawling over the frock of a dead child in a gutter has become a contemporary, local horror. Like Resnais's "Night and Fog," with its unblinking gaze fixed upon the Nazi gas ovens, "To Die in Madrid" is a movie that I accept the responsibility of having to remember always; the experience is painful, but because the movie is the story of a slow and agonizing defeat against steadily lengthening odds it is also one of the oldest stories we know and one of the most exalting.

The picture was compiled in France by Frédéric Rossif, from newsreels and other film sources in London, Moscow, Paris, Berlin, and New York. Its narration, composed with bleak eloquence in a sort of free verse by Madeleine Chapsal, has been translated from the French by Helen Scott, and much of it is spoken—too histrionically to suit me—by Sir John Gielgud and Irene Worth, against a musical background by Maurice Jarre. The crisp, solemn drumbeats of Miss Chapsal's text are highly effective: she tells first of the poverty and social injustice of Alfonso's Spain (in 1931, half of its twenty-four million inhabitants were illiterate and a third were indigent, while two million peasants were without farms; in that same year, twenty thousand people owned half the land in the country, and entire provinces belonged to a single owner) and ends, a million deaths later, with the words of Franco in triumph, calling for a country united, Christian, hard-working, and not only repentant but prepared to do penance. It is the pictures, however, that are unforgettable, bringing to us over the years an incomparable cast of villains—Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, the crack German Condor Legion—and an equally distinguished cast of heroes, including Lorca, Unamuno, Malraux, Saint-Exupéry, and the International Brigades. "To Die in Madrid" is dedicated in part to the newsreel cameramen who covered the war, some of whom lost their lives taking the pictures we now see.

TO end this column on a more cheerful note, I'd like to report that the recently concluded Film Festival at Lincoln Center struck me as easily the most successful of the three such festivals we've had so far. I require of a film festival not that the pictures be exceptionally good but that the audiences have an exceptionally good time—in short, that a festival be *festive*. This year, the jolly crowds at Philharmonic Hall often put me in mind of the hurly-burly outside Portal 18 of the Yale Bowl between the halves. The resemblance was heightened by the fact that most of the girls attending the Festival were so pretty, and that some of the young men were so profusely bearded that I mistook them for coonskin coats. —BRENDAN GILL

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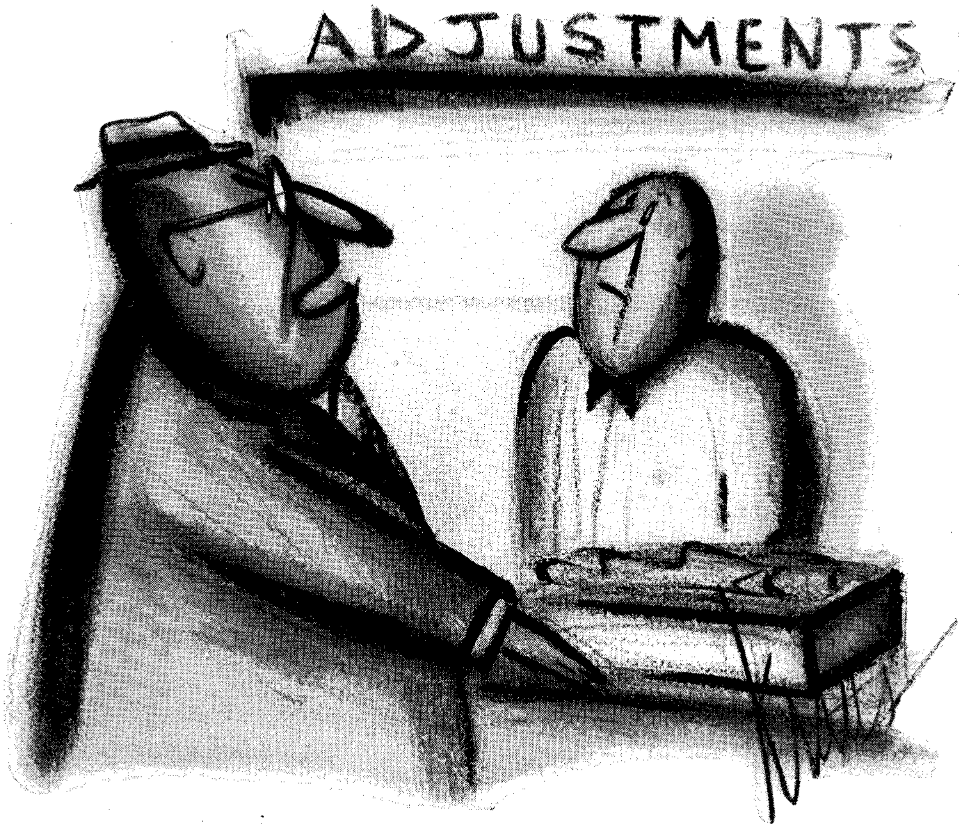
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT wasn't always so difficult; makeup was a simple matter, really, for the prom-trotters of the early twenties. Everyone but me has had maiden aunts, and some I know about ran their own nineteen-twenties Group at Vassar. To listen to their old wives' tales (that's what they are now—old wives), you went about it like this: You washed your face with water and any old soap that was handy. Then Hinds Honey and Almond cream was applied, and allowed to dry until it was just a wee bit sticky. Over that clung Hudnut's Gardenia face powder, almost dead white and thickly applied. A spot of Dorin rouge the size of a fifty-cent piece was added at the center of each cheek, clown style. Girls elongated their eyebrows with pencil and wore mascara around their big baby eyes, but their lips were mildly plastered with Roger & Gallet's pomade, the palest of pinks. Everybody had to have a small mouth (it was "refined"), in cupid's-bow, Clara Bow fashion. That was all there was to it. Because the girls were forthright in their terminology, when they made their hair bouffant they said that they ratted it. A hairnet went over the resulting tangle, to smooth it and to cause it to bulge at the sides, and the inverted question mark of the lock that was trained to come down on the forehead was bluntly termed a spit curl. All this was a fair-to-middling cry, at the very least, from the still-to-come wind-blown bob, which was a reasonably long cry from the zigzag cut that Sassoon introduced in dashing old London a year ago. (It now looks to be compulsory here, too, for young girls, if one is to judge by those who come out of his Charles of the Ritz salon, at 803 Madison Avenue, not far from 68th Street. The telephone is 535-9200.) What Sassoon wants us to do with our hair is not all that simple. It is brushed straight down all around, then cut straight across the forehead, not even clearing the eyebrows; then cut in a jag toward the lobes of the ears; then cut up to frame the ears and down again in back, though it leaves a good deal of the lower neck bare. Altogether, not what you could call an old-fashioned do-it-yourself operation. Though, come to think of it, didn't Colleen Moore, of the silents, wear bangs down to the eyebrows and a bob that went into points well down on the cheeks? Anyway, the Vassar girls thought they looked great. So did the boys. It is true, just the same, that the more dashing ones, who used *lavender* powder at night, looked wan when daylight broke over the campus and the prom was adjourned in favor of scrambled eggs for breakfast, but by then nobody cared. Girls did not, nevertheless, go around in lavender or gardenia in the daytime, they tell me; instead, they washed their faces, put normal powder on (but only at the tip of the nose), and went to class. This is not how things are today, and I am troubled by the much too theatrical makeup that I see on the midday streets, even if it is not as prevalent as the high-fashion people would have us believe. False lashes have become a way of life, and they can look romantic even if they are routine, I suppose, but I am also troubled by the bright, too obvious eyeshadows that are being put on above these lashes and under the brows with such a slapdash hand, even during the daytime. (Wild-eyed for after dark is, say I, not for that Group to criticize.

Let us consider the case of a young friend of mine, a brown-eyed, tanned brunette, who lately made her innocent way to Evelyn Marshall's salon, at Saks Fifth Avenue, to inquire about the eye makeup that would be most suitable for her. (It is never a bad idea to consult an expert before you do your own pioneering.) Well! "No wonder," she reports to me, aglitter with raised-eyebrows makeup, "all the mannequins on runways in the fashion shows tip over backward. That's the only way they can see where they're *going*." For this brunette, the prescription was white powder over the eyelids, a dark-gray shading of the brows, black eye liner out to the corners of the eyes, and dark-brown stuff to make the brows longer. To all that, lashes were attached to produce a really heavy-lidded, hungover look. Oh, and brown rouge under the cheekbones to make them more prominent. This guinea pig further deposes that she could not return a single wink, so weighted down were her lids. Time: An hour and a half. Price: $7.50. So it is easy to see that looking natural these days is a complicated affair.

And how to get the gook *off* when



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you go to bed? Evelyn Marshall, as she should, has an answer to that—her Creme Wash. Out of the tube this stuff lives in you press no more than you would put on a toothbrush, place it in one paw, add water and work it into a lather, smooth it on your face, and the deed is done. It's great for cleaning your face anyway, even if you use very little makeup. The price is $3. Helena Rubinstein's Skin Dew Cleanser Concentrate and Eye Make-Up Remover is another answer ($2 at Lord & Taylor, one of its many adherents). One thing it does is moisten the skin, and for some years now, ever since it was discovered that the skin can become dehydrated, we have been told that we should look dewy; things have sometimes gone to such extremes that older women have looked as if they were breaking into a cold perspiration. Before I abandon Rubinstein, I should say something about Strong and Long, a liquid that hardens the fingernails so that they can be grown as long as they were among the idle classes of times past. Put it on clean, dry nails, let it dry (five minutes), and put on polish. (They and the polish will resist detergents, too.)

The whole situation is one of huge confusion; it depends on whom you talk to. It is quite possible, if you take all the advice you will get in the shops, to wind up toting a different lotion for each pore. Estée Lauder, who is good about everything she does, is this year in favor of a round look, with smoldering eyes rimmed all around by eyestick and with practically no eyebrows—what is called the "barely there" look, which makes the eyes stand out. For lips, which are to be rounded and full, she presents compacts of rouge and a sable-tipped brush. Her Re-Nutriv lipsticks are still around, though, and in traditional lipstick form, and to them she has now added no-color sticks—pale and frosty (Pink, Peach, White, and Café, they're called)—that are to be put on over more vivid colors to impart a definite gleam. Used by themselves, they produce the ghostly aspect that the industry calls the "no-mouth mouth." (It's the negative age we live in; there are also "no-makeup" makeups and such.) For the face, she begins with a translucent powder base of French Creme (blanched ivory) and ends with a transparent, no-color powder, for what might be called a dropped-dead look.

No, no, a thousand times no to this, says Pablo, the head makeup man at Elizabeth Arden. He *will* accept no-eyebrow eyebrows, to emphasize the

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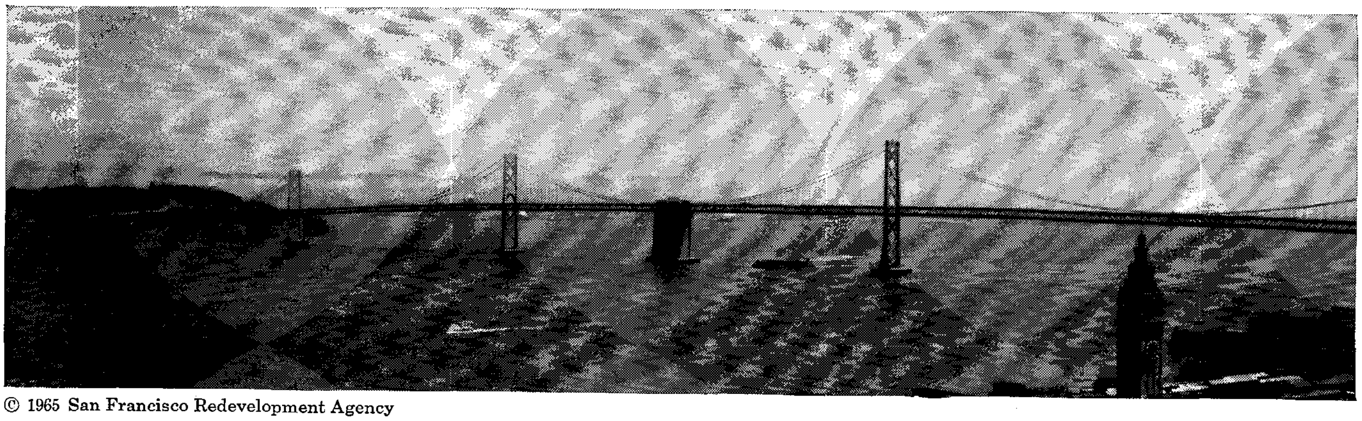

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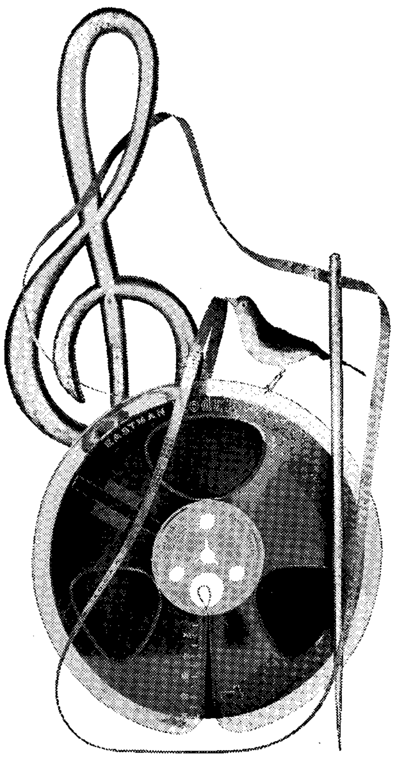

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TRADEMARK

seductive eye makeup he plants right below, but his pet treatment involves a beige foundation, plus a veil of matte powder on forehead, nose, and chin, plus bright lipstick, plus leaving the cheeks shiny. Alexandra de Markoff is likewise against pallor, and this establishment's Intercontinental Look insists upon bold lipstick and eyeshadow. The boldest lipstick, Paseo Red, seems orange to me; the most noticeable eyeshadow, Avocado (which is the color of the *outside* of the fruit), is probably too heavy for an olive skin but great on lighter ones. Countess Isserlyn, de Markoff's filmy foundation makeup, has been around for years, but it now appears in a new shade, romantically named 96½, that is a warm beige without any yellow or pink tones, so it is suited to a wide variety of skins.

I am dry-skinned, as are most of us, but I have for a long time disliked using heavy creams at any time of day or night, and heavy foundations can cake up in wrinkles, no matter how richly and honorably earned, and make the wearer look grimy after a couple of repowderings. So I tend toward things like that Countess Isserlyn and Estée Lauder's two brand-new inventions on behalf of a smooth, clear-skinned appearance. One is Wonderfirm, which goes on over a freshly cleaned face to tighten the skin a bit. After a few minutes, it is to be washed off (the only way I ever waste water). The other is Enriched Under-Makeup Creme, which is as frothy as your husband's shaving cream. It quickly disappears into the skin. Now, with or without a subsequent foundation, my skin looks a lot better at the close of day than it used to.

Speaking of cleanliness, I have just come across a no-soap soap (they've got *me* talking that way), which is a beneficence to anyone who owns an allergy to real soap. This one is Vitabath's Bath Gelée, which is full of West German conceits (so the label tells me) and which is in both liquid and cake shape. (One ingredient, I learn, is essence of horse chestnut.) The liquid (the littlest tube is $1.75) is perfect in a shower bath—wet yourself all over, including the hair, for it makes a fine shampoo, and rub the stuff over you until it lathers, then rinse it off. Men like it as much as I do, which is a lot. For the tub, put the liquid in first, and the subsequent water raises a beautiful foam; it is hard to realize that you are bathing without soap. In Europe, where water can be hard, the stuff is useful as a softener. Three cakes of the Gelée cost $3.50, and invigoration is the result.

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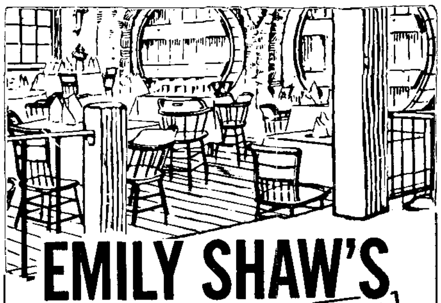

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THERE have been few perfumes in recent years that can come up to the things that people like Guerlain and Caron have turned out. One, of comparatively recent standing, is Balmain's rosy Jolie Madame. Cabochard, a reasonably recent blend, put out by Grès, is another. Now, unless my crystal ball has myopia, the perfume that St. Laurent will spring upon the public next month—its name is Y, to be pronounced, I would think, the way a woman sounds (or is supposed to sound) when she sees a mouse: "Eeeeeee!"—is to attain equal celebrity. It's a lovely, soft, feminine scent that, like any really eminent perfume (Lanvin's Arpege comes especially to mind), renders down into something that smells individual—never quite the same on two different skins. I know, because I have been dabbing it on everyone in sight and reach. Patou's Joy, another ancient of years, is now around in a purse-size spray (refillable) of the pure essence, at $18 for a quarter ounce. A brand-new cousin, Eau de Joy toilet water, is on hand in another spray bottle, of an ounce and a half, for $16.

Beauty, you might say, is skin-deep and sky-high. —LOIS LONG

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If you get the idea.

•

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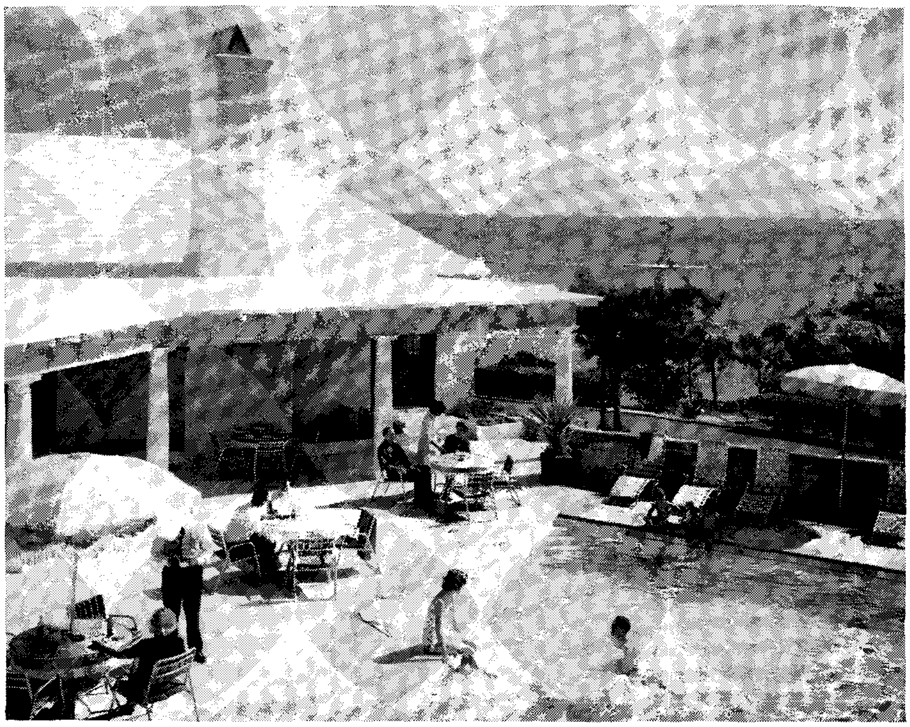
The fellow had every right to laugh. He was at the wrong play.



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ADLAI, ADLAI, WHAT WAS THE FIFTH WORD?

THE bus stopped under a tree, and I walked up the hill to a small whitewashed hotel in Delphi. Five years ago, is it?

"'mericana?" the Greek at the door asked, taking my bag, and, when I nodded, leaned toward me smiling, his eyes shining with excitement. "Good news! Good news! Your great repub, no, demo leader is here! Adlai Stevenson. [He pronounced it "Athloi."] You come see him?"

In his mind, in the Greek mind, two Americans should meet here in Delphi. Delphi, the center of the world. We would perhaps meet on the narrow path that curves over the gorge of Pleistos, or among the temples.

"Is he staying here, at this hotel?" I asked.

The porter shook his head. "No room here," he said, and pointed to where three small white houses were strung out at about half a mile's distance. "There!"

"You mean that he is there now?" I asked, my excitement surpassing his.

I was not sure that he understood—only that our enthusiasm was shared. "You go see him," he repeated. "Temples tomorrow morning, Adlai now. You first see sunset. You find his stone." He pointed out the path to me.

So I set off to see the sunset. I would find a stone, it appeared, a monument, a memorial, that he had presented to Delphi, or at least had had something to do with. And there in one of three houses, perhaps—who could tell?—might be the demo Adlai.

Dasypus sexcinctus.
L. Scotus pinx.

The path led through gorse and thyme along the cliff overlooking the Pleistos River and the road that winds to the Gulf of Corinth. To my right was the path to the white houses, but the angle between the two paths was widening, and I decided first the sunset, then on my way back the encounter.

After a few minutes' walk, I came to a clearing. The bushes had been cut, the earth looked newly worked upon, and there was a bare space, in the middle of which lay a large round stone disc, like a millstone, about a yard and a half in diameter. Three small boys, working in concentrated silence, using a plank as a lever, had just succeeded in prying up one edge. When they saw me, they let it fall back. Then they went over to the edge of the cliff and amused themselves by throwing stones down and counting the seconds before they reached the bottom. It was a deep drop.

I walked up to the disc and saw that it was quite new. It did not look like marble. In the center there was an inscription in Greek and in English—"Citizens of the World." There were words in Greek cut around the edge. I wondered what they meant, and copied them down on a scrap of paper. Probably one would be "democracy" (it was "self-determination," I found out later), one would be "liberty" (it was "love"), and perhaps "justice," and "truth"—words like these, which the Greeks had given us and which now seemed very much used American words.

There was no bench, so I sat on a rock and looked down the valley. On our way up that valley, the driver had stopped the car dramatically and, lifting his hand to command attention, said, "Please, ladies and gentlemen, look if you will, please, to where two roads cross each other. There is where Oedipus came and killed his father without knowing him, and then married his mother without knowing her." After another stop, pointing to some grim rocks: "Up there is where the lady drank the water and sat on three feet and made answer." With a jolt, we continued on our way.

The three boys had had enough of throwing stones and went over to the big stone, kicking at it pensively with their sandalled feet. Then they looked at me. I realized suddenly that they were waiting for me to leave, so they could get on with what they had been doing. Then I realized what it was they had been doing.

The sun had set, and the wind blew up the valley—a warm wind, warm from the stones, from the pines and olives, a pungent, intimate wind that had touched the temples on its way. "To study the Temples," my old guidebook said, "the simplest way is to follow Pausanias." I looked again at the words I had copied down. What words would one like to find on a stone

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Gossard-Artemis

given by Adlai Stevenson to the Delphian Greeks? "Philosophy?" Undoubtedly a first-class word. "Humanity?" Perhaps. "Reason?" No, not "reason." What about "mathematics"? But we are domesticating it. We are at home with it.

The boys looked at me and I looked at the stone. If they calculated the angle well, as soon as the stone was upright it would choose by itself the slope to the edge of the cliff. Two on one side, one on the other, they could hold it in equilibrium, and then with a shout and a push it would be off, like a hoop. I had unwittingly interrupted a prank of the Furies, but there was no reason to think the interruption was more than temporary. As they went off down a path, the set of their thin shoulders announced that they would be back.

When I returned to my hotel, the smiling doorman was waiting for me. "Adlai?" he asked. "Did you see him?"

I shook my head and told him about the big stone. He was not affected. It seemed that there had been some meeting here in Delphi—an important American woman, who had a house in the hills back of Delphi, and some others. It had happened only a few days before. Perhaps it was the American woman who had given the stone?

I showed him the scrap of paper and he scrutinized it. He scrutinized it a little too long. I saw that he couldn't read my writing. "Is written here," and he looked up at the sky. " 'Lightning'—'*astrape*.' "

"Good," I said, thinking that the word probably stood in his mind for "light" or "clarity." "And the next?"

" 'Power,' " he said, and pointed to his chest. " '*Dynamis*.' "

"The third," he said, smiling and proud, "is '*eklectos*'—'the chosen one, the special one.' A good word. Yes, yes indeed." We were both pleased; it was rich, like a game. Then he was called away by the arrival of a busload of tourists. The fourth word—what would it be? Perhaps an active word: "to be a part of," "to belong to," "to enter into," "to accomplish."

He was not gone long. When he came back, he picked up the piece of paper at once and studied it. "You write no good," he said, "but I think it is '*philoxenos*'—'love of strangers.' "

Suddenly I was grieved that such a fine stone might that very minute be hurtling over the precipice.

"No matter," he said. "In Greek, there are many, many of these words you like. See," he said, and taking my

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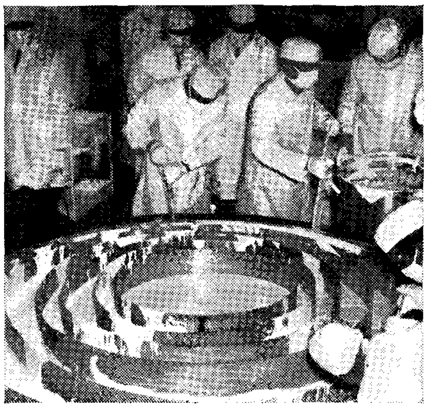

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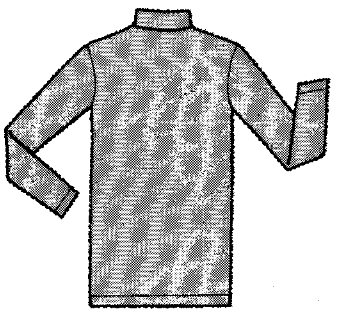

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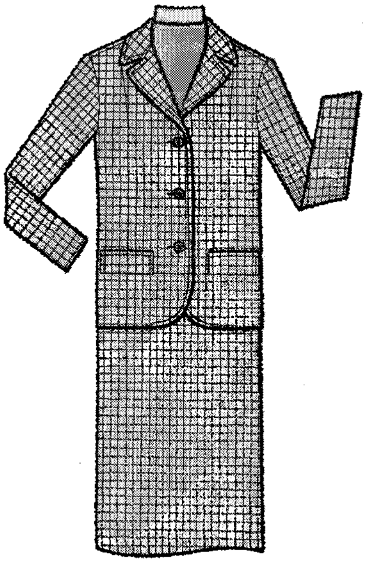

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pencil he drew a word on the piece of paper, looking at me questioningly.

"*Athloï?*" I said.

"It means 'work done.' "

"Accomplishments," I translated to myself.

Had two eagles flown over our heads? I heard their wings.

"YOU are perhaps tired," said the porter. "Go out on the terrace, and I will bring you a glass of *ouzo* and olives."

"*Athloï.* Adlai," I said. "Does he know, do you think he knows, what his name means?"

"Sure he knows. When he is President, Adlai"—and as the porter pronounced the name he seemed to be speaking of some member of his intimate family, or of a direct descendant of Thermopylae, or of the oracles—"When he is President, he will come back here and order the stone in marble, with the words he wants, and it will last forever." —EYRE DE LANUX

•

QUESTION: We have had a dog ever since my husband and I were married. I am afraid we have been overloving with the dog and he is a little spoiled. Now that we are expecting a baby, do you think the dog will be jealous of the baby?

ANSWER: Probably not. It might make the dog resentful if the family pushed him so far in the background that no one ever gave him a pat or a kind word after the arrival of the baby, but if you continue to give him a reasonable amount of attention he won't be jealous. Most dogs accept a baby as a member of the family and adopt an affectionate and protective attitude.

However, if your dog should turn out to be unusually jealous and display resentment toward the baby, it would be only sensible to try to find him another home without delay. This is doubly important if he is a large dog.—"*The New Standard Book of Dog Care and Training,*" *by Jeannette W. Cross and Blanche Saunders.*

No vivid thoughts, please.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE RIOTOUS SCENE

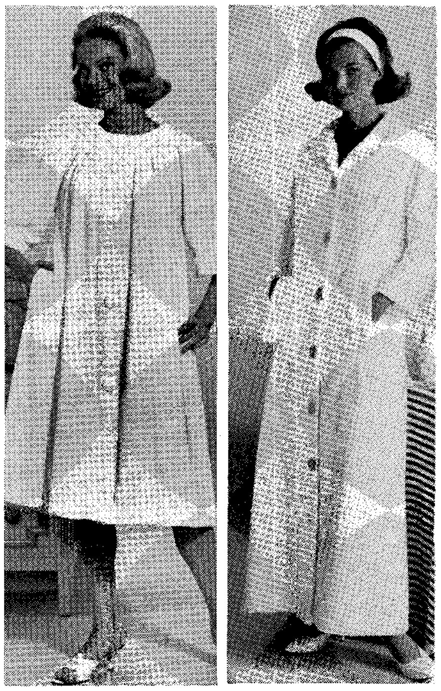
[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

The main street, less than two blocks away, was a scarred hell of burning buildings and scattered rubble.

The din of a hundred burglar alarms beat a dissonant counterpoint against the staccato cries of roving looters.

Mrs. Ann Miller knew she had to do something—and in a hurry.

So she helped organize a volleyball game.



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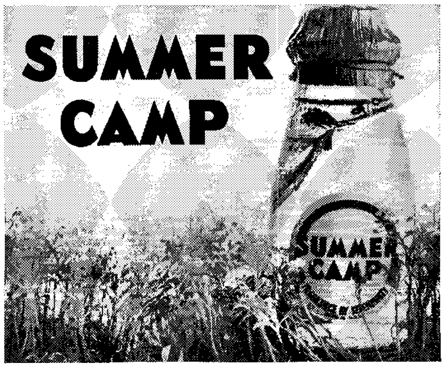

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Beginnings

I HAVE just read, with some fascination, a book called "40,000 Years of Music," by Jacques Chailley, who is Professor of Music History at the Sorbonne. It was translated into English by Rollo Myers, has a preface by Virgil Thomson, and is published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. It is not, as its title might lead some people to suppose, a history of music. It is a commentary on musical fashions, written by a man of wit and occasional brilliance. Like many French scholars nowadays, he seems to be unaware of the scholarship that is going on outside France, and his book is irritatingly Francocentric. Yet it makes amusing reading, nevertheless, and now and then it lays a finger on some aspect of music that we are quite conscious of but are likely to forget. None of its contributions or contentions are new—and some of the contentions are absurd—but many of them are worth repeating. M. Chailley's main purpose appears to be to shake up certain established clichés about the relationships between composers, performers, audiences, and critics, and to point out that the art of musical composition is going rapidly and alarmingly to the dogs, partly because of a misinterpretation of these relationships.

He points out that up to the thirteenth century there was no such thing as a composer (he was, that is, anonymous, or was obviated by more or less spontaneous improvisation), and that the dogma of the composer as an autonomous, "free" artist and general top man of music, a dogma that is continually preached by the avant-garde, is an invention of the nineteenth century—the century that, in particular, the avant-garde despises. Music history, M. Chailley reminds us, is a creation of the nineteenth century, and so is the institution of the paid music critic, and so is the idea of "progress" as applied to the technique of composition. Moreover, in Bach's time, music was not heard as a "work of art;" it was heard as a "reflection of collective sentiments." For this reason, M. Chailley notes, Bach's masterpieces attracted no critical attention during his lifetime. Nobody really cared who a composer was; it was important only that he be a good craftsman. The purpose of

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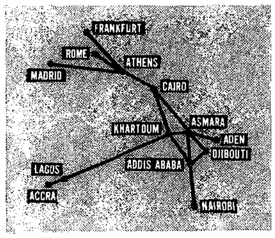

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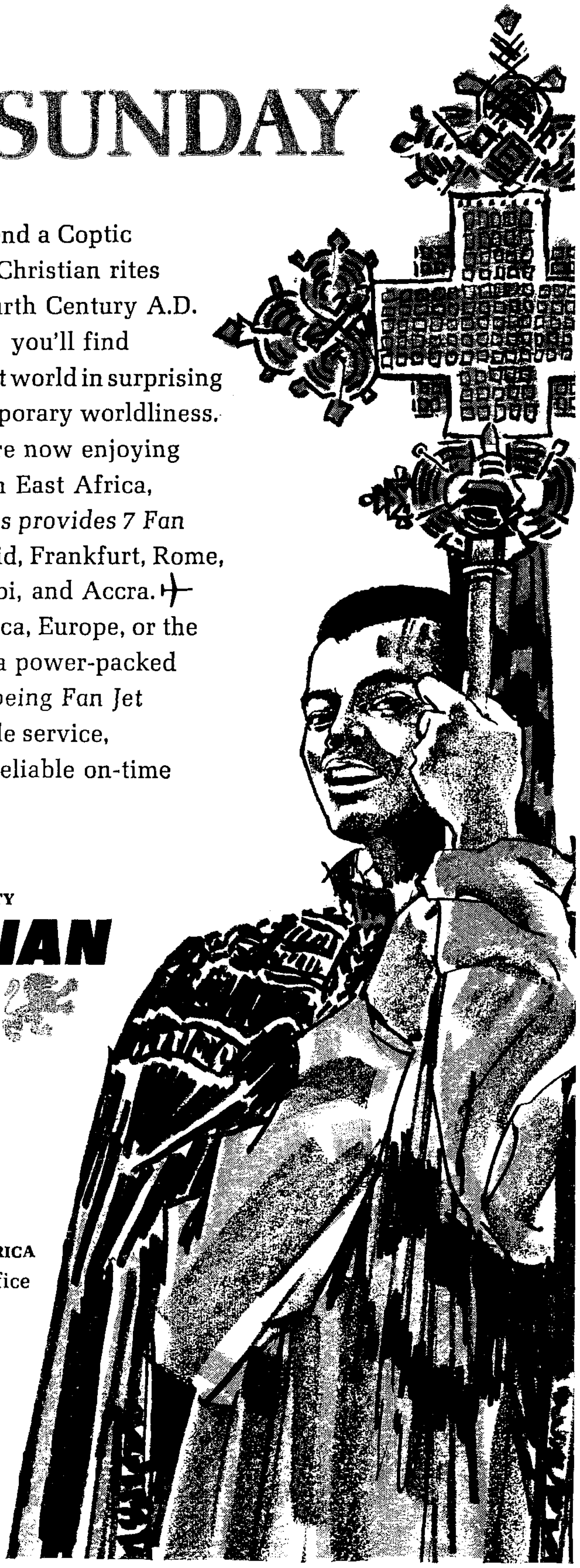

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Bach's music was ritualistic or educational rather than aesthetic, and he received little acclaim during his lifetime. The list of his masterpieces current at the time of his death ran to scarcely six lines of print, and "The Art of Fugue" was published, shortly after his death, in an edition of thirty copies. It remained for the nineteenth century to confer on Bach the title of "composer" *as we now understand it.*

M. Chailley also points out that until the end of the seventeenth century, except at the opera, nobody ever paid to listen to music, and that music was written not for the public but for the Church, the court, the salon, and the professional or amateur performer. He reminds us that music was originally not written down at all, that when it *was* first written down it was merely as an aid to the memory, and that early polyphonic music was written down not in scores but in separate parts, so that nobody, until fairly recent times, had any idea of what a composition "looked like" on paper. Moreover, the sacredness of a composer's text is an idea that never occurred to anyone until the beginning of the twentieth century. "The *deification* of the composer," M. Chailley writes, "brought with it, though much later—certainly not before the twentieth century—the deification of the text as written and the sterilizing notion of the robot-interpreter."

From all this, it is not difficult to see where M. Chailley is heading. The contemporary composer, he feels, is not only out of touch with his public but out of touch with his art. He is concerned not with the human ear but with mathematical abstractions and how they look on paper. The serialist composer in particular is occupied not with the relation between tones but with *an order of succession.* (This point was brilliantly made some years ago by Howard Hanson in an exhaustive technical treatise called "Harmonic Materials of Modern Music.") Schoenberg is demolished. The contemporary composer Pierre Boulez is amusingly whacked over the head—M. Chailley shows the reader exactly how to compose a Boulez composition that is actually in existence; it is done simply by juggling numbers, without any reference to the ear or to musical talent. The alienation of "music" from the ear has become almost complete. In fact, M. Chailley describes an experiment in Paris at which a number of serial composers were presented with the sound of a couple of entirely different tone rows and couldn't tell the difference

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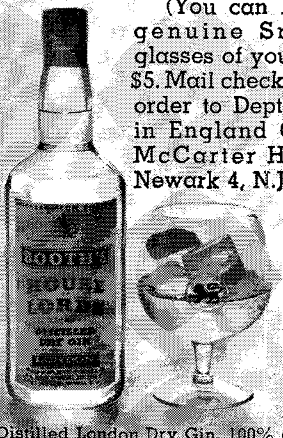
(You can have four genuine Snifterini glasses of your own for $5. Mail check or money order to Dept. 1, Made in England Co., 1197 McCarter Highway, Newark 4, N.J.)



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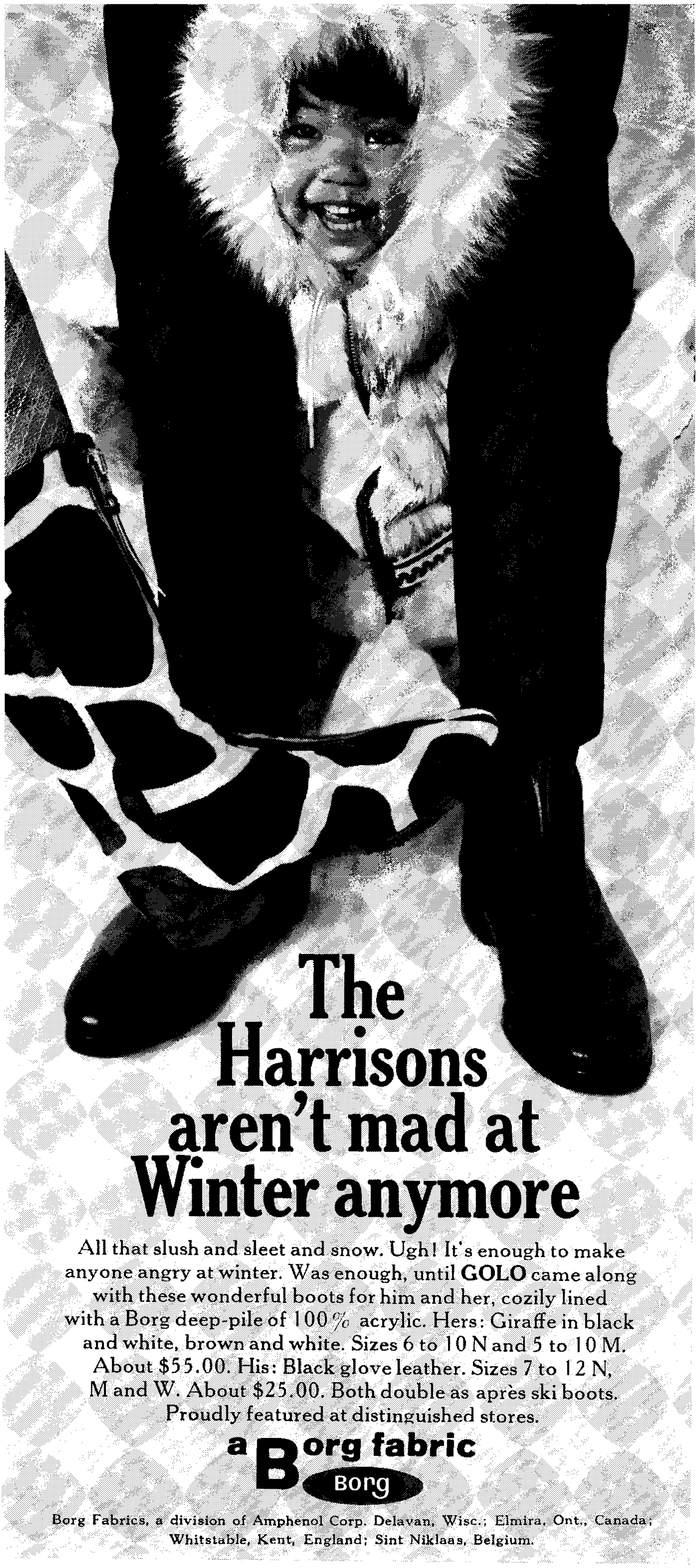
between them. Furthermore, he uses some rather terrifying quotations from contemporary composers. From René Leibowitz: "I can truthfully say that reading or hearing a musical work, no matter what it is, has never been for me a source of pleasure or distraction, or even an indication of any curiosity on my part. If in reading or listening to any music I have ever experienced pleasure or relaxation, or even boredom or irritation, these are qualities which have been superimposed and have nothing to do with what I am studying, the purpose and subject of which are something quite different." If this is the attitude of the contemporary composer, M. Chailley asks, what right has he to denounce the contemporary audience for not paying enough attention to his music? Finally, M. Chailley assumes the mantle of Debussy's M. Croche—perhaps to minimize his own responsibility for his most drastic statements. At any rate, his M. Croche avers: "Your twentieth century has forgotten what music is. . . . Your contemporaries are . . . Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven. . . . Talented composers . . . are *afraid* [author's, or M. Croche's, italics] of the organized blackmail, afraid of appearing 'old-fashioned,' afraid to express freely, as all their predecessors have done, the music they feel within them and that they *dare not* write."

M. Chailley's book contains a number of errors and a conspicuous lack of attribution to those who made his discoveries long before he did. Many people, one of them Henry Pleasants in "The Agony of Modern Music," have made similar observations. M. Chailley seems to think that dodecaphony was the concern solely of "the Viennese trinity" (Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg) until about 1945, whereas in America such composers as Sessions and Wallingford Riegger were working at it long before then. The most absurd contention, however, is the assertion that opera was invented not by the Italians (he describes the story of its invention by the Florentine Camerata at Count Bardi's palace in the sixteenth century as a hoax) but by—guess who?—the French. Now, no musically informed person has imagined, at least for fifty years, that opera sprang full-fledged from Bardi's Camerata, like Athena from the brow of Zeus. Much experiment was taking place in the sixteenth century with combinations of music and drama, as one can learn by consulting any authoritative history—say, Paul Henry Lang's "Music in Western Civilization," or Donald Jay Grout's "A Short History of Opera,"



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which has just appeared in a revised edition (Columbia). And it may well be true that the habitués of Bardi's palace discussed only madrigals and not drama, as M. Chailley maintains. But the fact remains that three of these habitués—the poet Ottavio Rinuccini and the composers Jacopo Peri and Giulio Caccini—actually turned out several genuine operas around 1600 and that the first great master in operatic history, Claudio Monteverdi, had brought Italian opera to a state of maturity long before anything describable as a French opera had been written. Moreover, the first French opera composer of any consequence, Jean Baptiste Lully (or Lulli), was born an Italian. Lully's first important operas were written in the sixteen-seventies and eighties, fifty years after opera had become a highly developed art in Italy. M. Chailley's contention is that opera originated in the French court ballet of the sixteenth century (which derived from the earlier Italian court ballet). In pursuit of this theory, he is forced into the peculiar position of maintaining that opera is and always has been a sort of branch of ballet, and he actually appears to believe that ballet is still the most important thing about opera. Perhaps M. Chailley, like a good many Frenchmen, simply doesn't like opera. At any rate, in seeking to demolish what he calls the "hoax" of the Camerata he has, I am afraid, produced a counterhoax that will not survive serious historical investigation.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

●

The American Tobacco Co. announced yesterday that it will market a new filter cigaret with a water tip, to be called the Waterford.

Robert B. Walker, president and board chairman, said that small capsules of water in the filter can be broken by pinching the tip. Said Walker:

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—*The News.*

Chew cut plug.

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A visiting committee of the Southern Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges has spent two days in our school since the last news letter. They were affluent in their commendations.—*News-letter from Chase Elementary School, Athens, Ga.*

You see? There's nothing wrong with American education.

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THE BIBLE IN DINOCITTÀ

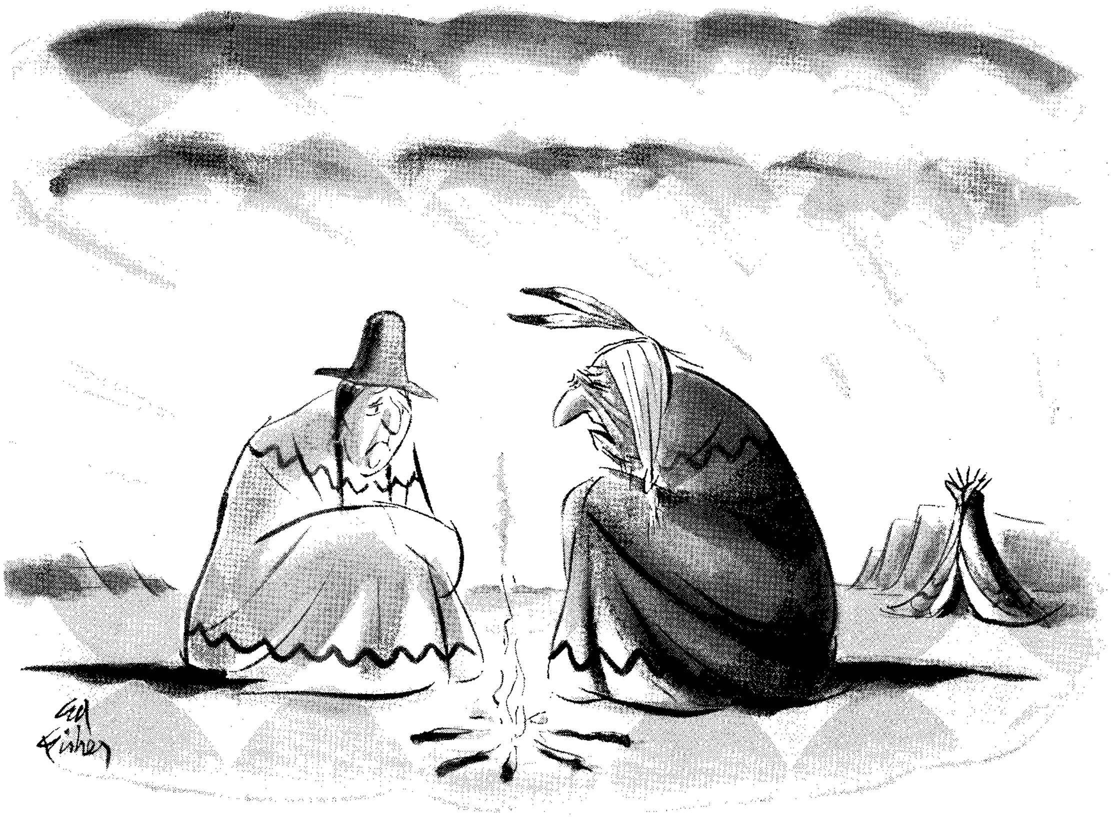
Rome, September 15

THE Colosseum and the Villa Borghese here have recently been employed as sites for the making of a movie entitled "The Tenth Victim" and described by its producer as "a homicidal fantasy planned for Christmas release," and a great many Romans have lately been forsaking such classic attractions as the Roman Forum and the Baths of Caracalla for such contemporary classics as "Holiday on Ice" and Petula Clark's discothèque rendition of "Downtown." Yet paradoxically, while all this is going on, one finds, just fourteen miles from the heart of Rome, at the new, glassily modern Dino De Laurentiis Studios, on the Via Pontina, the American director John Huston winding up work on a picture called "The Bible." The title is somewhat misleading, even though in New York, for the past twenty-one months, it has been emblazoned in letters twelve feet high on a two-hundred-and-sixty-five-by-sixty-foot billboard, overlooking Times Square, that rents for a hundred thousand dollars a year. A few days ago, when I saw Mr. Huston, he told me that he would like, even at this late date, to change the title of his picture to something like "The Beginning," which would more accurately describe what he was rather modestly attempting to bring to the screen. His movie, Mr. Huston explained, covers only the first twenty-two of the fifty chapters contained in the Book of Genesis. Pending a possible title change, Mr. Huston has just succeeded in getting the Times Square sign amended. Under the announcement of the production of "The Bible," the sign now carries the following statement of limitation, in letters *six* feet high:

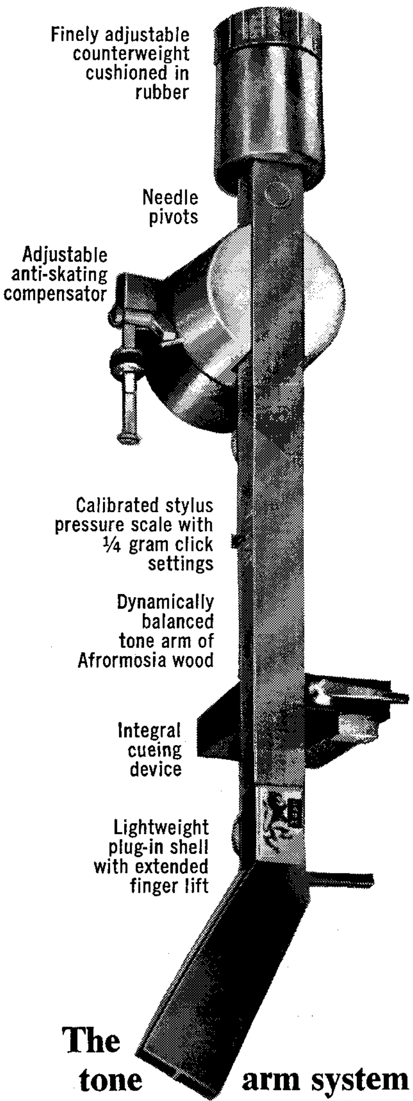
Will Cover These Inspiring Events
The Creation   Adam and Eve
Cain and Abel
Noah's Ark   Tower of Babel
Abraham

With the title under scrutiny, Mr. Huston has asked his executive colleagues, furthermore, to consider showing his picture with *only* the title, and without any credits, directorial or otherwise, listed on the screen either at the start or at the end of the movie. His non-executive colleagues have already given him a strong endorsement of this idea. One Italian colleague, as a matter of fact, gave Huston a big Italian hug upon hearing about it, and pointed upward, saying, "Let people think *He* made the picture."

The higher powers now mulling over the fate of the title belong mostly in America, at Twentieth Century-Fox. This company recently acquired—for a fifteen-million-dollar minimum guarantee, a figure unprecedented in the motion-picture industry—the rights to distribute the picture in the United States and in all other countries except Italy, Israel, Switzerland, Austria, Greece, Portugal, and Spain. The projected date of the opening is September 17, 1966. With a full year in which to prepare for the big day, Darryl F. Zanuck, president of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, may draw on his backlog of experience with items of magnitude and devise some new promotional ideas for "The Bible's" producer, who is Dino De Laurentiis. Up to now, however, "The Bible" has been wholly in the hands of Mr. Huston and Signor De Laurentiis. Both men appear to be grateful to Christopher Fry, the writer of the screenplay, for handling the text of the Bible as he did. The way he handled it, mostly, was by trying not to change it. It is there, word for word, as it is spoken on the sound track by a disembodied voice—Mr. Huston's, for the time being. (Mr. Huston is now trying to decide who will deliver the narration in the final version.) Both Mr. Huston and Signor De Laurentiis take a good deal of satisfaction, too, in the fact that the picture does not deviate from the Bible in its various plots. They recently screened a rough cut of the picture for a small group of Mr. Huston's friends, a fairly worldly lot, who emerged at the end looking strangely convinced. One friend vowed that Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, and, particularly, Noah—played by Mr. Huston himself—were almost precisely the characters they had seemed to be when first heard about in Sunday school, and that even if Ava Gardner, playing Abraham's wife, Sarah, didn't look any ninety years old when she finally had that baby, she had done something up there on the screen that made several members of the old Huston bunch cry, and that



"Buffalo all gone, hunting lands all gone, warriors all gone, Standard Oil down a quarter."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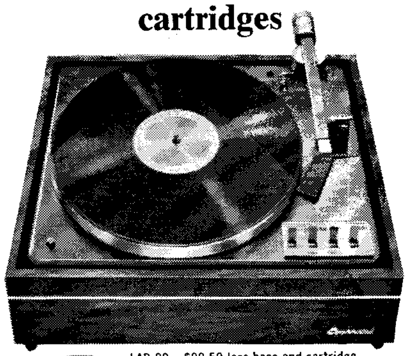

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was really *something*. Mr. Huston is proud of the fact that the people associated with him in the making of the picture react emotionally every time they see it. His film cutter, an orderly and efficient Englishman named Ralph Kemplen, who has edited all the Huston movies since 1951—including "The African Queen," "Moulin Rouge," "Freud," and "The Night of the Iguana"—sits in his cutting room looking at the film day after day, and has been doing so for over a year. Mr. Huston says he has come upon his editor several times lately, during the cutting of the sequence concerning Abraham and Sarah, and found Mr. Kemplen in tears. "Even 'Freud' could never get Ralph to cry," Mr. Huston told me happily.

Signor De Laurentiis says that he is sure the public will respond with even greater emotion than Mr. Kemplen's, and there is already talk of possible sequels. This picture ends with the test by God of Abraham's willingness, when asked, to sacrifice his son Isaac to Him. There is still, Signor De Laurentiis generously points out, all the rest of the Book of Genesis to go, not to mention the Book of Exodus (forty chapters); the Book of Leviticus (twenty-seven chapters); the Book of Numbers (thirty-six chapters); the Book of Deuteronomy (thirty-four chapters); the Book of Joshua (twenty-four chapters); the Book of Judges (twenty-one chapters); the Books of Ruth, Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles (a total of a hundred and seventy-one chapters); and the Prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, through Zechariah and Malachi for a total of two hundred and forty-five chapters; and the hundred and fifty Psalms and the thirty-one chapters of Proverbs, not to mention the hundred other chapters of hagiographical writings in the Old Testament. And when all that uncopyrighted material is completely used up, there will still be the twenty-seven Books (two hundred and sixty chapters) of the New Testament. Whatever happens to the rest of the Bible, though, the beginning has now been transferred to film in the images of John Huston.

Mr. Huston is an old fan of Michelangelo and Bernini, and also of all things Etruscan, and he has evidently been having the time of his life while making his movie in Rome. He has corralled some of the most interesting local painters, sculptors, and designers and got them to contribute to his film. Manzù, the painter-sculptor who fashioned the great central bronze doors of St. Peter's, sculpted forms in earth representing the creation of Adam. Cor-

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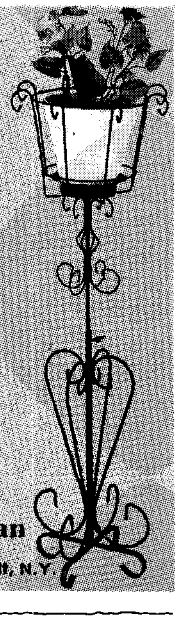

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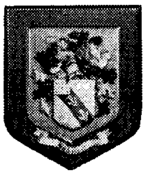

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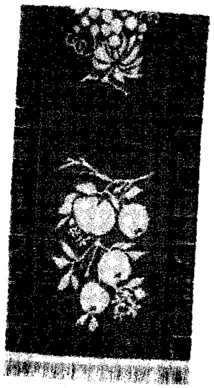

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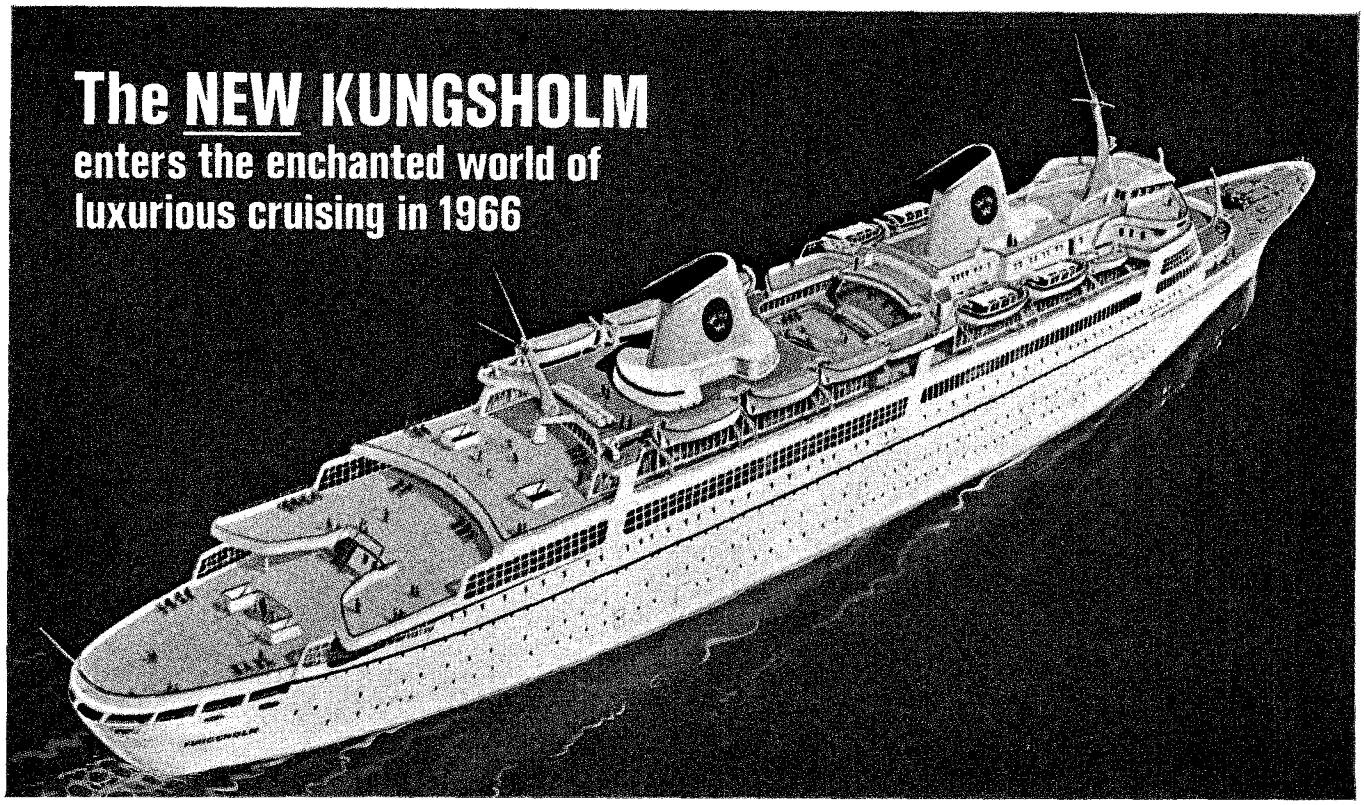

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rado Cagli, one of the leading painters in Italy, designed a Tree for the Garden of Eden in such a way that audiences will not be able to tell where the Tree stops and the Serpent begins. (A live serpent—a reticulated python—has been used, interchangeably, with an undulating man who *portrays* a serpent.) The Tower of Babel was also designed by Cagli, and was built three times: once on location on a hill near El Ma'adi, south of Cairo, Egypt, for long shots; once at the De Laurentiis Studios for closeups; and once in miniature, to permit some special effects. The eminent sculptor Mirko, who is director of the Design Workshops of the Carpenter Center at Harvard, and who lives in Rome from June through September, did both the sets and the costumes for the sequence showing what went on in Sodom. Giulio Turcato, another of Italy's leading painters, and his assistant, a talented young painter named Valeria Alberti, are among at least a dozen artists who created forms to be used for special effects in scenes depicting the Creation. Another of the prime movers chosen by Huston is Giuseppe Rotunno, the cameraman, who filmed the Luchino Visconti movie "The Leopard." "The Bible" has been shot in Technicolor, and Mr. Huston and his cameraman have done some experimenting to get particular visual effects. For example, to achieve what Mr. Huston describes, with an air of first-hand experience, as "that special golden glow over the Garden of Eden," they first shot a gold-painted board and then shot the Garden of Eden sequences on the pre-exposed film. Both the director and the cameraman are much pleased by the Garden's resultant glow. The man who oversaw all the set and costume designs is the art director of the picture, Mario Chiari, an architect, who saw to it that the Tower of Babel designed by Signor Cagli—a framework of steel tubing covered with plastic disguised, according to the architect, "to look like bricks of the period"—was anchored in concrete, both in Egypt and in Rome, so that it would hold the thousands of extras who were to stand on it. The Tower was built at a cost of $375,000 in Egypt, and its replica in Rome cost about a half million. A long shot of the Egyptian Tower, taken from a height of two thousand feet, shows Nimrod, personifying the sin of human presumption, in the act of climbing the monument that he hoped would "reach unto Heaven."

Mr. Huston has introduced the Italian artists who have worked with

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him on "The Bible" to his own adventurous way of life, including flying some of them periodically to his home in County Galway, Ireland. A few weeks ago, he took half a dozen of them to Ireland, put them on his horses, and gave them a lesson in riding to hounds. In Rome, the artists hang around with Mr. Huston after studio hours. One of his favorite after-work activities is to take the Italians sightseeing in their own Rome. This summer, busloads of conventional tourists have been able to enjoy the spectacle of Mr. Huston—tall, skinny, bearded with a natural-grown prop for the role of Noah, his gray hair flowing to the back of his neck, and decked out in a safari suit, designed by him, of Egyptian cotton or Sicilian peasant cloth—leading his Italian painters around the sights. One of the spots he likes very much is the Campidoglio, where, on each visit, he walks around for an hour or so admiring the Michelangelo palaces and Marcus Aurelius' bronze horse. But the Pantheon is his favorite. There he delights, as no tour guide ever did, in getting his bunch to close their eyes as they enter, and, once they are well inside, he gives the command, softening his voice dramatically to a whisper, to put their heads back and open their eyes to the ethereal dome. "Just *look* at that," he said one day when I joined the tour. "It just couldn't *look* any better than that."

Mr. Huston says that Italy is now his second home. "I want to go *on* working here!" he said to me the other day, in that strictly American accent and rhythm that are characteristic of his speech and that he seems fated never to be rid of, notwithstanding the fact that last year he became an Irish citizen. "Next February, I'm going to direct an *opera*"—he paused—"with sets and costumes by Corrado Cagli"—he paused—"for *La Scala!*" He paused again. "We're doing 'The Mines of Sulphur,' by Richard Rodney Bennett, a young Englishman," he said. "It will be sung in *Italian!*"

"THE BIBLE" is the first film to have gone into production at the De Laurentiis Studios, which opened about a year ago. Dino De Laurentiis, the builder and owner, who is now forty-six, is the son of a spaghetti maker in a small town near Naples. He began his career in films as an extra player when he was seventeen. By the time he was twenty-two, in 1941, he had produced his first movie, "L'Amore Canta," a comedy. He has since produced fifty-six more, his first famous

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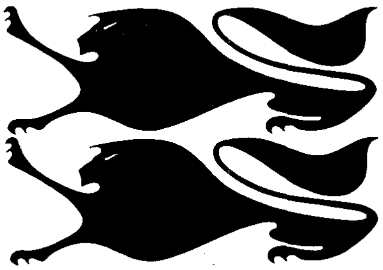

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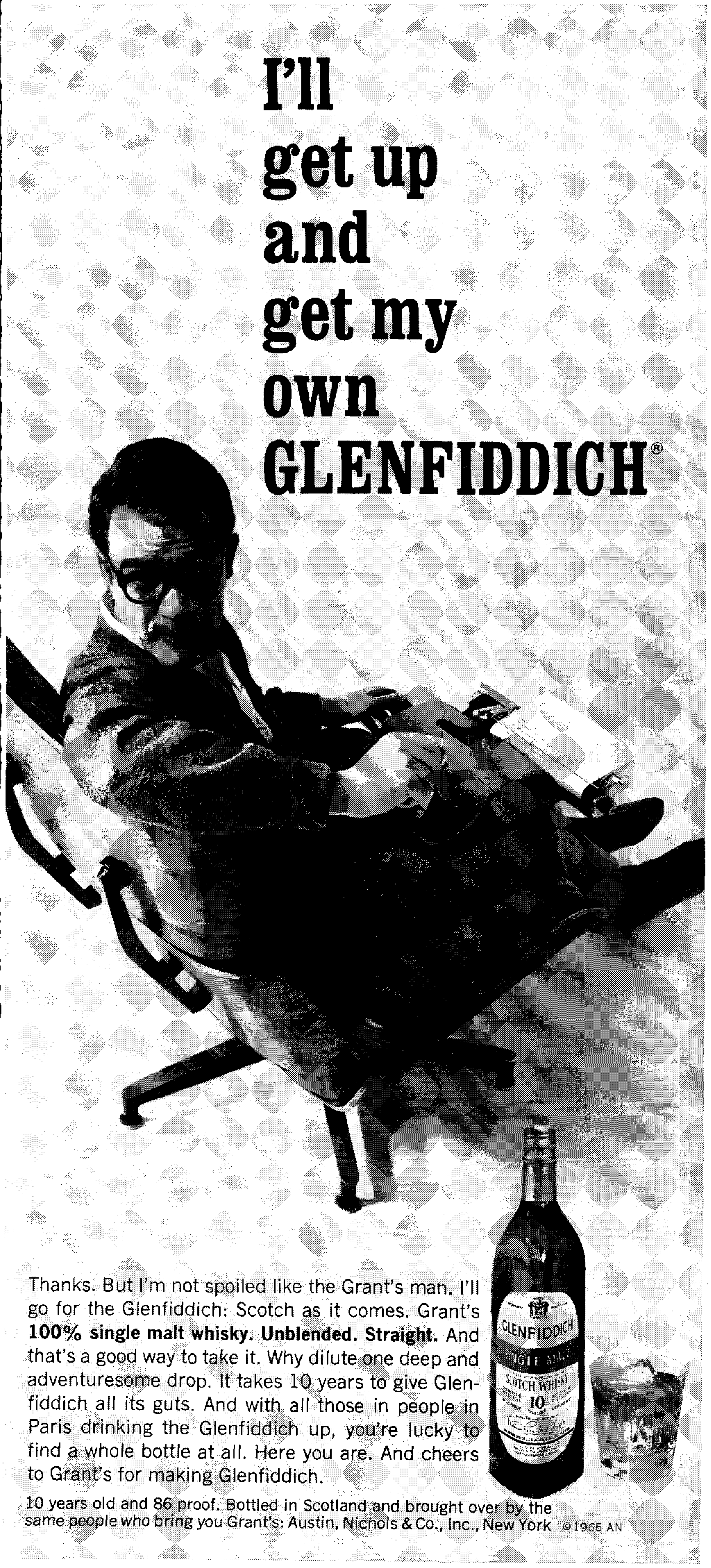
one being "Bitter Rice," which he produced in 1948, at the age of twenty-eight. A year later, he married the star of that film, Silvana Mangano. He has produced movies directed by Roberto Rossellini ("Europa '51"), by Vittorio De Sica ("The Gold of Naples"), and by Federico Fellini ("La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria"), and such spectacles as "Ulysses" and "Barabbas," and, after twenty-four years as a producer, he says that it's just no fun to produce movies unless he can produce movies with *artists*. After spending two years filming "The Bible" with John Huston, Signor De Laurentiis still revels in the excitement of working with him. The producer defines his aim as that of trying to get artists to come up with some art. He sounds, as much as any Medici ever did, as though he meant it. "When John gets behind the camera and starts shaping his thoughts, the real artist emerges," Signor De Laurentiis told me one day. "I do not ask him in advance what he is going to do. He has his ideas in his *mind*. It is like giving an artist paints and brushes. You do not say to the artist, 'What are you going to do with them?' What he is going to do with them is *inside his head!*"

This far cry from the old approach of I-don't-get-ulcers-I-give-them evokes tributes from Mr. Huston. "I can't begin to describe the exquisite deference that Dino shows me," Mr. Huston said, in his turn. "And it's not token. I always get a sense of size out of Dino. He is the only intelligent and creative man actually running his own studio. Zanuck, for instance, spends most of his time abroad, and so does Jack Warner. There is no one man at the head of Metro, Columbia, Universal, or Paramount. Most of the decisions made these days are made by boards of directors."

With all the talk about art around the De Laurentiis Studios, there are still a good many references to money. Both Mr. Huston and Signor De Laurentiis like to point out that "The Bible" cost eighteen million dollars to make, whereas if it had been made in the United States it would have cost at least twenty-five million. (Italian makers of movies in general sound a note of deep pride when they describe the little that goes into their films in the way of money—the low wages, the low overhead, the low production costs—which manages to convey a strong bond of association between low cost and high art.) There may be something about Signor De Laurentiis'



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way of handling money that makes him look healthy. Whatever the cause, the founder of the Dino De Laurentiis Cinematografica, who is usually seen smiling, is just about the happiest and most confident-looking of all the happy, confident-looking men to be seen in Rome. He attributes his high spirits to a number of things, among them the happy working out of the idea, which he formulated five years ago, that the Bible could be made into a terrific movie. "John Huston has made my dream come true," Signor De Laurentiis said to me. "Working with John has been an experience of always perfect harmony. With the exception of Federico Fellini, I have never before found this absolute harmony with anyone." (Signor De Laurentiis' next picture is scheduled to be made with Signor Fellini again.)

It seems logical and harmonious, somehow, to find that Signor De Laurentiis lives, with his wife and four children, in a beautiful *palazzo*, twenty miles outside of Rome, that, it is said, was built in the fifteenth century by Pope Boniface IX, and that it is in the Pope's bed, now remodelled and equipped with an inner-spring mattress, that Signor De Laurentiis sleeps. The rooms in the palace, which are very large, have been wired for electricity, and decorated in a combination of Renaissance and Italian modern by Signora De Laurentiis. A big part of the first floor of the palace is taken up by a red-carpeted projection room that looks like a miniature of the old Roxy and can accommodate an audience of a couple of hundred. Signor De Laurentiis and his wife enjoy giving dinner parties around a long table that is quite in keeping with the size of the rooms and the splendor of the palace. The three eldest of the De Laurentiis children—they have girls of fifteen, thirteen, and four, and a boy of ten—usually attend the dinner parties that are given for movie directors, actors, writers, artists, or foreign visitors. The food is delicious, and Signor De Laurentiis, who declares himself to be an accomplished cook, likes to take credit for supervising most of it. He supervises the growing (fruits and vegetables are grown in the back yard of the palace, and cattle and pigs are raised there besides), the marketing, the cooking, and the serving, and if it seems to him that the butlers are too slow about serving the guests, he gets up from his post at the head of the table and takes over the serving himself. He is especially fond of ice cream, and for dessert he likes to offer his guests what he proud-

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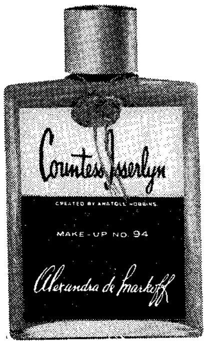
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For many years, the most celebrated film studio in Rome used to be Cinecittà, or Movie City, and in consequence the De Laurentiis Studios are known as Dinocittà. As Dinocittà is touted by the producer himself in a recent press release, it is "virtually a monument to one man's faith in the industry" and "spreads over one and a half million square metres of land on the outskirts of the Eternal City." In addition to a sleek administration building, Dinocittà has four sound stages, two of them with an interior usable height of twenty-two metres, or seventy-three feet—the tallest sound stages in the world. Like everything else there, they are air-conditioned and so nearly soundproof that even the noise of jets will not interfere with the sound recording. The studios have facilities for underwater filming, for creating snow, rain, and hurricane effects, for accommodating its stars in two-room apartments-with-bath, and for dining, banking, telegraphing, and sending mail, and it also has a back lot consisting of thirteen and a half million square feet of open land, unobstructed by houses, power lines, telephone poles, or anything else that might get in the way of outdoor filming. Not long ago, another producer used the studios to shoot the Sistine Chapel scenes for "The Agony and the Ecstasy." Signor De Laurentiis is proud of the fact that his stages are the only ones anywhere tall enough to accommodate a reproduction of the Chapel. On the back lot there is plenty of room for sets requiring no telephone-pole-type obstructions. Noah's Ark—that is, the Ark that Noah built, with

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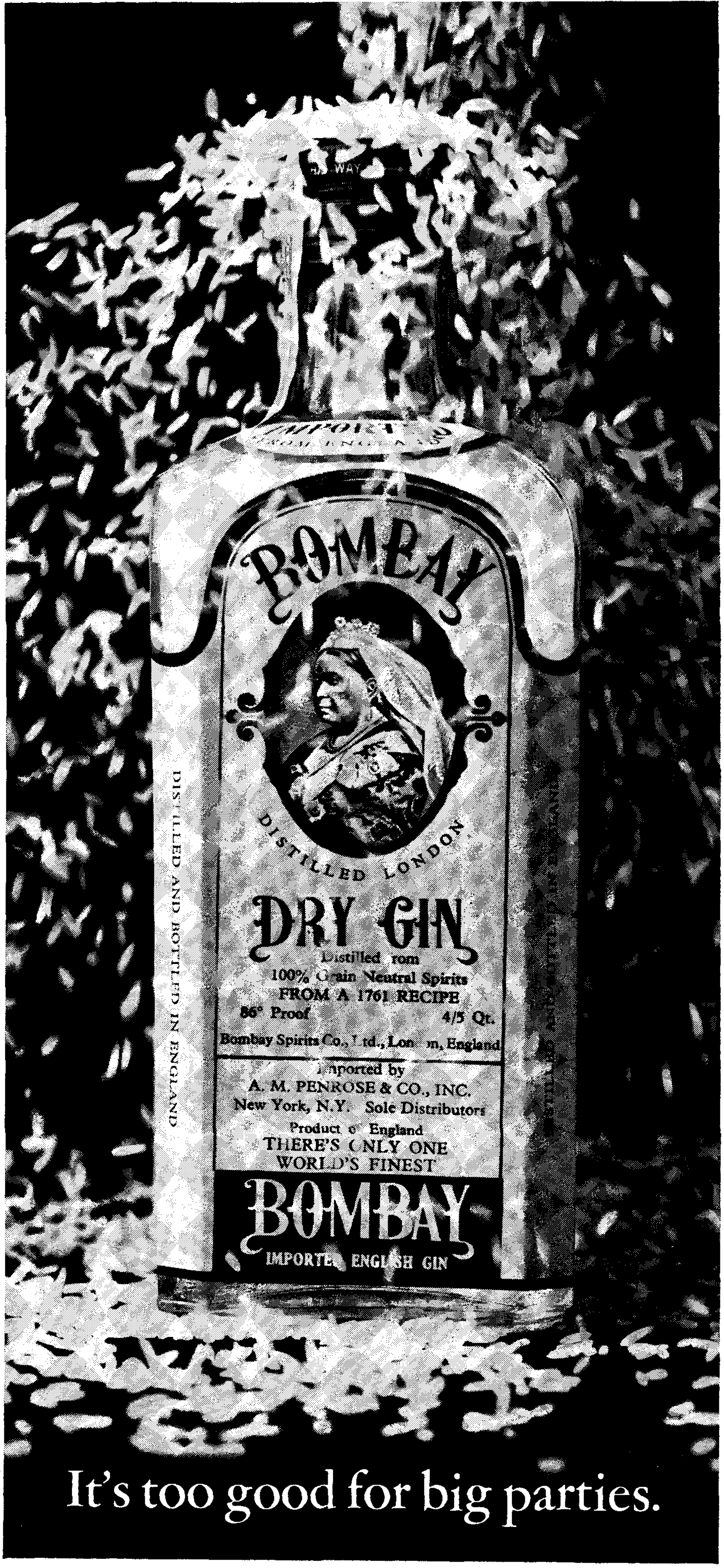
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the assistance of his three sons and their wives—is said to have been about five hundred feet long and fifty feet high, and the Ark built (and still standing), on the lot at Dinocittà is two hundred feet long and fifty feet high. The Ark has three decks, of hardwood planks laid over sheets of steel to hold the weight of Mr. Huston's elephants, tigers, lions, kangaroos, zebras, hippos, and so on. The studio lot was able to accommodate not only this Ark but a second one, only partly built, which was used for scenes showing Noah and his sons building their boat. Some of the wood for the second Ark was imported from Yugoslavia in the form of whole trees, which were laid in piles around the unfinished boat. In the Book of Genesis, the only instructions issued to Noah on the actual construction of the Ark were: "Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch." Dinocittà now has facilities for making enough pitch to last until the next flood. Tools such as adzes and hammers, and wooden nails, undescribed in that chapter, were designed to look, according to one of Mr. Huston's painter assistants, "in keeping with the period." Twenty-five per cent of the cost of the picture, Signor De Laurentiis says, has gone into the filming of Noah and the Ark. The completion of that sequence alone took about ten months, and was filled with difficulties and delays that make the troubles in the Old Testament sound mild. Signor De Laurentiis told me, however, that he never became dissatisfied when plans connected with the launching of the Ark did not work out on schedule. "Take the entry of all the wonderful animals into the Ark, with John as their Pied Piper," Signor De Laurentiis said. "That was a miracle that happened right before our eyes. How can you schedule for *that*?"

The producer's extraordinary understanding of all the unseen forces, positive and negative, that come into play in the creation of art is scarcely hinted at in Signor De Laurentiis' office, in the administration building. On the contrary, his office is the only thing around the place that calls up memories of the old Hollywood. Its size alone out-Hollywoods anything ever seen in California. The office, which is only a little smaller than a tennis court, has a long desk taking up roughly the space of a back court. On the desk are five telephones, stacks of scripts, a SONY miniature television set, and innumerable toys, gadgets, and souvenir ash-

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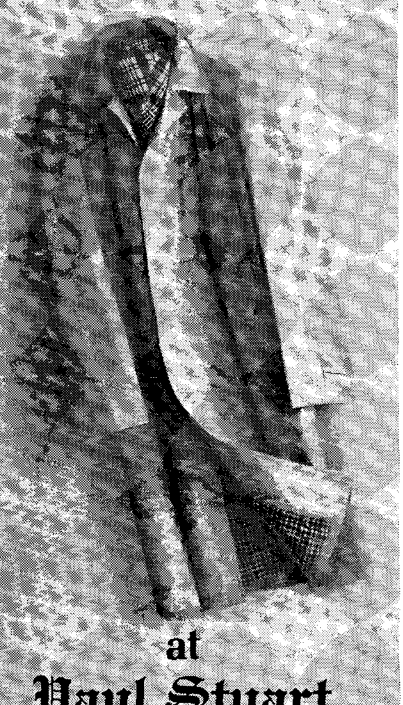

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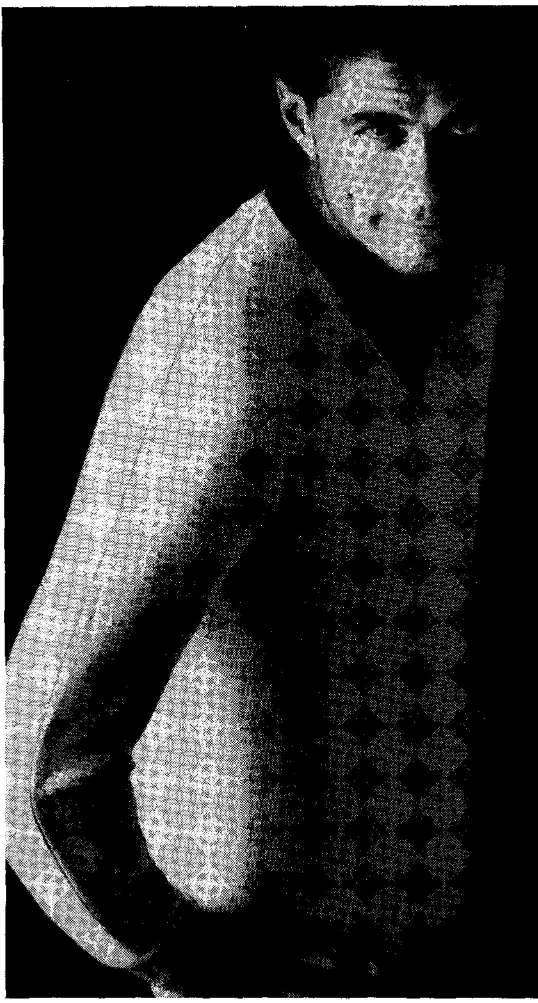
trays, including one from the Stork Club. The walls of the office are decorated with framed sheepskins attesting to a more than generous assortment of movie awards. Signor De Laurentiis is short and rather wiry, and in addition to looking happy he looks smooth-skinned, physically fit, and well taken care of. He wears tortoise-shell eyeglasses, a gold wedding ring, monogrammed shirts, and trim, tight-fitting dark suits that always look well pressed. He kisses ladies' hands and pats men on the face, and everybody seems to smile at *him*. Behind the back-court desk, he sits in an enormous all-leather chair that rocks, rolls, turns, and looks in every respect accommodating. In his office, one hot afternoon, Signor De Laurentiis, in his shirtsleeves, rocked in his leather chair and told me how he happened to get started on making the Bible into a movie.

"Five years ago, I had never read the Bible, because in Italy we learn everything about religion from our priests," he said. "But one day, at Ischia, I was taking the mud baths and checking lines in the script for 'Barabbas,' and I began to read the Bible. I was enchanted with the beauty of the book. Immediately, I started to think of its dramatic potential. I thought, If I can get that book on the screen, *I* will have the greatest story ever told. I engaged Christopher Fry to write a script. Two years ago, I sent the script to John Huston. He was then in Mexico, making 'The Night of the Iguana,' and when I heard he was interested I packed my spaghetti in my suitcase and I went to Mexico to see him. For one hour we talked, and after one hour it was as though John and I had been talking about this picture for a year. So I decided to give John the picture."

Signor De Laurentiis does not think much of the way motion-picture companies in the United States are currently producing pictures. "If 'The Bible' had been produced by a major company, it would never have *been* produced," he told me. "Someone would have stood up at one of the big company's big board meetings and would have said, 'What happens if this happens and what happens if *that* happens?' That is because the companies are run by boards of directors. That is the difference between me and the other companies. A motion-picture company needs *one man*." Signor De Laurentiis held up a forefinger. "*One man*. Men like L. B. Mayer and Adolph Zukor were the real motion-picture men. They were the men who made American movies



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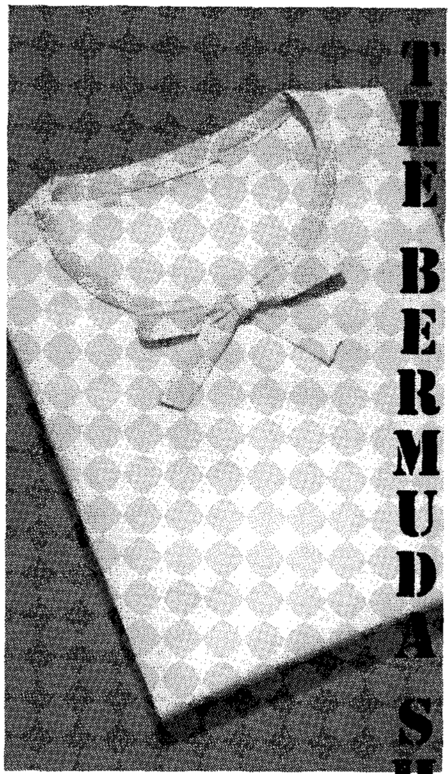

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internationally famous. There was just one man, who knew how to pick the talent, instead of a lot of men, boards of directors, trying to run the motion-picture companies like financial firms."

I had heard that Signor De Laurentiis was severely criticized for building his studio at all, and I asked him how he accounted for the criticism.

"It's purely an Italian attitude," he said. "In Italy, contrary to the way it is in the United States, a man who works hard and tries to do something becomes a target for jealousy and animosity. In the United States, such a man is appreciated. In Italy, his ambition is taken as a form of megalomania."

I asked him why he had put up that hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year sign in Times Square when he had only begun to make the picture.

"It's my concept of publicity," he said. "When making the picture was *no longer a dream*, I wanted the sign, because it carried out my concept of publicity. I don't agree with the American concept of publicity. According to the American concept of publicity, you wait until a picture is finished and then you get twelve big shots sitting around and deciding how to do the publicity. I believe that publicity should begin when the picture begins to be made. That way, you achieve a terrific build-up. My sign brings both direct and indirect publicity. Every day, the people see the sign. John Q. Pubblico is impressed by the sign, and it stays with him. And not only that—the sign itself was news. It made the newspapers and the newsreels, and that was the indirect publicity." Signor De Laurentiis held up his forefinger again and said, "*One man*. And if the picture is not a success, the only one responsible is this same *one man*, the producer. It is up to the producer to choose the right people. The first essential is an ability to pick the right people. It is an ability that comes from *within* you. It cannot be done by cold reason. You cannot think it out on a calculating basis. You do what you must do because you *feel* it is right." At that moment, Signor De Laurentiis looked as wise as any poet. He continued, "To make a picture takes time, takes money, takes intellectual and artistic effort. When you work with someone like John Huston, all these things are a pleasure. If you have no point of contact with your director, then the pictures are hard work, they are an effort, and I do not like that. So when John Huston and I realized the harmony of our thoughts, I said to myself, 'In order to make this

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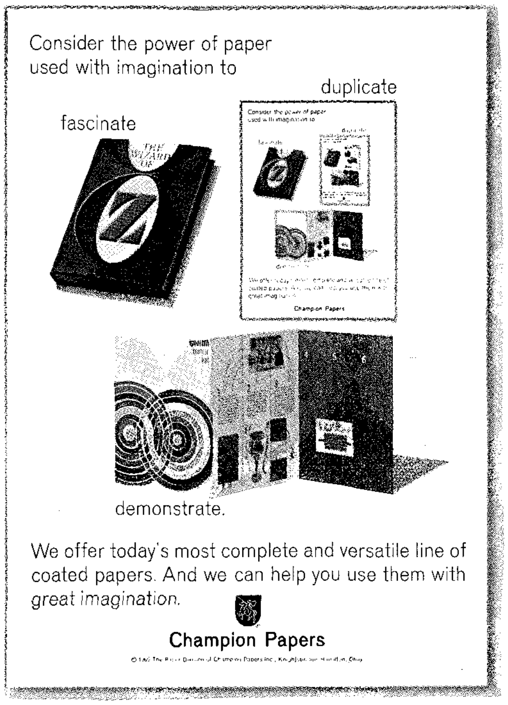

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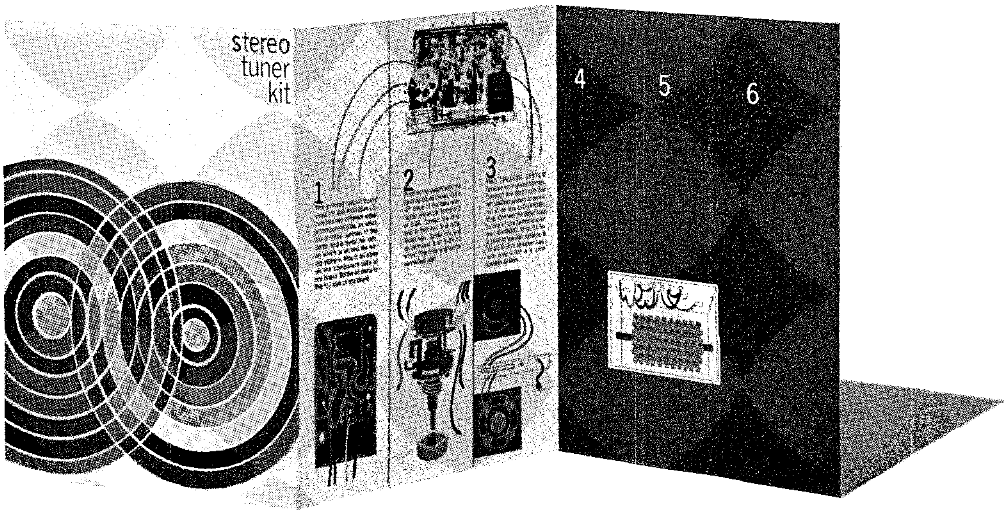

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picture, if I have to do it, I will break into a bank.' Usually, the producer at the head of a company is not the one who works with the director, because he is too busy being a financier, but I will always be the *one man*."

Signor De Laurentiis went on to say that he was looking forward to working with Federico Fellini on his next movie. "There are two ways in which John and Federico are identical," he said. "The first way is in their charm. It is such a pleasure to talk to them. They can get you to do anything at all. The other thing they have in common is that they understand audiences. The purpose of a motion picture is to reach an audience, and they both know how to reach ninety per cent of an audience. Often, you get an art film that doesn't reach an audience, but John and Federico know how to create art that gets across to humble people as well as to intellectuals. Both are geniuses of a contemporary art. Otherwise, they are completely different. Federico's pictures have an autobiographical aspect; in all of them there is the quality of something he has deeply felt. What John does, on the other hand, is to make the characters his, and then present them to the audience. These two geniuses end up meeting in the realm of art."

In the first three of Signor De Laurentiis' years with "The Bible," he struggled to get the film going with several other directors. "The whole motion-picture business was against Dino," Mr. Huston said, filling me in on a few details of the history of the undertaking. "In that peripheral world of the motion-picture business—around the Excelsior Hotel and the Via Veneto—they were attacking Dino for building his studio. They were waiting to move in for the kill. He was attacked by politicians. He was attacked by the Communists, and then he was attacked by the right wing. And everybody thought the picture would never be made. Originally, the picture was to cover the entire Book of Genesis. Various directors were to do various sequences. Robert Bresson was supposed to do the Creation and the Garden of Eden. Orson Welles was going to do Abraham and Jacob and Esau. Visconti was supposed to do Joseph and his Brethren, and Fellini was scheduled to do a sequence, too. Dino first came to see me, in Mexico, about my doing only one of the sequences, and about the possibility of putting me in artistic charge of the whole picture. One of the points of discussion was whether all of Genesis was not too much ground to cover in one motion picture. As I

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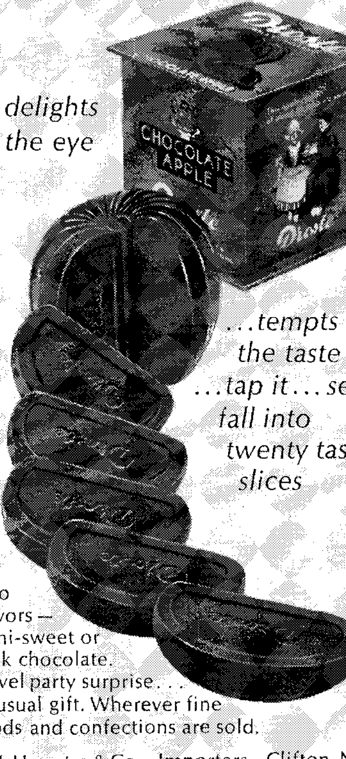
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saw it, and as I told Dino I saw it, the picture should describe man's emergence from the mists of mythology and legend into the first light of history. To me, that meant starting with the Creation and going on as far as Abraham, the first figure in the Bible of whose existence we have historical proof. By the way, except for certain opinions held by rattlesnake cults in the Great Smokies, there is no division among the various churches on the acceptance of Genesis. A week or so after Dino left Mexico, I got a call from him in Rome saying, 'How about doing the picture all your own way—all by yourself?' And I said yes. And that's the way it turned out."

IT wasn't, of course, quite as easy as that. Making the arrangements for getting every living thing of all flesh male and female into the Ark and filming them there with Noah and his family appears to Mr. Huston in retrospect to have been an experience of sheer delight, even though the animal owners who were supposed to provide the male and female of every living thing turned out not to know much about some of the animals. Mr. Huston's long-time assistant Gladys Hill, a philosophical, easygoing woman accustomed to taking things in stride, explained to me that the director wanted the animals trained daily to go up the ramp into the Ark and out the other side, around and around, until they were comfortable and used to the promenade. "The owners wanted to *blindfold* the animals, because they said they would get dizzy and fall if they looked down and saw the height," she said. "But John said they would *not* get dizzy. And John was right. He knows animals. There were no blindfolds, and the animals went in like loves. Two by two."

"Our hippo was the greatest actor in the picture," Mr. Huston told me. "Every time that hippo heard me coming, he broke into the damnedest grin you ever saw. The giraffes were the gentlest actors in the Ark. I couldn't ever get past them without their frisking me for something to eat." Mr. Huston gave one of his characteristic, only slightly less than all-consuming laughs. Then he said that he enjoyed playing the part of Noah. He had asked Charlie Chaplin to take the part, he said, but they couldn't get together on when, what, where, and how, so he played Noah himself. "I tried to stay with the *idea* and never show off," Mr. Huston said. "Noah is the child figure in the Bible, and he's always a

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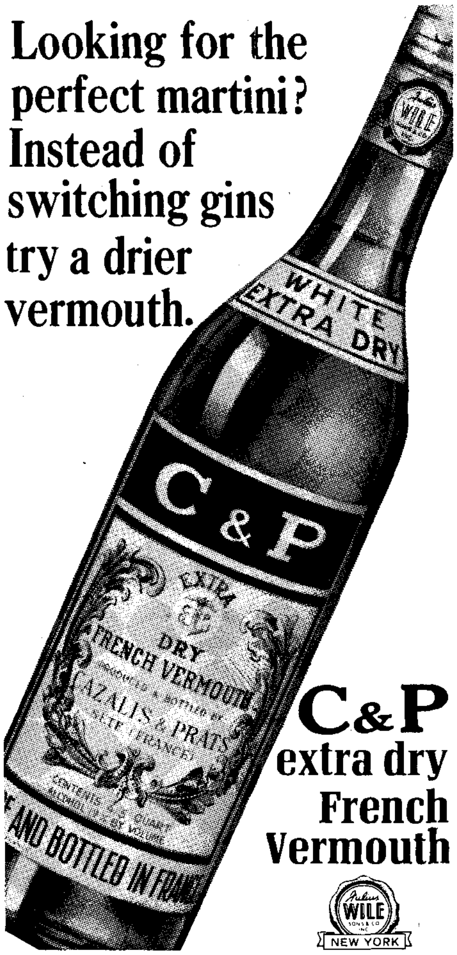

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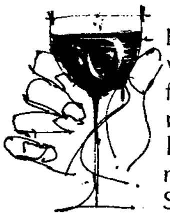
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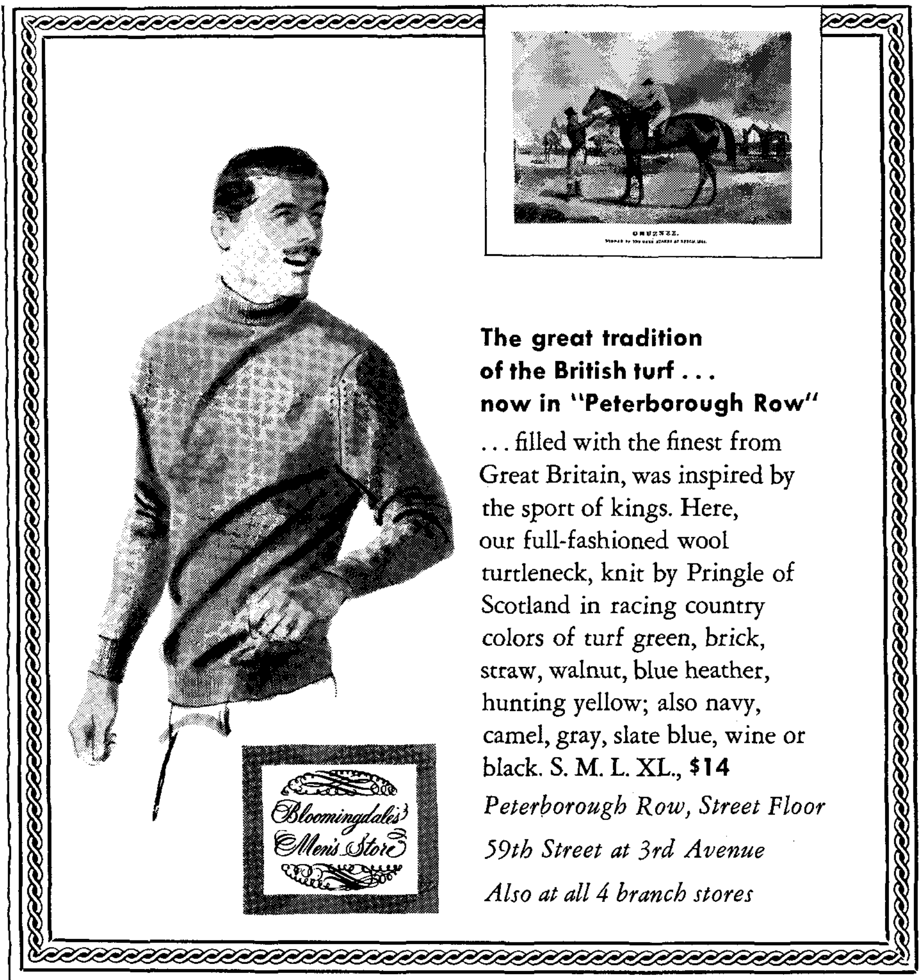
little bit absurd—absurd and delightful—and what I tried to get in the whole sequence was a kind of poetic humor."

The casting for the picture followed no set pattern, and both the producer and the director are pleased about the way they worked things out, with Peter O'Toole playing the Angel of the Lord who comes to warn Lot and his family to run away from the doomed city of Sodom; George C. Scott playing Abraham, the patriarch and husband of Ava Gardner; Richard Harris playing Cain, the first killer; Franco Nero, a young Italian actor, playing Abel; Michael Parks, a handsome film and television actor, playing Adam, the first of us all; Stephen Boyd playing Nimrod, the King of Babel; Gabriele Ferzetti, one of Italy's leading actors, playing Lot; Eleonora Rossi-Drago playing Lot's wife; and, playing Eve, Ulla Bergryd, a nineteen-year-old Swedish university student who had never acted before and who was found by Vana Caruso, wife of the painter Giulio Turcato. Signorina Caruso is one of Mr. Huston's assistant directors. She went to Sweden to hunt for an Eve after the first Eve chosen aroused a lot of protest because she was a brunette. Signor De Laurentiis received thousands of letters telling him that Eve should be played by a blonde.

In addition to enlisting the Italian painters, Mr. Huston got Katherine Dunham, the choreographer, to create various dances for the people of Sodom, and he enrolled the New York acting troupe of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Beck, who happened to be in Italy on tour, to play in a scene where the two Angels "smote the men that were at the door of the house with blindness." Having now reached the final editing stages of "The Bible," Mr. Huston has enrolled the Japanese composer Toshiro Mayuzumi and the Italian composer Goffredo Petrassi to do its score. Another of Mr. Huston's aides was the photographer Ernst Haas, whom he sent to Costa Rica, Iceland, and other far-flung spots to film deserted beaches, volcanoes, boiling lava, and such for the sequences picturing the Creation. Locations for the picture included North Africa, Sardinia, Sicily, Egypt, and, of course, Italy. The setting of the Garden of Eden was about an hour out of Rome, in a great private park at Palo belonging to Prince Odescalchi, a well-known social figure in Rome. But the famous Tree, the Serpent, and pickup shots of Adamo and Eva were placed in a Botanical Garden in Trastevere. The Garden, which be-



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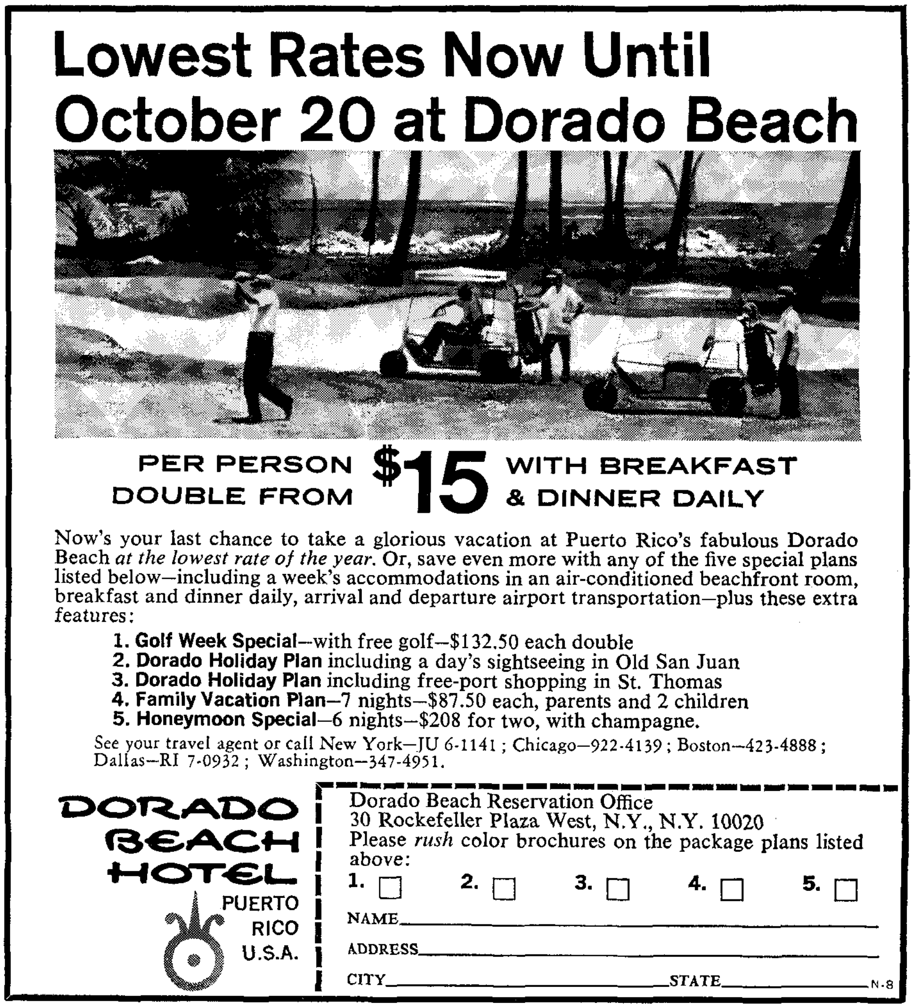

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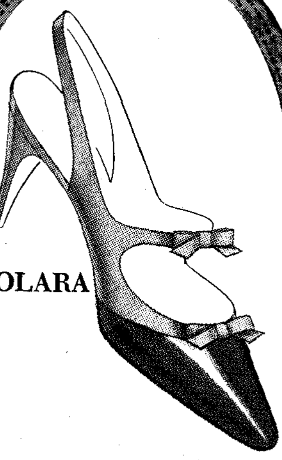

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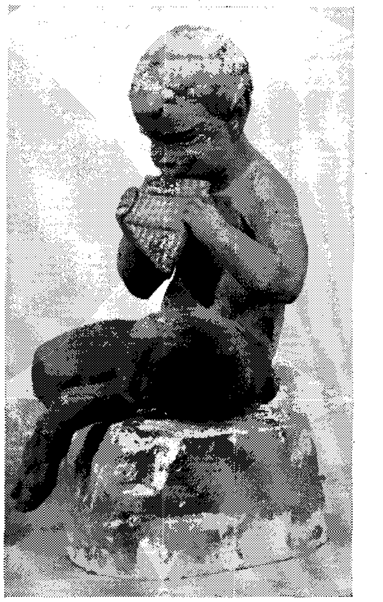
longs to the University of Rome, is used exclusively—with the exception of "The Bible"—by botanical students. Cain's flight from the wrath of God was shot on the lava slopes of Vesuvius, and one shot, taken inside a crater, had the benefit of wisps of smoke escaping just down from the rim and over the extras. Abraham and Sarah were placed in Sicily, in encampments an hour and a half from Catania called Sassirossi, Pietralunga, and Badiazza. The scene of the destroyed Sodom, which Abraham and Isaac walk through on their way to meet God's test, was built on a lava bed on the slopes of Mt. Etna called Monpiliere, and Abraham's sacrifice scene with Isaac was taken in Sardinia, on top of a two-thousand-foot mountain called Mt. Orto Bene. In Egypt, the Huston people camped, for battle scenes, in the hills of Mogattam and at Dahshur, near the Step Pyramid. The picture was shot mostly in a new process known as the D-150, which can achieve shots covering a curvature of a hundred and fifty degrees. Mr. Huston has a few more weeks of pickup shots before him, to work in necessary items, including the waves of the Flood. The picture takes a good thirty-five minutes to show the year and ten days that Noah and his family and his passengers spent in the Ark (Noah was six hundred years old when he went aboard) before they finally saw something in the way of land. The last pickup shots that will be taken by the D-150 camera will show a point-of-view shot of Mount Ararat, when it is finally seen; hovering blackbirds; Jubal, surrounded by his tribal musicians playing lutes and pipes; idols being worshipped; a long shot of the Garden of Eden; and, for the Creation, silhouettes of every creeping thing that creepeth, including fish, whales, lizards, squirrels, lions, dachshunds, basset hounds, bees, ants, monkeys, and dragonflies.

THE Italians have seen and heard and read quite a bit about the shooting of "La Bibbia" in the past year, but they show no lessening of interest in it. Ever since May 11, 1964, when shooting on the picture started, the newspapers and magazines here have been printing reports, illustrated with plenty of photographs, on Mr. Huston's visualization of the old familiar stories, not forgetting the three hundred animals and the thousand birds that were piped, two by two, aboard the Ark by the director. The Italian public has been kept fully abreast of



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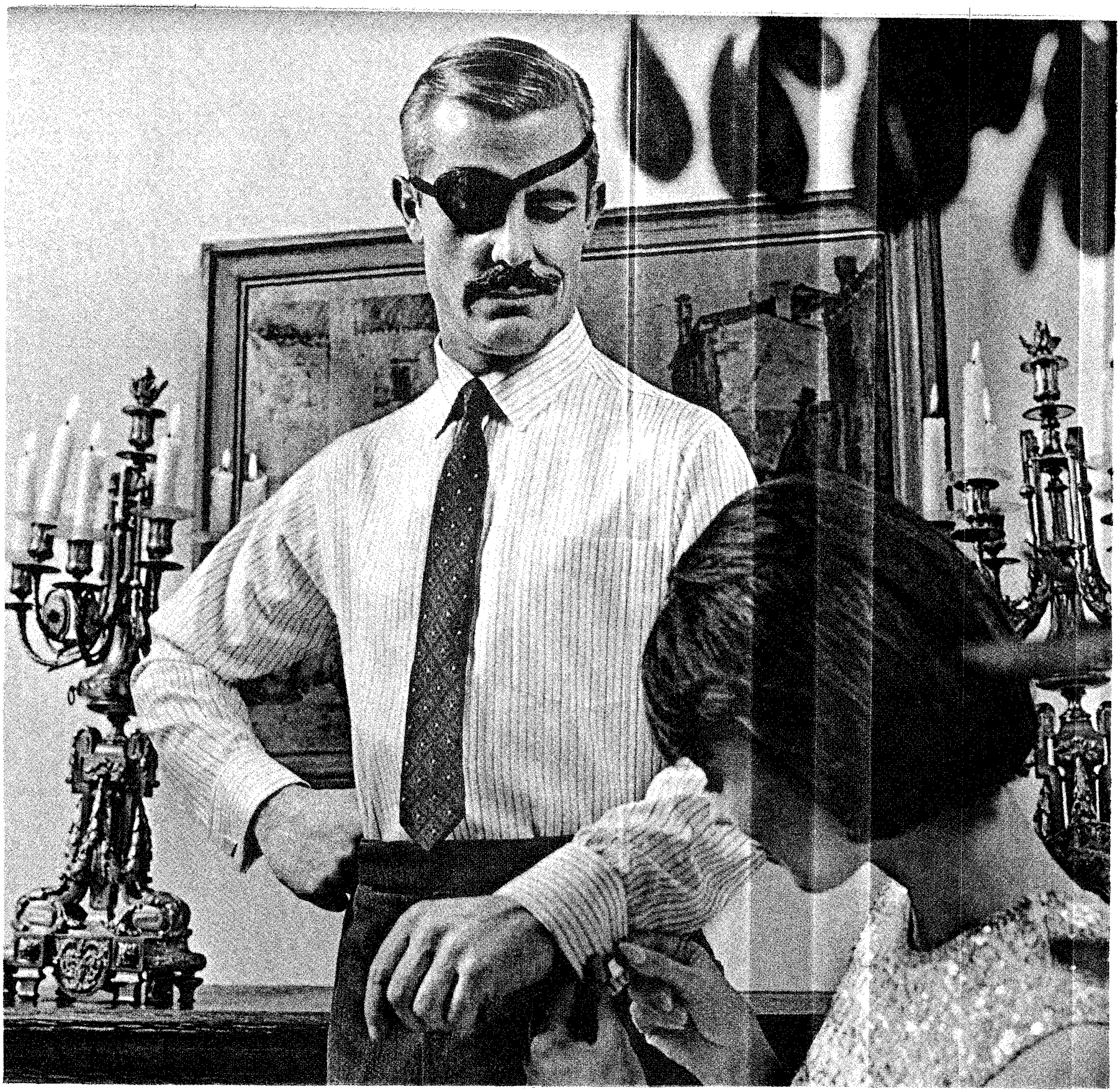

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Huston's creation of Adamo out of the dust of the earth in the "*modellata con l'assistenza di Manzù*," and picture magazines like *Oggi* had a number of field days with stills of Adamo and Eva gambolling naked in the Giardino di Eden during their pre-*peccato-originale* days. After a while, indeed, the public that had given up the Forum began trekking, especially on Sundays, to the big lot behind Signor De Laurentiis' studio to see the Ark and the Tower of Babel. The Roman public turned out by the hundreds on a wintry day, to stand around in a cold, cutting wind and watch the filming of the story of God's reaction to Nimrod's high ambitions, as the result of which Nimrod and his people were scattered and their language confused. The miniature of the Tower was built to permit some trick shots of the Tower devised by Mr. Augie Lohman, an old Hollywood hand who had worked with Mr. Huston on special effects for "Moby Dick." These shots were given no advance publicity, but in some mysterious way fifty-odd Romans heard about them and came around to the studio clamoring to watch. As for the filming of the story of Noah's Ark, it caused the biggest traffic jams on the Via Pontina in many years. During the months of building one Ark for the building-the-Ark scenes and one for the completed Ark, and of gathering all the two-by-two animals and birds and training them, down to the last-to-go-in tortoise, to march aboard, the little Italian automobiles, overloaded with parents, children, in-laws, and cousins, streamed to the lot, and early last spring, when Mr. Huston, wearing a long robe of sackcloth, and with his long hair and beard blowing patriarchally for the D-150 camera, started the filming of the coupled passengers being ushered aboard the Ark, the Via Pontina was jammed, appropriately, with two lines of cars bumper to bumper.

The back lot has still not lost its attraction. For one thing, the two Arks are still in place there. For another, pickup shots are still being filmed there, even though Mr. Huston and Mr. Kemplen are far enough along in their cutting of the movie to have their composers timing various sequences with a stopwatch. Just last week, Mr. Huston and his camera crew spent the greater part of a night trying to get a shot of the full moon, for the Creation sequence. As usual, the little cars quickly appeared in nearby fields, and the families got out and stood around watching in respectful silence.

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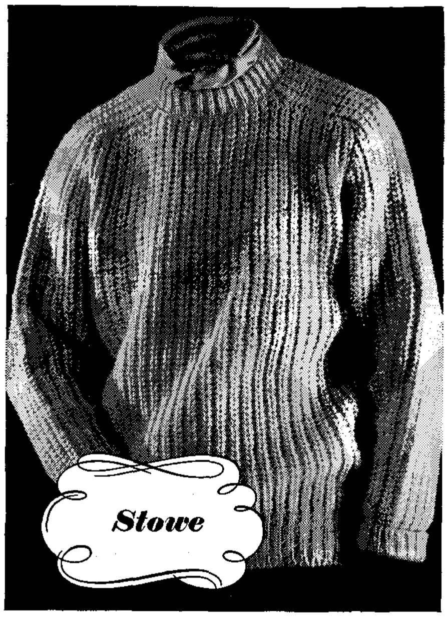

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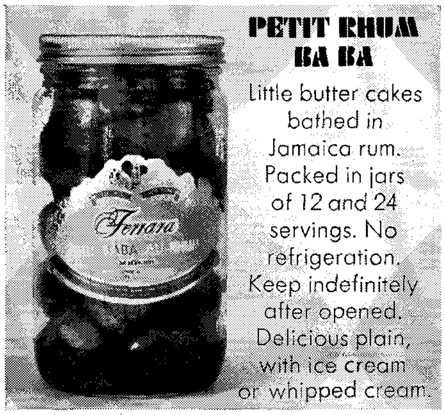
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panied Mr. Huston and Miss Hill to the lot for the shooting of a scene that would demonstrate some of man's first efforts to forge constructive implements, like plowshares. Shooting was supposed to start at eight o'clock, and when we arrived, a few minutes after the hour, we found the D-150 camera set up on a dolly, and a score of bearded, barefoot extras wearing hooded duffel coats over animal-skin clothing, and stamping around at their various posts, near trees, bushes, and felled logs, in an attempt to keep warm. Signor Rotunno, the cameraman, who is a handsome, slightly built young Roman, and Signorina Caruso, the assistant director, who has the face of a Renaissance aristocrat, were there, both clad in wool slacks, heavy sweaters, and desert boots. They informed the director that things were still not entirely ready for shooting. Mr. Huston, showing no surprise, said that in that case they all might as well go and have some dinner—an invitation that also included Signorina Caruso's husband, Giulio Turcato, and his assistant, the painter Valeria Alberti, an earthy, attractive young woman with another Renaissance face, who had also turned up for the filming. They, too, were warmly dressed, and now Miss Hill, who had on a light summer dress and sandals, pulled a sweater and heavy shoes out of a large handbag and put them on. Mr. Huston was wearing his usual cotton safari suit. "John refuses to put on a sweater," Miss Hill told me. "It's his sense of noblesse oblige." Mr. Huston led the group over to Mr. Lohman, who was working on special effects. He was arranging to have steam blown up from the forgers' fires directly into the forgers' eyes. Mr. Lohman informed the director that his crew was working on the steam, and that the job might take another hour. Signor Turcato, a sharp-faced middle-aged man who has an impassive expression of chronic gloom, and who speaks no English, relying on his wife to serve as his interpreter, expressed admiration for the precision of Mr. Lohman's preparations, and said he was beginning to get some new ideas from the steam for his own job of inventing ways of illustrating what happened to the earth during the Creation.

"Augie can do anything you want," Mr. Huston told Signor Turcato. "Did you see the way he turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt? Did you see what he did with miniatures for the waves in the Flood?"

Signor Turcato's wife translated, and

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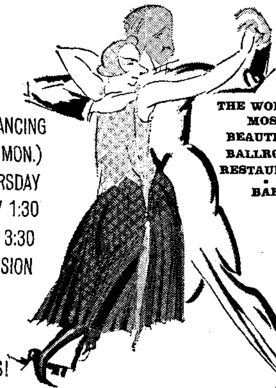
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the painter gave Mr. Huston a very small smile.

Mr. Huston and the others exchanged looks signifying their awareness of Signor Turcato's smile.

Mr. Huston, who was in high spirits, helped Signor Rotunno put a canvas hood over the D-150 to protect it from the dampness and the cold of the night air. There was no atmosphere of urgency among his group or among the Italian-speaking crew. Everybody appeared to be familiar with Signor De Laurentiis' conviction that no one must be pressured into creating art. In a cavalcade of automobiles, Mr. Huston whisked the group off to a country restaurant a few miles away for a leisurely Italian meal.

A little after ten, Mr. Huston and his colleagues returned to the lot. The cover was still on the camera, but the steam was ready. Mr. Lohman said that it was being made and blown entirely according to plan. Now, however, there were adjustments to be made to the dolly track, and a crew was working on that. The night had grown really cold. Mr. Huston, his spirits unaffected by either work delays or weather, strode briskly off to a nearby hillside to look into preparations for filming a flock of goats with flaming torches tied to their horns, who were going to run downhill later that night for a shot showing how Abraham confused his enemies by making them think that a big army was running toward them through the darkness. "The flaming torches are a ruse of Abraham's in a night battle when he rescues Lot and his family," Mr. Huston explained to me. "The idea for using flaming torches on the horns of goats came to me from Gideon's tactics in Judges, Chapter 7, Verse 16: 'And he divided the three hundred men into three companies, and he put a trumpet in every man's hand, with empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers.' For greater pictorial value, I changed the lamps within pitchers to torches on the horns of goats."

From quoting Biblical chapter and verse with the ease of someone who has been doing it all his life, Mr. Huston turned to examining the goats in a manner that suggested he had been doing *that* all his life. The torches had been tied to their horns, Mr. Huston found, but some goatherds, whose task it was to get the goats on hand to run down the hill, complained that the goats were cold and wanted to huddle, not run. Mr. Huston suggested putting blankets over the goats to

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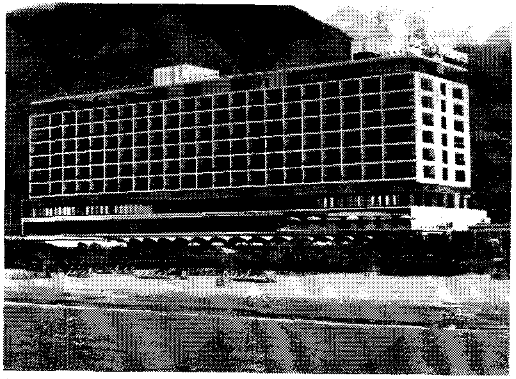

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keep them warm and separated, and then demonstrated an affectionate way of pulling the goats to get them to run.

As Mr. Huston headed back toward the scene of the forgers, he had to weave his way through a lineup of several dozen cars filled with Roman families who had turned up to watch. As he approached, they turned off their car radios, one of which was playing Frankie Avalon's rendition of "Dance the Bossa Nova," and smiled and greeted him in Italian. He walked among them, responding with exaggerated bows and somewhat patriarchally gracious, drawn-out "Hellos." Near the camera, Signorina Caruso was shouting "*Azione!*" for rehearsals. From one of the watchers' small automobiles came the cries of a protesting baby. Mr. Huston gave a particularly patriarchal smile to the baby's mother as she clamped a hand over the child's mouth, and then left the watchers standing by in reverent quiet. Behind the camera, he joined a group of lighting men shouting to each other in Italian about how to light the forgers at their work. With the help of Signorina Caruso, Mr. Huston encouraged the lighters to light the men obliquely. At eleven-thirty, Mr. Huston, showing no sign of impatience, was standing beside the D-150 camera, which was aimed at a fire pit. Behind the pit and the camera, the steammakers were sending out trial spurts of steam into the face of an extra standing in front of the pit, a plowshare held over his shoulders. The shot called for the extra to put the plowshare in the fire, to hold it there while Mr. Lohman steamed up his special effects, and to take it slowly from the fire, hold it up, and look at it, then slowly turn away. It took twenty minutes to rehearse the extra, who neither spoke nor understood English, and there were protracted exhortations from Signorina Caruso to get the extra to *look* at the plowshare. When everything seemed to be ready for the shot, it was discovered that the track for the dolly needed attention again.

While the track was being repaired, Mr. Huston, leaving the camera, sat down on a wooden crate beside Signor Turcato and asked him, via Signorina Caruso, whether there were any painters painting today whom he liked. Signor Turcato's expression of gloom seemed to deepen a bit, and he gave a shrug in answer. Mr. Huston asked the painter if he thought there were any great painters painting today—whether

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he liked them or not. Signor Turcato replied quickly that in his opinion there hadn't been any great painters since the fourteenth century. To see great painting, he said, one had to go to Florence and look at the paintings of Fra Angelico and Cimabue. With that subject disposed of, Mr. Huston and Signor Turcato talked about the sculpture of Giacometti until Mr. Huston was called back to the camera.

Shortly after midnight, an assistant cameraman stepped in front of the D-150 camera holding the conventional slate, this one bearing the inscription:

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EXTERIOR—NIGHT

But Signorina Caruso waved him away from the camera and, talking rapidly in Italian, ran out to the field ahead and, with expressive gestures, urged the extras, who had taken off their duffel coats for the shot, to *hide* the duffel coats behind the shrubbery. Then, back beside Mr. Huston, she shouted, "*Pronto per girare!*" at the camera.

The watchers from the cars stepped forward a bit, still respectful, still quiet, and genially ignored by studio guards, who seemed to consider them a necessary part of movie-making. Some of the watchers clutched bottles of wine, and passed them around to anyone who needed to keep warm.

"Ready to shoot!" Signorina Caruso now called out, and then, looking at Huston, she added, "*Pronti!*"

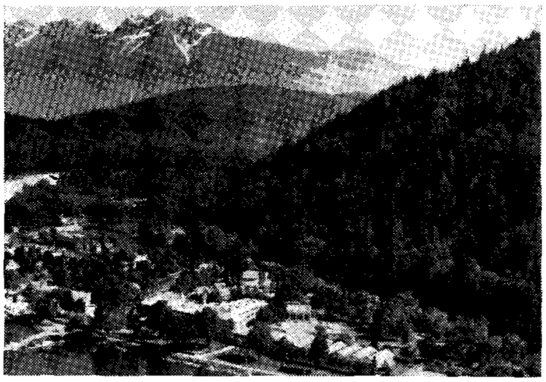
The assistant cameraman again stepped in front of the D-150 camera with his slate.

"Fire!" Augie Lohman shouted.

"*Fuoco!*" Signorina Caruso called. After a moment, when everybody was quiet, she called, "*Azione!*"

Then Mr. Huston, speaking with the voice of authority, said what really sounded like the magic word: "Action!" The camera started to turn.

It took half a dozen tries before Mr. Huston was satisfied. Each time he shouted "Cut!" the extras jumped into the duffel coats they had hidden behind the shrubbery, and accepted drinks of wine from the watchers. It was now so cold that people's breath was visible in the air. By the time Mr. Huston had a shot that synchronized the fire and steam with the extra *looking* at his plowshare, and showed the background elements working the way he wanted



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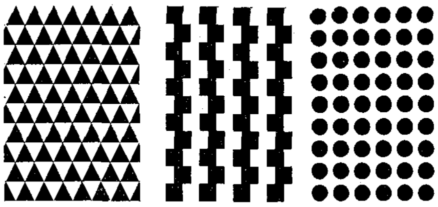

Christmas cards for today from The Museum of Modern Art

These cards celebrate the holiday season through the art of our own time. This year, some new cards reproduce favorite works in the Museum Collection, while others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists including Anuszkiewicz, Goodyear, Indiana, Neal, Warhol, Wells, Wen-Ying, and Youngerman. They range from a whimsical Calder drawing of Skating Animals (10¢) to a cardboard construction by Mon Levinson (issued in a limited edition at $1.00, and actually as much a Christmas gift as a Christmas card). The Museum's Christmas brochure describes and illustrates the cards; also includes information on other Museum publications and a special Christmas gift membership form. The 25¢ price can be deducted from any order amounting to over $5.00.

The Museum of Modern Art 65-3
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I enclose 25¢ for the 1965 Christmas brochure.

Name

Address

them to, it was two-thirty in the morning.

Then Mr. Huston and his colleagues, along with the lights, the equipment trucks, the crews, the D-150 camera, and the watchers, moved over to the hillside where the goats, now warmed up, were ready to have their horns set aflame so that they could run down the hill for the other night shot. This shot took only two hours to achieve.

The night was an exhausting one, I thought. We drove back to Rome in the dawn. The country road was lovely to look at—with the light emerging over the Roman-red stucco farmhouses, the single rows of poplar trees against the brightening sky, and the poppies blowing in the wind at the side of the road—but at that moment I was too tired to feel enthusiastic about any of it. I looked at Mr. Huston and Signorina Caruso and Signor Turcato and Signorina Alberti and Miss Hill, and they all appeared to be in wonderful shape—refreshed, in fact, and peaceful.

For a while, everyone was silent. As we entered the city, Signorina Alberti, who was driving, increased the car's speed. We turned sharply, twisting through the maze of cobbled, narrow streets. There was no traffic at all to contend with. Mr. Huston looked around at the old, scarred buildings, each one different from the next, and with everyone inside presumably asleep. There was no sign of life on the streets. As we circled a Bernini fountain in one large square, Mr. Huston suddenly came out with one of his hard-to-contain laughs and shook his head in wonder at it all. "Oh, I just love Rome at this time of day!" he said.

Signorina Caruso translated for the others, and they all expressed agreement.

"Just look at those corners!" Mr. Huston said, pointing to four corners of another square we were passing. "They never made their corners symmetrical. They *wanted* that variation. They *wanted* each corner to be different!" Again he shook his head in wonder, and said, "This is the way it should *look*."

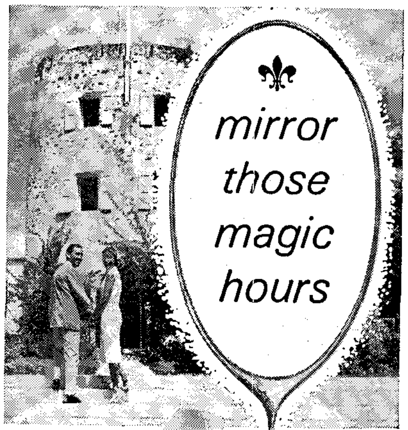
—LILLIAN ROSS

•

SHEEN

Sun splinters
In water's skin
Quivers hundreds
Of lines to rim
One radiance
You within

—SAMUEL MENASHE



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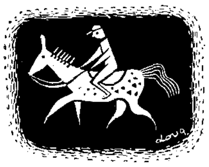
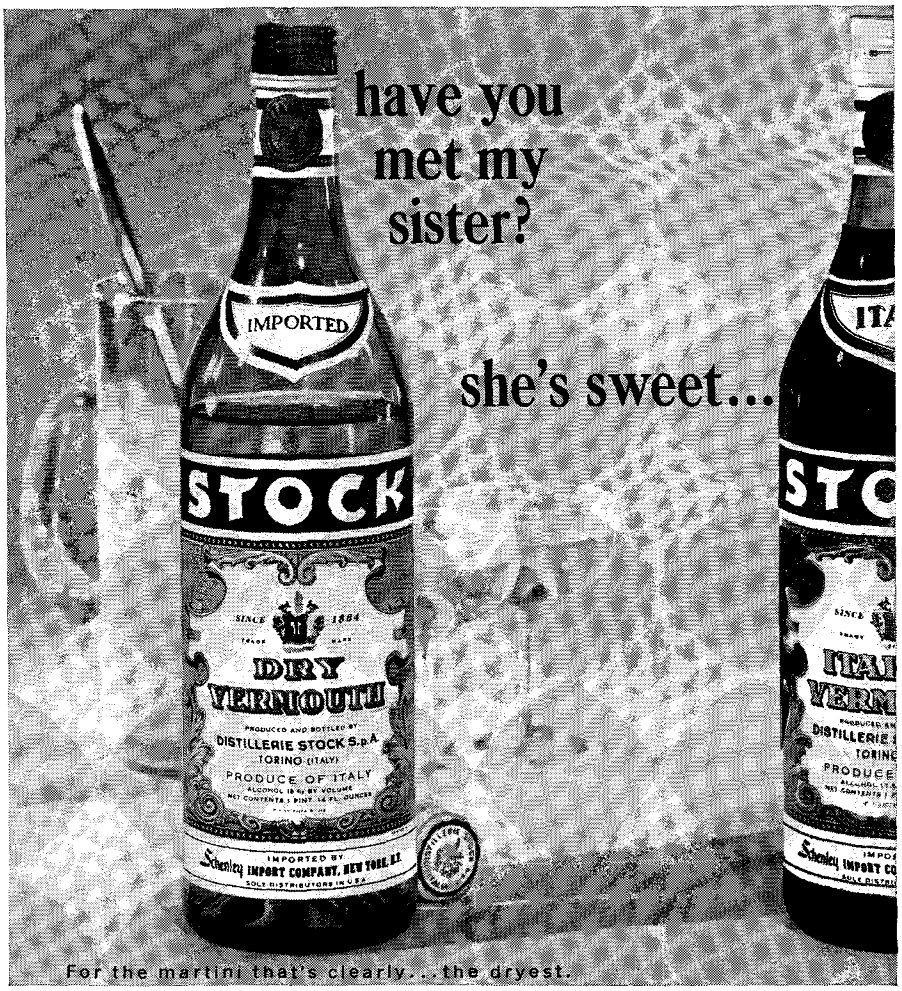


IN as dramatic a race and finish as I've seen in many a day, Bold Bidder, an 80–1 shot, won the Jerome Handicap by a neck from Cornish Prince, the favorite, at Aqueduct last Saturday. Slystich, a mere 17–1 chance, was third, four lengths behind. With several speedsters among the dozen three-year-old starters, it was expected that the pace would be fast, and it was. Flag Raiser, who made quite a name for himself last spring, whizzed through the first quarter in 0:22, yet Cornish Prince passed him before the half mile was ticked off, in 0:44⅗, and went on to do the three-quarters in 1:09⅗, by which time he had a lead of four lengths and nothing else appeared to have a chance. But as Cornish Prince swung into the stretch, he shortened stride, and Bold Bidder, who had moved up smoothly, came sailing out of the pack. Half a furlong from the winning post, it was clear what was going to happen, because Cornish Prince was tiring badly. The last quarter, by the way, was run in 0:26⅖—a bit over four seconds slower than the first. Of course, the easy and obvious thing to say about Flag Raiser and Cornish Prince is that their headlong pace cooked them. Flag Raiser was through at the far turn, and finished last, beaten by nearly thirty lengths. Cornish Prince wasn't exhausted as quickly, but I wonder how well he'll go his next time out. To blame their jockeys would be unfair. Ussery's only hope was to steal away to as long a lead as he could with Flag Raiser, and Rotz, on Cornish Prince, wasn't going to let him.

There have been other stunners for the talent in the Jerome since a colt named Watson won the first one, in two one-mile heats, in 1866, but the oldest of the old-timers in the amen corner can't recollect when a winner of the race has paid longer odds. Bold Bidder, a medium-sized bay colt by Bold Ruler out of High Bid, was at one time well thought of by the Wheatley Stable, which bred him, but it sold him at Saratoga last month to Paul Falkenstein. Maybe he's just finding his racing legs, because he won at the first asking for his new owner several weeks ago, and paid a $47.20 mutuel. This is the second three-year-old by Bold Ruler



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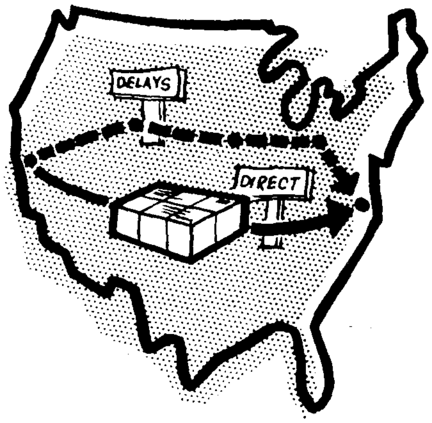

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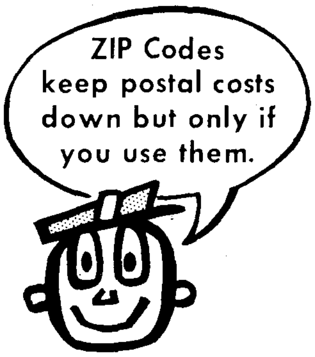

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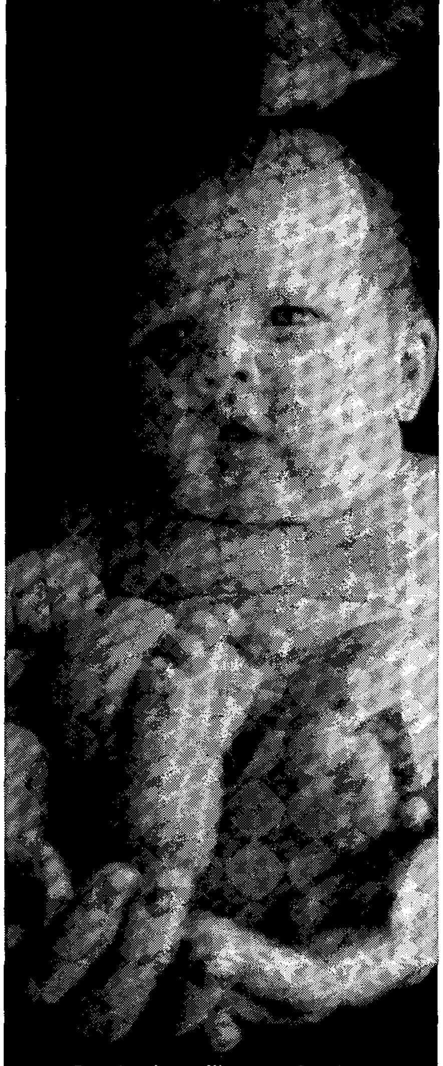

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that the establishment has let go; the other was Staunchness, who was bought out of a claiming race by the Red Oak Stable and won the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last July. And Bill Winfrey, who hasn't had the success with the Wheatley and Ogden Phipps horses that he had last year, when they won sixty-one races and $1,350,534 in purses and stakes, will leave the job at the end of the season. Eddie Neloy has been engaged as the new trainer.

MONTHS ago, this fallible department suggested that Tom Rolfe might turn out to be the top three-year-old of 1965. He took another step toward that goal early last week when he won the American Derby at Arlington Park. He did it pretty handily, too, leading throughout the mile and a quarter, beating Royal Gunner, to whom he gave fourteen pounds, by two and a half lengths, and setting a new track record of 2:00⅗ for the distance. It was his third victory at the Chicago track, the others having been in the Arlington Classic and the Chicagoan. In the spring, he won the Chesapeake Stakes and the Preakness, and was second in the Belmont and third in the Kentucky Derby. So far, his earnings for the year total $444,901. Altogether, this gives him an edge over Hail to All, his nearest rival. Tom Rolfe's next start will be for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris on October 3rd. Sending him there is a sporting gesture by Raymond Guest, who owns him, and it would be a big boost to international racing if he finished in the first three, but that's a very large order for the little colt. He'll be meeting Sea Bird II, winner of the English Derby; Reliance, winner of the French Derby; and, possibly, Meadow Court, winner of the Irish Derby—plus a number of other racers well schooled over the course at Longchamp, which will be strange to him. For what they're worth, he has my best wishes.

AS had rather been expected, Parka, who has always run well over the grass course at Atlantic City, won the United Nations Handicap there last Saturday. From all accounts, however, it wasn't easy; the race was a scramble, and after a rough trip Parka got up in the last few strides to beat Hill Rise by a neck. Chieftain was third.

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE, always cautious, takes Buckpasser as his bet in the Futurity at Aqueduct this weekend. —AUDAX MINOR

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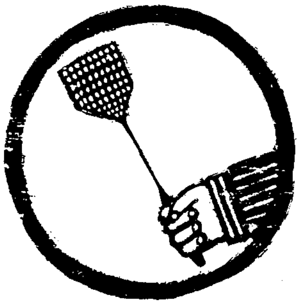

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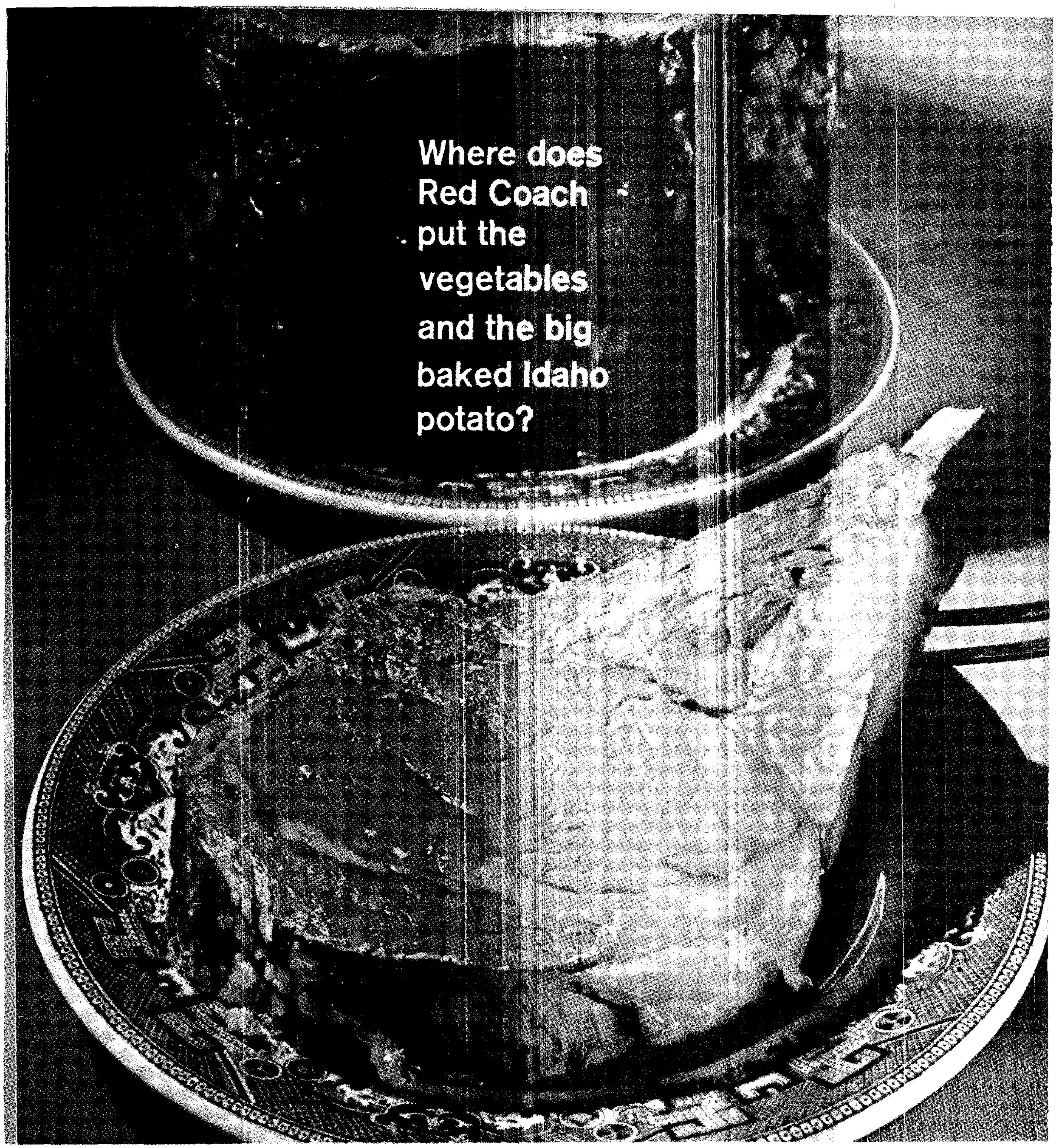
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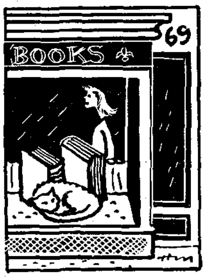

"THE WAILING MOUNTAIN" (Harcourt, Brace) is a novel of great beauty and power, by the Yugoslav writer Mihailo Lalić. To say that it is about the wartime experiences of one of Tito's Partisans and that it won Yugoslavia's highest literary award when it was first published, in Belgrade, in 1962, is perhaps to bestow the kiss of death upon it for those who can recall the enthusiastic overselling of the Yugoslav resistance that went on at the end of the Second World War. The Partisan movement was then, for altogether understandable reasons, represented as a wholly uplifting group exercise in devotion and self-sacrifice for patriotic ends. All the Partisans, it was said, became selfless when they took to the woods, so much so that sexual relationships between male and female comrades were unknown. They ceased to live for themselves, and instead lived in a warm bath of togetherness for the nation, which was, with the exception of a few Chetniks and Italian hirelings, solidly behind them. While such a myth about the universal goodness of its ordinary people was doubtless a necessity for a country struggling to recover its unity and morale after experiencing military defeat, occupation, and a bitterly contested civil war, it was not a stimulating one for the writers who were forced to swallow it—nothing was ever that simple—and its adoption involved the kind of barefaced lying that kills the creative imagination. For a decade, Yugoslav fiction that concerned itself with the resistance was as lifeless and mechanical as it could be, since the idealized Partisan about whom it revolved was a perpetually smiling fraud with nothing inside him. Mihailo Lalić's splendid novel makes that period of propaganda and insecurity seem very far away; it is the work of a writer who knows that his readers expect nothing less from him than the truths he has distilled from his experience and knowledge. The resistance is, consequently, seen by his reader not as the social movement that produced the regime currently in power in Yugoslavia but as an external factor that made a particular man behave in one way rather than another at a certain time in his life and that is important to him because his behaving in that way had its effect on the development of his character. With a quite extraordinary tact and delicacy, Lalić puts one inside his Partisan's skin, to share the fears and pleasures, and the intense experience of loneliness, that change him. There is not a trace of humbug about what goes on. The hero's unit has been whipped and scattered before the book begins, and he is on the run, sometimes with a companion but for the most part alone, until it ends. His problem would be an easy one if the inhabitants of the mountain district in which he is hiding were on his side. But they are not. Like most peasants, and perhaps most ordinary people, they are supremely indifferent to causes, both ideological and national, and they wish to be let alone so that they can get on with their private lives. They are largely hostile to the hero because his presence in the neighborhood prevents it from settling back into its peacetime routines, and while some of them go no further than wishing him away, others try to get rid of him by spying on his movements and informing on him. His struggle, consequently, ceases to be that of the good man maintaining a worthy cause and becomes that of a hunted animal trying to survive for survival's sake. It toughens and hardens him, and it makes him crafty. He learns how to hide, then how to steal, and then how to trap and kill his human enemies, coldly and deliberately. The initiative passes to him, and he becomes the hunter:

> The night was dark and it smelt of milkweeds. From time to time the faint sounds of a waterfall were heard, then a sleepy dog. A whole river of stars was flowing and foaming between the prongs of the hills. On the rutted space below them, among the paths and caves and the ferns on the abandoned fields, there was nothing to stand in my way. I turned toward Gluv and found a small spring that was still running. I stayed there a long time, draining a thin trickle of water through my teeth.
>
> I am truly sorry I have no voice for singing; I'd make up a song and let it soar so high that it would echo. Instead I lit a cigarette: if someone is looking, let him burst with anguish! I'll disappear from view along with the flame of the cigarette and he'll never know what sort of devil he saw. Nor where he has gone. Those who wish to have nothing to do with me will pray to God that I leave them alone. But they shouldn't count on it. Nor will I try to comfort them and please them, like Niko, while they play tricks on me. Rather, it will be a trick for a trick, until they scream. It has to be that way.

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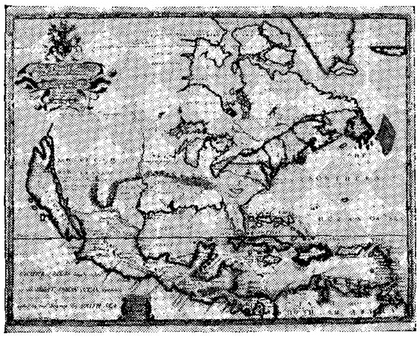

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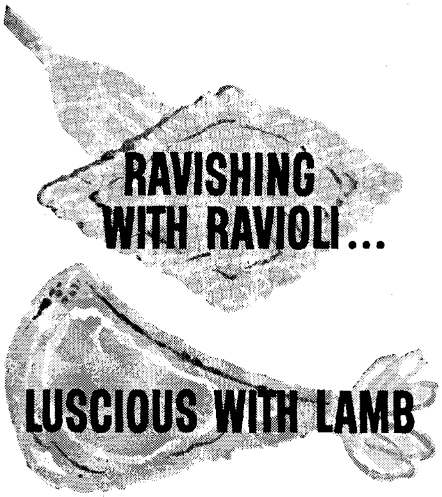
that Niko is the good Partisan of the mythology of Tito's early years—the selfless, devoted follower of the Party line. His obedience has taken him straight into a Chetnik prison, where he is being killed by the long-drawn-out will-breaking and dehumanizing process that is modern man's strangest contribution to the repertory of evil. Lalić is quite explicit about this, and he is equally forthright in saying that his hero owes his survival to the use of his independent judgment:

> I rebel against myself, why can't I rebel against them? I have to do both if I am to survive. I am free to do what I want, regardless of the party line. The party line is far away and can always change. If it is not in accord with what I want, so much the worse for the line. I am tired of this constraint, tottering forever along the line, as if it were the only path in the snows of life. I am going to venture outside of it, at least for a while, to suit my fancy!

That this is an acceptable passage in a Yugoslavian prize-winning novel is an interesting indication of the reality of that country's success in recovering its integrity and intellectual freedom. It is interesting, too, that this passage is the only one in the book which descends into flatness and obviousness. It is easy to see why this is so. Lalić's real concern is with the interior life—with the private knowledge of the world of common experience and with that personal vision in which things are reborn by being seen as if for the first time. Almost all of this remarkable novel is alive in that sense—strong, lyrical, and wholehearted. Its subject is in the end not the particular aspect of the Second World War with which its surface is concerned but the courage and ruthlessness that a man must bring to the business of being loyal to himself if he is not to be worn down by outside pressures and made into something less than himself—a thing in someone else's calculations, or a performer of the meaningless rituals of custom and usage. "The Wailing Mountain" belongs beside Pierre Gascar's "Beasts and Men" and Oscar Pinkus's "The House of Ashes" in that growing list of intensely personal statements about the minute particulars of the Second World War which go beyond their stated aims and succeed in saying something valuable about what it is to be a man.

"ESAU AND JACOB" (University of California Press) is a late work by Machado de Assis, which was first published in Brazil four years before his death, at the age of sixty-nine, in 1908. It is therefore necessary to say



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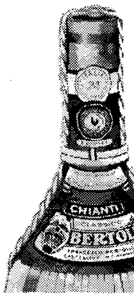

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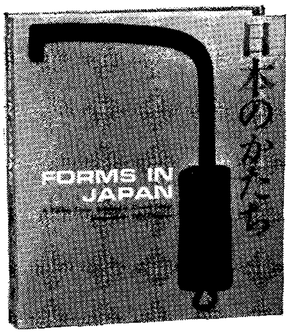

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that it is an old man's book. It is still wholly his own, but the truth is that Machado was tiring fast when he wrote it and that it is to some extent a pastiche of his earlier manner. The savage ironies that he states so demurely in his better works, such as "Epitaph of a Small Winner" and "Dom Casmurro," are missing, and the bite has gone out of the contrasts between the realities of human motivations and people's pretenses about them which are his signature. "Esau and Jacob" is all wry charm and cozy, almost avuncular teasing of a set of decent people with a few small foibles. It is as if Machado had lost touch with Sterne and with the mental toughness of the Enlightenment in his later years and had fallen under the influence of Anatole France, that book-collecting Jacobin whose barricades were all built of upholstered sofas and divans. Machado's Esau and Jacob are identical twins who always take opposite sides in matters of politics but who fall in love with the same girl. The story of their birth and their growing up is told at two removes, by a cynical narrator who is commenting on manuscripts left to him by a certain Counsellor Ayres, an older man who was at one time in love with their mother and who has made himself a kind of honorary uncle to them. Ayres is wise, in an owlish way, and knows that the twins are truly opposites and irreconcilable. He describes with detached amusement the difficulties that other people, the relatives and friends of the two boys, run into because they insist on treating the boys as two aspects of a single identity—difficulties that are greatly complicated because each onlooker sees the pair not as they are but as his own prejudices and predispositions determine that he shall see them. The tart, light comedy of misapprehensions that is founded on this conceit runs in double harness with another, which is based on a notion, also typical of Machado's thinking, that the public, conventionally important event is always the inconsequent one. For Machado, the determinants that are really effective in shaping people's lives are always the secret, marginal factors from the realm of the unstated and the indefinable. In his eyes, the event itself is hardly ever as significant as the feelings it provokes, either when it is being thought about as a possibility or after it has taken place. The story of the twins is thus interwoven with that of political developments in nineteenth-century Brazil in such a way as to show that they were of no consequence whatever to his characters

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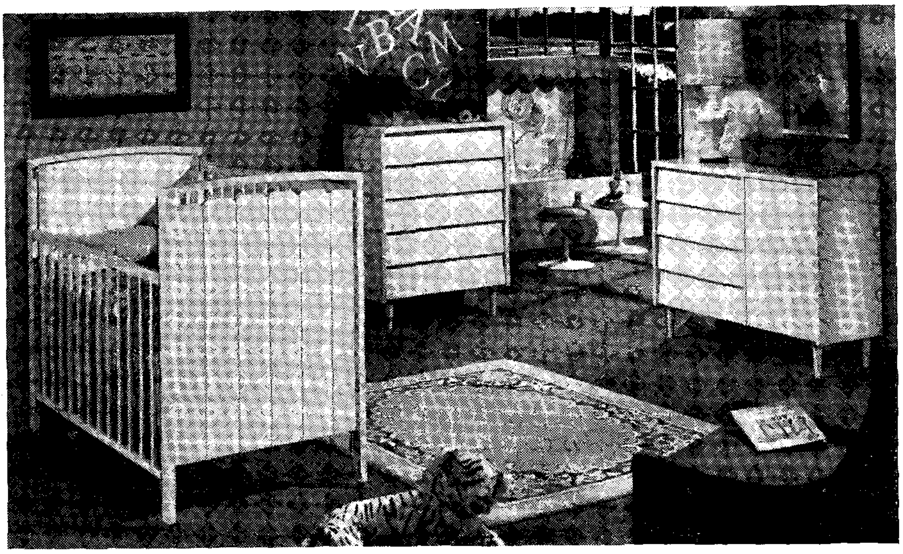

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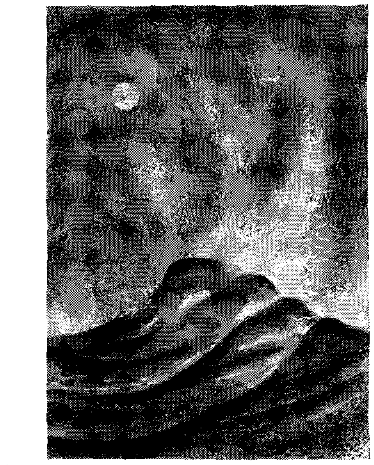

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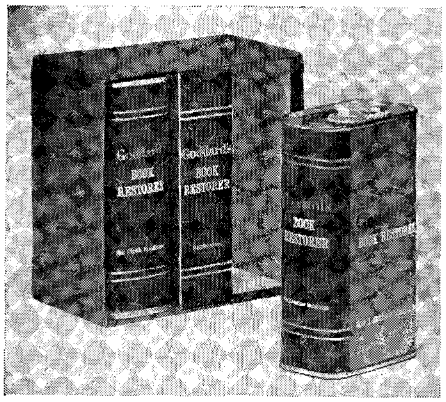

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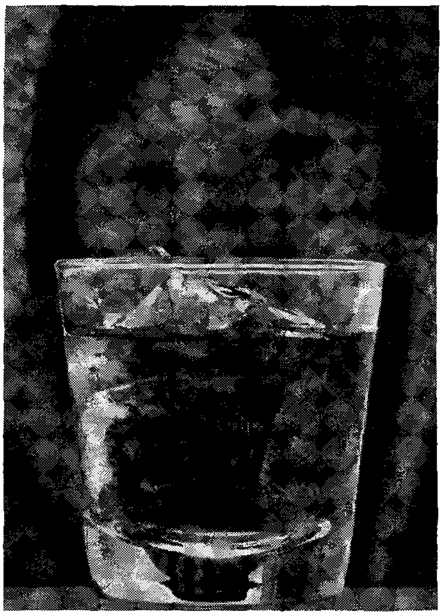
as people. They all pretend, to themselves as much as to anyone else, to have political principles and allegiances, but what they say on these matters is shown by Machado to be a reflection of necessities lying deep within themselves, of which they are only dimly aware and on which they cannot quite focus their rational processes. More important, their professed attitudes have no bearing on their behavior, which is predetermined by what they are. To make sure that there is no mistake about this, Machado resorts to direct communication with the reader, explaining his technique in the person of the narrator:

> ... there is an advantage in having the characters of my story collaborate in it, aiding the author in accordance with a law of solidarity, a kind of exchange of services between the chess-player and his men.
>
> If you accept the comparison, you will recognise the king and queen, the bishop and the knight, and that the knight cannot become a castle, nor the castle a pawn.

In view of this insistence—an integral part of all Machado's work—on the absolute quality of identities, it is astonishing to be told in an introduction by the translator, Helen Caldwell, that the characters in this book "are transformed in the light of their own greater significance, and the stronger colors of allegory, theme, and symbol fill our eyes." The twins are then stripped of their humanity. Their mother, we are told, is not a woman but Brazil, and the two boys are unlike her and their father because republican society differed from that which had existed under the monarchy. They are finally disembodied when they fall in love. This is no earthy matter of two men wanting the same woman but, the translator informs us, a matter of the past and the future both craving to possess the present. The girl is called Flora, and proof both that Machado intended her to be thought of as a human being and that even at his weakest he is still a magnificent writer seems to reside in the following passage:

> Seated on the edge of the bed, her eyes on the ground, she was probably thinking of something serious, unless of course she was thinking of *nothing*, which also lays hold of a person's eyes and thoughts. She bit her lips, but not in annoyance. She placed her head between her hands, as if to smooth her hair, but her hair remained as it had been before.
>
> When she rose to her feet, it was dark night, and she lighted a candle. She did not want the gas. She wanted a soft light that would give only a little life to the room and its furniture, that would leave some parts in half-darkness. If she had looked in the mirror, it would not have



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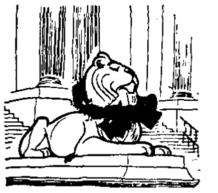

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given back her usual beauty, in the light of the candle now placed on an antique desk at some distance. It would have shown the note of pallor and melancholy, it is true, but she did not know she was pale, nor did she feel melancholy. Yet, in her bewildered sadness there was a trace of despair.

How this all fitted together I do not know, nor did she. On the contrary, at times she seemed struck with amazement, at others with a vague restlessness, and if she sought the repose of a rocking chair it was to leave it at once. She heard eight o'clock strike. Soon, Pedro and Paulo would probably call. She thought of telling her mother not to send for her, that she was in bed. This idea did not last as long as it took me to write it, and there it is already in the line above. She recalled it in time.

"It would be an impertinence," she said to herself, "it's enough not to go down. Mama will say I'm ill, enough for us to miss the theater, and if she comes to my rooms, I'll tell her I can't go down . . ."

She uttered the last words aloud, to strengthen her resolution. She started to lie down on the bed, then she decided that it would be better to do it when she heard her mother's footstep in the hall. All these alternatives may have come of themselves; it is not impossible, however, that they were also a way of shaking off troubling thoughts—thoughts she was afraid to follow for fear of where they might lead.

As a miniature portrait of a young woman in a state of indecision, this passage seems, in spite of the thumbprints the translator has left upon it, to possess a measure of perfection, but as an account of any conceivable aspect of the essentially linear relationship between the past, the present, and the future it is patently absurd. The least that can be done to honor Machado de Assis as he deserves to be honored is to accept his work as it is, and not defy his aesthetic by pretending that it is something else. His aim in this, as in all his writings, is precisely to tear down such pretenses, enlargements, and inflations and to show human feeling and motivation as they truly are.

PETER ABRAHAMS' "A Night of Their Own" (Knopf) is a touching novel of wish fulfillment about things as they *should* be in South Africa. It describes the adventures of a courier who is put ashore from a submarine on the coast of Natal with funds for a resistance movement, from the time he lands until he is smuggled out of the country again, his mission accomplished. What the book may be said to be about is the necessity for the Indians in South Africa to make common cause with the Africans, and it proves its case by showing an integrated Indo-African revolutionary apparatus at work. One Indian

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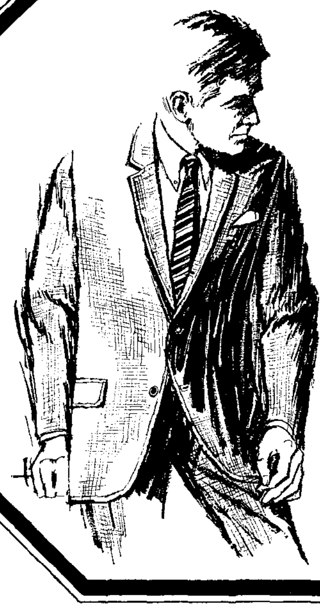

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gives his life to save the African courier, other Indians run enormous risks to hide him and to effect the rescue operation. The note struck is uncompromisingly noble and determinedly serious, capturing the tone of much that was written about the state of things in Germany in the late thirties and during the early part of the last war. There are a great many exchanges at this level:

> "This is the view of your people and your movement?"
>
> "I cannot speak for all of them. I know this is the way many think. In time we may have to fight against those who oppose this, because a good society provides for and protects its minorities, and this too is part of our belief. Democracy is rule of the majority, but the full flowering of the human spirit needs more than just that, though that must be the beginning."

From this, it might be concluded that Mr. Abrahams' book was unreadable. Strangely, it is not. His passionate longing not to hear the bad news that men like Mihailo Lalić have to tell him of what life on the Wailing Mountain is like, and his determination to think well of the greater part of the human race, is winning. One eventually becomes involved. It is unthinkable that the courier shall end up on the stone pile in a prison yard. Of course he doesn't. Of course he gets away. And of course he has his successfully consummated love affair with an Indian girl while he is on the run:

> "...I would be proud to father your children."
>
> "And what would they be: Indians or Africans?"
>
> "Do not spoil your dream," he said gently. "I will follow it with you and we will walk together in it, for dreaming is the deeper reality of living."

It is indeed appalling to think of a people whose daily bread of reality is so horrible that they are forced to try to keep it at arm's length with incantations such as these. It is only those who have won their battles who can afford to contemplate the truth of what went on while they were being fought.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AN ANCIENT ENEMY, by Pierre Moinot, translated from the French by Francis Price (Doubleday). This violently unhappy story tells of a normally gentle man's longing for the chance to bring retribution to the men who tortured him and tortured and killed his best friend. Jerome Valdès, the suffering man, was a

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member of the French Resistance. Now, years after the end of the war, he is a successful Paris photographer, with good friends and, physically, a comfortable life, but he lives for the day that will see him performing the one act—murder—that he believes will bring him peace of mind. The day comes and passes, and when it is over Valdès's unhappiness is as violent as ever but is receding and turning into knowledge. It is beginning to cast light, and in the first faint glimmering of this light the suffering man finds the courage to reach for love, which is to say for spiritual health. The scene, rendered with extraordinary skill, is Corsica, where Valdès is spending his summer holidays in the company of his close friends Françoise and Jacques Lortier. M. Moinot's writing is generally hampered by his mannerisms, and his symbolical overtones roll out sonorously from time to time, giving his work a flourish it does not need, but his thought emerges at last with the irresistible power of true simplicity, and his characterizations are faultless. The translation is very good.

GENERAL

OF MEN AND GALAXIES, by Fred Hoyle (University of Washington Press). Mr. Hoyle, the English astronomer and cosmologist, has one of the most agile and ingenious imaginations to be found among contemporary scientists. He is also a marvellously articulate popularizer of scientific ideas. This book is a compilation of three lectures that Mr. Hoyle gave at the University of Washington last year. As always, the lectures are a striking mixture of scientific fact and speculation, plus a dash of plausible fantasy. His main concern in them is the effects of the study of the universe at large on the evolution of man. He visualizes an era in which communication among planets has become possible and even commonplace. (There have already been attempts to intercept signals from other planetary systems by means of radio telescopes.) He argues that there are probably thousands of planets with intelligent life on them, and that it is almost inevitable that some of these extraterrestrials have evolved in a way similar to man. He sees the possibility of viewing these far-off civilizations by a kind of television, and of pooling our knowledge with theirs in a universal encyclopedia. Some

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pretty strange things have already happened, and, in any case, Hoyle is always splendid fun to read.

On the Shoulders of Giants: A Shandean Postscript, by Robert K. Merton, with a foreword by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Free Press). An account of the origin of a phrase Newton used in a letter to Hooke: "If I have seen farther, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." Mr. Merton, one of this country's most eminent sociologists, is interested in the sociological background of scientific discovery. His study of the various formulations and interpretations of Newton's aphorism (which he traces back to the twelfth century) amounts to an informal history of Western European attitudes toward the growth of knowledge and a comparison of the merits of past authorities with contemporary opinions. Mr. Merton puts his research in a curious form—a jocular letter to a colleague, which mocks the scholarship that it rather ostentatiously parades.

Note: Joseph Mitchell's two Profiles of Joe Gould, the Greenwich Village bohemian, have been published by Viking under the collective title "Joe Gould's Secret." The Profiles originally appeared in this magazine, twenty-two years apart.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Caribbean Mystery, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). A gorgeous tale of the sunny island of St. Honoré, where some of the glamorous English visitors behave so badly that they make the rest of the crowd seem almost sinister. When elderly, gossipy Major Palgrave dies suddenly in his hotel room, a fatal uneasiness makes itself felt in the atmosphere, and Miss Jane Marple, who knew from the beginning that something was wrong, decides to take a hand. Miss Marple, almost as spry as in former days, is on holiday from her home parish of St. Mary Mead, and she has brought her knitting with her. The murderer continues with his maneuvers, but of course he hasn't a chance. And as always when we read a book by Agatha Christie, we think, What on earth would we do without this talented, vigorous lady?

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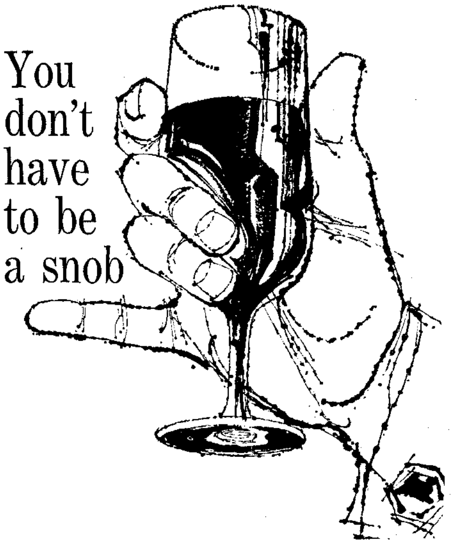
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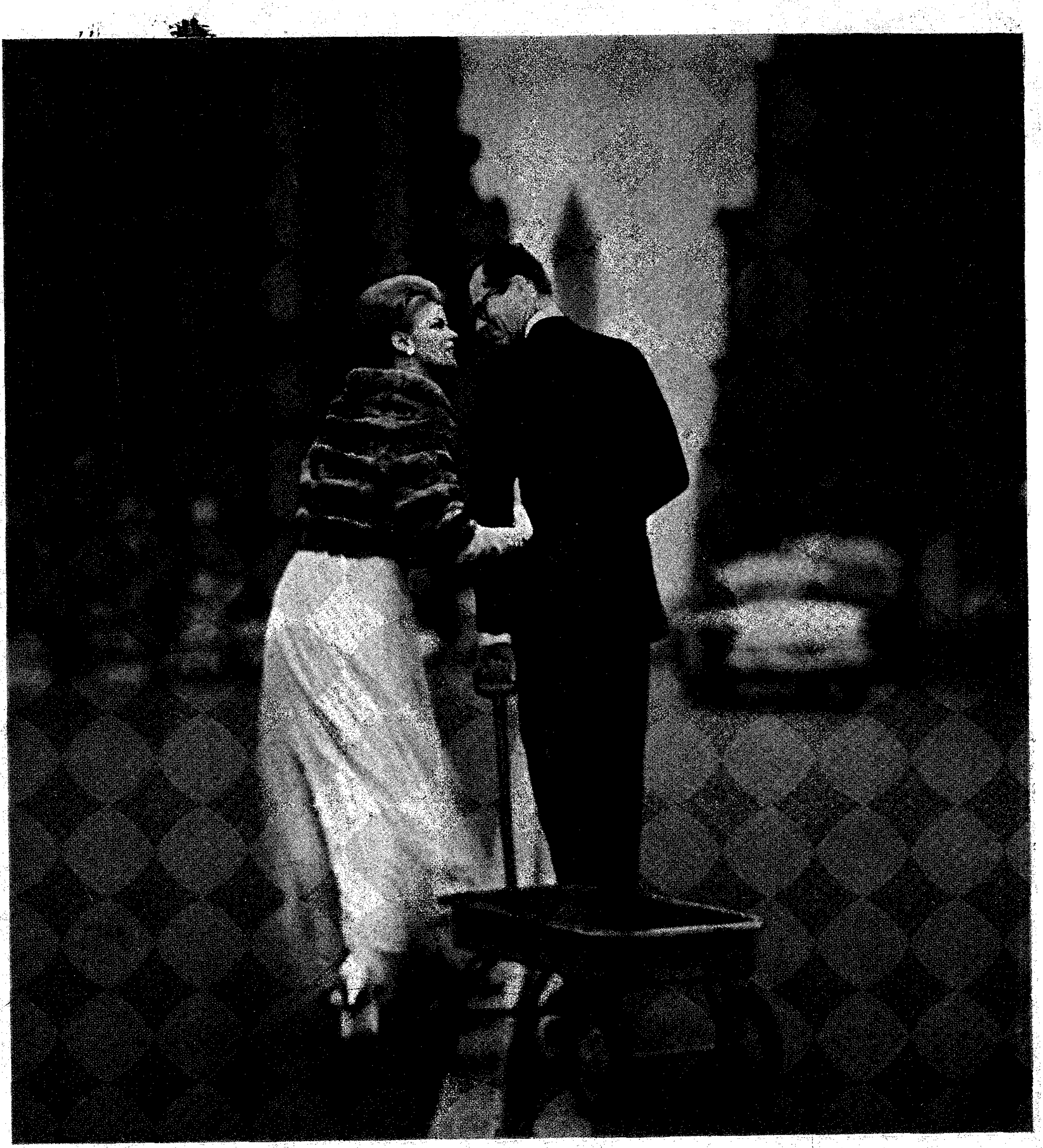

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